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SHAKESPEARE'S  
**DRAMATICK WORKS.**

*VOLUME SIXTH.*

Containing

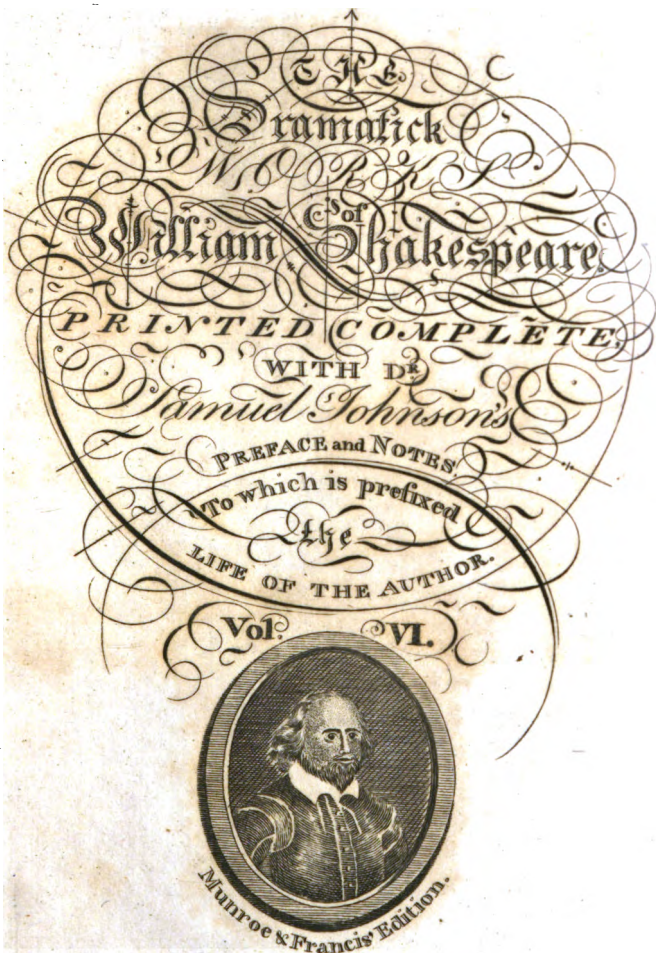
KING HENRY VIII.  
CORIOLANUS.

JULIUS CÆSAR.  
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

ILLUSTRATED WITH NOTES.

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**THE LIFE**  
**OF**  
**KING HENRY VIII.**

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## OBSERVATIONS.

**T**HE play of *Henry the Eighth* is one of those, which still keeps possession of the stage, by the splendour of its pageantry. The coronation about forty years ago drew the people together in multitudes for a great part of the winter. Yet pomp is not the only merit of this play. The meek sorrows and virtuous distress of Catherine have furnished some scenes, which may be justly numbered among the greatest efforts of tragedy. But the genius of Shakespeare comes in and goes out with Catherine. Every other part may be easily conceived and easily written.

The historical dramas are now concluded, of which the two parts of *Henry the Fourth*, and *Henry the Fifth*, are among the happiest of our author's compositions ; and *King John*, *Richard the Third*, and *Henry the Eighth*, deservedly stand in the second class. Those whose curiosity would refer the historical scenes to their original, may consult Hollinshed, and sometimes Hall : from Hollinshed Shakespeare has often inserted whole speeches with no other alteration than was necessary to the numbers of his verse. To transcribe them into the margin was unnecessary, because the original is easily examined, and they are seldom less perspicuous in the poet than in the historian.

To play histories, or to exhibit a succession of events by action and dialogue, was a common entertainment among our rude ancestors upon great festivities. The parish clerks once performed at Clerkenwell a play which lasted three days, containing, *The history of the World*.

JOHNSON.

## PROLOGUE.

**I** COME no more to make you laugh ; things now,  
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,  
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe ;  
Such noble scenes, as draw the eye to flow,  
We shall present. Those, that can pity, here  
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear ;  
The subject will deserve it. Such as give  
Their money out of hope they may believe,  
May here find truth too. Those that come to see  
Only a show or two, and so agree,  
The play may pass, if they be still, and willing,  
I'll undertake, may see away their shilling  
Richly in two short hours. Only they,  
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play ;  
A noise of targets ; or to see a fellow  
In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow, .  
Will be deceiv'd : for gentle hearers, know  
To rank our chosen truth with such a show  
As fool and fight is,<sup>2</sup> besides forfeiting  
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring  
To make that only true we now intend,  
Will leave us ne'er an understanding friend.  
Therefore, for goodness' sake, as you are known  
The first and happiest hearers of the town,  
Be sad, as we would make ye. Think ye see  
The very persons of our noble story,  
As they were living ; think, you see them great,  
And follow'd with the gen'ral throng, and sweat  
Of thousand friends ; Then, in a moment, see  
How soon this mightiness meets misery !  
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,  
A man may weep upon his wedding day.

---

(1) Alluding to the Fools and Buffoons, introduced for the generality in the plays a little before our author's time : and of whom he has left us a small taste in his own. THEO.

(2) This is not the only passage in which Shakespeare has discovered his conviction of the impropriety of battles represented on the stage. He knew that five or six men with swords, gave a very unsatisfactory idea of an army, and therefore, without much care to excuse his former practice, he allows that a theatrical fight would destroy all opinion of truth, and leave him never an understanding friend. "*Magnis ingenis et multa nihilominus habituris simplex convenit erroris confessio.*" Yet I know not whether the coronation shewn in this play may not be liable to all that can be objected against a battle. JOHN.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

*King HENRY the Eighth.*

*Cardinal WOLSEY.*

*CRANMER, archbishop of Canterbury.*

*Duke of NORFOLK.*

*Duke of BUCKINGHAM.*

*Duke of SUFFOLK.*

*Earl of SURREY.*

*Lord Chamberlain.*

*Cardinal CAMPEIUS, the Pope's Legate.*

*CAPUCIUS, ambassador from the emperor Charles V.*

*Sir THOMAS AUDLEY, lord keeper.*

*GARDINER, bishop of Winchester.*

*Bishop of Lincoln.*

*Lord ABERGAVENNY.*

*Lord SANDS.*

*Sir HENRY GUILFORD.*

*Sir THOMAS LOVELL.*

*Sir ANTHONY DENNY.*

*Sir NICHOLAS VAUX.*

*Sir WILLIAM SANDS.\**

*CROMWELL, servant to Wolsey.*

*GRIFFITH, gentleman-usher to queen Catherine.*

*Three Gentlemen.*

*Doctor BUTTS, physician to the King.*

*GARTER, king at arms.*

*Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.*

*BRANDON. Serjeant at Arms.*

*Door-Keeper of the council-chamber.*

*Porter, and his Man.*

*Queen CATHERINE.*

*ANNE BULLEN.*

*An old Lady, friend to Anne Bullen.*

*PATIENCE, woman to queen Catherine.*

*Several Lords and Ladies in the dumb shows. Women attending upon the queen; Spirits, which appear to her. Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.*

*The SCENE lies mostly in London and Westminster; once, at Kimbolton.*

\* Sir William Sands was created lord Sands about this time, but here introduced among the persons of the drama as a distinct character. Sir William has not a single speech assigned to him; and to make the blunder the greater, is brought on after lord Sands has already made his appearance.

There is no enumeration of the persons in the old edition.

STEEV.  
JOHNS.

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# KING HENRY VIII.

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

*London. An Antichamber in the Palace. Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, at one door ; at the other, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and the Lord ABERGAVENNY.*

*Buckingham.*

**GOOD** morrow, and well met. How have you done  
Since last we saw in France ?

*Nor.* I thank your grace,  
Healthful ; and ever since a fresh admirer<sup>1</sup>  
Of what I saw there.

*Buck.* An untimely ague  
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when  
Those sons of glory, those two lights of men,  
Met in the vale of Arde.

*Nor.* 'Twixt Guines and Arde :  
I was then present, saw them salute on horse-back ;  
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung  
In their embracement, as they grew together ;  
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have  
weigh'd

Such a compounded one ?

*Buck.* 'All the whole time  
I was my chamber's prisoner.

*Nor.* Then you lost  
The view of earthly glory : Men might say,  
Till this time, pomp was single ; but now marry'd  
To one above itself. Each following day  
Became the next day's master, till the last  
Made former wonders it's :<sup>2</sup> To-day, the French,  
All clinquant,<sup>3</sup> all in gold, like heathen gods,

---

(1) An admirer untired ; an admirer still feeling the impression as if it were hourly renewed. **JOHNS.**

(2) Dies diem docet. Every day learned something from the preceding, till the concluding day collected all the splendour of all the former shews. **ib.**

(3) All clinquant—all glittering, all shining. Clarendon uses this word to his description of the Spanish Juego de Toros. **ib.**

Shone down the English ; and, to-morrow, they  
 Made Britain, India : every man that stood,  
 Shew'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were  
 As cherubims, all gilt : the madams too,  
 Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear  
 The pride upon them, that their very labour  
 Was to them as a painting ; now this mask  
 Was cry'd incomparable ; and the ensuing night  
 Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,  
 Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,  
 As presence did present them ; him in eye,  
 Still him in praise : and being present both,  
 'Twas said, they saw but one ; and no discerner  
 Durst wag his tongue in censure.<sup>4</sup> When these suns  
 (For so they phrase 'em) by their heralds challeng'd  
 The noble spirits to arms, they did perform  
 Beyond thought's compass ; that former fabulous story,  
 Being now seen possible enough, got credit ;  
 That Bevis was believ'd.<sup>5</sup>

*Buck.* Oh, you go far.

*Nor.* As I belong to worship, and affect  
 In honour honesty, the tract of every thing  
 Would by a good discourser lose some life,  
 Which action's self was tongue to.<sup>6</sup> All was royal ;  
 To the disposing of it nought rebell'd ;  
 Order gave each thing view ; the office did  
 Distinctly his full function.<sup>7</sup>

*Buck.* Who did guide,

I mean, who set the body and the limbs  
 Of this great sport together, as you guess ?

*Nor.* One, certes, that promises no element<sup>8</sup>  
 In such a business.

*Buck.* I pray you, who, my lord ?

*Nor.* All this was order'd by the good discretion

[4] Cenſure—for determination, of which had the nobleſt appearance.

WARB.

[5] The old romantic legend of Bevis of Southampton. This Bevis (or Beavois) a Saxon was for his prowess, created by William the Conqueror earl of Southampton, of whom Camden ſpeaks in his Britannia.

THEO.

[6] The courſe of theſe triumphs and pleaſures, however well related, muſt loſe in the deſcription part of that ſpirit and energy which were expreſſed in the real action.

JOHNS.

[7] The commiſſion for regulating this feſtivity was well executed, and gave exactly to every particular perſon and action the proper place.

ib.

[8] No initiation, no previous practices. Elements are the firſt principles of things or rudiments of knowledge. The word is here applied, not without a catachriſis, to a perſon.

ib.

Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

*Buck.* The devil speed him ! no man's pie is free'd  
From his ambitious finger. What had he  
To do in these fierce vanities ?<sup>9</sup> I wonder,  
That such a keech<sup>1</sup> can with his very bulk  
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,  
And keep it from the earth.

*Nor.* Surely, sir,  
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends :  
For, being not propt by ancestry (whose grace  
Chalks successors their way,) nor call'd upon  
For high feats done to the crown ; neither ally'd  
To eminent assistants, but, spider-like,  
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,  
The force of his own merit makes his way ;  
A gift that heaven gives for him which buys  
A place next to the king.

*Aber.* I cannot tell  
What heaven hath given him ; let some graver eye  
Pierce into that ; but I can see his pride  
Peep through each part of him : Whence has he that ?  
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard,  
Or has given all before, and he begins  
A new hell in himself.

*Buck.* Why the devil,  
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,  
Without the privity o' the king, to appoint  
Who should attend on him : He makes up the file<sup>2</sup>  
Of all the gentry ; for the most part such  
Too, whom as great a charge as little honour  
He meant to lay upon : and his own letter,  
The honourable board of council out,<sup>3</sup>  
Must fetch in him he papers.<sup>4</sup>

*Aber.* I do know  
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have  
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never  
They shall abound as formerly.

(9) Fierce is here, I think, used like the French *fier* for proud, unless we suppose an allusion to the mimical ferocity of the combatants in the tilt.

JOHNS.

(1) A keech is a solid lump or mass. A cake of wax or tallow formed in a mould is called yet in some places a keech.

JOHNS.

(2) That is, the list.

(3) Council not then sitting. *ib.*

(4) He papers, a verb ; his own letter, by his own single authority, and without the concurrence of the council, must fetch in him whom he papers down. I don't understand it, unless this be the meaning.

POPE.

*Buck.* O, many  
Have broke their backs with laying manors on them  
For this great journey. What did this vanity,<sup>5</sup>  
But minister communication of  
A most poor issue ?

*Nor.* Grievingly, I think,  
The peace between the French and us not values  
The cost that did conclude it.

*Buck.* Every man,<sup>6</sup>  
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was  
A thing inspir'd ; and, not consulting, broke  
Into a general prophecy, That this tempest,  
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboaded  
The sudden breach on't.

*Nor.* Which is budded out ;  
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd  
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

*Aber.* Is it therefore  
The ambassador is silenc'd ?<sup>7</sup>

*Nor.* Marry, is't.

*Aber.* A proper title of a peace ;<sup>8</sup> and purchas'd  
At a superfluous rate ?

*Buck.* Why, all this business  
Our reverend cardinal carried.

*Nor.* Like it your grace,  
The state takes notice of the private difference  
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you  
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you  
Honour and plenteous safety), that you read  
The cardinal's malice and his potency  
Together : to consider further, that  
What his high hatred would effect, wants not  
A minister in his power : You know his nature,  
That he's revengeful : and I know, his sword  
Hath a sharp edge : It's long, and, it may be said,  
It reaches far ; and where 'twill not extend,  
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,

(5) What effect has this pompous shew but the production of a wretched conclusion. JOHNS.

(6) His author, Hall, says, "Monday, 18th June, there blew such storms of wind and weather, that marvel was to hear : for which hideous tempest some said it was a very prognostication of trouble and hatred to come between princes." In Henry VIII. p. 80. WARB.

(7) The French ambassador residing in England, who, by being refused an audience may be said to be silenc'd. JOHNS.

(8) A fine name of a peace. Ironically. JOHNS.

You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock,  
That I advise your shunning.

*Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, the purse borne before him, certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with papers. The Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on BUCKINGHAM, and BUCKINGHAM on him, both full of disdain.*

*Wol.* The duke of Buckingham's surveyor ? ha !  
Where's his examination ?

*Secr.* Here, so please you.

*Wol.* Is he in person ready ?

*Secr.* Ay, an't please your grace.

*Wol.* Well, we shall then know more ; and Buckingham  
Shall lessen this big look.

*[Exeunt Cardinal and his train.]*

*Buck.* This butcher's curse is venom-mouth'd, and I  
Have not the power to muzzle him ; therefore, best  
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book  
Out-worths a noble's blood.<sup>1</sup>

*Nor.* What are you chaf'd ?

Ask God for temperance ; that's the appliance only,  
Which your disease requires.

*Buck.* I read in his looks  
Matter against me ; and his eye revil'd  
Me, as his abject scorn : at this instant  
He bores me with some trick :<sup>2</sup> He's gone to the king :  
I'll follow, and out-stare him.

*Nor.* Stay, my lord,  
And let your reason with your choler question  
What 'tis you go about : To climb steep hills  
Requires slow pace at first : Anger is like  
A full-hot horse ; who, being allow'd his way,  
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England  
Can advise me, like you : be to yourself,  
As you would to your friend.

*Buck.* I'll to the king,  
And from a mouth of honour<sup>3</sup> quite cry down

(9) Wolsey is said to have been the son of a butcher.

JOHNS.

(1) That is, the literary qualifications of a bookish beggar are more prized than the high descent of a hereditary greatness. This is a contemptuous exclamation, very naturally put into the mouth of one of the ancient, unletter'd, martial nobility.

JOHNS.

(2) He stabs or wounds me by some artifice or fiction.

ib.

(3) I will crush this baseborn fellow, by the due influence of my rank, or say that all distinction of persons is at an end.

ib.

This Ipswich fellow's insolence ; or proclaim  
There's difference in no persons.

*Nor.* Be advis'd ;

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot  
That it do singe yourself : We may out-run,  
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,  
And lose by over-running. Know you not,  
The fire, that mounts the liquor till it run o'er,  
Seeming to augment it, wastes it. Be advis'd :  
I say again, there is no English soul  
More stronger to direct you than yourself ;  
If with the sap of reason you would quench,  
Or but allay the fire of passion.

*Buck.* Sir,

I am thankful to you ; and I'll go along  
By your prescription ;—but this proud-top fellow,  
(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but  
From sincere motions)<sup>4</sup> by intelligence,  
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when  
We see each grain of gravel, I do know  
To be corrupt and treasonous.

*Nor.* Say not treasonous.

*Buck.* To the king I'll say't ; and make my vouch as  
As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox, [strong  
Or wolf, or both (for he is equally ravenous,  
As he is subtle ; and as prone to mischief,  
As able to perform't ; his mind and place  
Infecting one another,<sup>5</sup> yea, reciprocally),  
Only to shew his pomp as well in France  
As here at home, suggests the king our master<sup>6</sup>  
To this last costly treaty, the interview,  
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass  
Did break i' the rinsing.

*Nor.* 'Faith, and so it did.

*Buck.* Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning car-  
The articles o' the combination drew, [dinal  
As himself pleas'd ; and they were ratify'd,  
As he cry'd, *Thus let it be* :—to as much end,  
As give a crutch to the dead : But our court-cardinal

(4) Honest indignation ; warmth of integrity. Perhaps ' name not,' should be ' blame not.' JOHNES.

(5) This is very satirical. His mind he represents as highly corrupt ; and yet he supposes the contagion of the place of first minister as adding as infection to it. WARB.

[6] Suggests for excites.

WARB.

Has done this, and 'tis well ; for worthy Wolsey,  
 Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows  
 (Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy  
 To the old dam, treason) Charles the emperor,  
 Under pretence to see the queen his aunt  
 (For 'twas, indeed, his colour ; but he came  
 To whisper Wolsey) here makes a visitation :  
 His fears were, that the interview betwixt  
 England and France, might, through their amity,  
 Breed him some prejudice ; for from this league  
 Peep'd harms that menac'd him. He privily  
 Deals with our cardinal ; and, as I trow,  
 Which I do well ; for, I am sure, the emperor  
 Paid ere he promis'd ; whereby his suit was granted  
 Ere it was ask'd. But when the way was made,  
 And pav'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd,  
 That he would please to alter the king's course,  
 And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know  
 (As soon he shall by me) that thus the cardinal  
 Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,  
 And for his own advantage.

*Nor.* I am sorry  
 To hear this of him ; and could wish, you were  
 Something mistaken in't.

*Buck.* No, not a syllable ;  
 I do pronounce him in that very shape.  
 He shall appear in proof.

*Enter BRANDON ; a Serjeant at Arms before him, and  
 two or three of the Guard.*

*Bran.* Your office, serjeant ; execute it.

*Serj.* Sir,  
 My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl  
 Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I  
 Arrest thee of high treason, in the name  
 Of our most sovereign king.

*Buck.* Lo you, my lord,  
 The net has fallen upon me ; I shall perish  
 Under device and practice.

*Bran.* I am sorry  
 To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on  
 The business present :<sup>7</sup> 'Tis his highness' pleasure,

---

[7] I am sorry that I am obliged to be present and an eye-witness of your loss of liberty.      *JOHNS.*

You shall to the Tower.

*Buck.* It will help me nothing  
To plead mine innocence ; for that die is on me,  
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of heaven  
Be done in this and all things !—I obey.—  
O my lord Aberg'a'ny, fare ye well.

*Bran.* Nay, he must bear you company :—The king  
[To ABERG.

Is pleas'd, you shall to the Tower, till you know  
How he determines further.

*Aber.* As the duke said,  
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure  
By me obey'd.

*Bran.* Here is a warrant from  
The king, to attach lord Montacute ; and the bodies  
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,  
And Gilbert Peck, his chancellor.

*Buck.* So, so ;  
These are the limbs o'the plot ! No more, I hope ?

*Bran.* A monk o'the Chartreux.

*Buck.* O, Nicholas Hopkins.

*Bran.* He.

*Buck.* My surveyor is false ; the o'er-great cardinal  
Hath shew'd him gold : my life is spann'd already :<sup>8</sup>  
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham ;  
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,  
By dark'ning my clear sun.—My lord, farewell. [Exc.

## SCENE II.

*The council-chamber. Cornet. Enter King HENRY, leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder ; the Nobles, and Sir THOMAS LOVEL. The Cardinal places himself under the King's feet, on his right side.*

*King.* My life itself, and the best heart of it,<sup>1</sup>  
Thanks you for this great care : I stood i'the level

[8] To span is to gripe, or inclose in the hand ; to span is also to measure by the palm and fingers. The meaning, therefore, may either be, that "hold is taken of my life, my life is in the gripe of mine enemies ;" or that "my time is measured, the length of my life is now determined." JOHNS.

[1] Heart is not here taken for the great organ of circulation and life, but, in a common and popular sense, for the most valuable or precious part. Our author, in Hamlet, mentions the "heart of heart." Exhausted and effete ground is said by the farmer to be "out of heart." The hard and inner part of the oak is called "heart of oak." JOHNS.

Of a full-charg'd confederacy :<sup>2</sup> and give thanks  
To you that choak'd it.—Let be call'd before us  
That gentleman of Buckingham's : in person  
I'll hear him his confessions justify ;  
And point by point the treasons of his master  
He shall again relate.

*A noise within, crying, Room for the Queen. Enter the Queen, ushered by the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK : she kneels. The King riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.*

*Queen.* Nay, we must longer kneel ; I am a suitor.

*King.* Arise, and take your place by us :—half your suit  
Never name to us ; you have half our power :  
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given ;  
Repeat your will, and take it.

*Queen.* Thank your majesty.  
—That you would love yourself ; and in that love  
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor  
The dignity of your office, is the point  
Of my petition.

*King.* Lady mine, proceed.

*Queen.* I am solicited, not by a few,  
And those of true condition, that your subjects  
Are in great grievance : There have been commissions  
Sent down among 'em, which have flaw'd the heart  
Of all their loyalties :—wherein although, [*To Wol.*  
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches  
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on  
Of these exactions, yet the king our master  
(Whose honour heaven shield from soil!) even he es-  
capes not

Language unmannerly ; yea such, which breaks  
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears  
In loud rebellion.

*Nor.* Not almost appears,  
It doth appear : for, upon these taxations,  
The clothiers all, not able to maintain  
The many to them 'longing,<sup>3</sup> have put off  
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,  
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger  
And lack of other means, in desperate manner

(2) To stand in the level of a gun is to stand in a line with its mouth, so as to be hit by the shot. JOHNS.

(3) The many is the many, the train, the people. Dryden is perhaps, the last that used this word,—“The kings before their many rode.” JOHNS.

Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,  
And Danger serves among them.<sup>4</sup>

*King.* Taxation!

Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord cardinal,  
You, that are blam'd for it alike with us,  
Know you of this taxation?

*Wol.* Please you, sir,  
I know but of a single part, in aught  
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file  
Where others tell steps with me.<sup>5</sup>

*Queen.* No, my lord,  
You know no more than others: but you frame  
Things, that are known alike, which are not wholesome  
To those which would not know them, and yet must  
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,  
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are  
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear them,  
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say,  
They are devis'd by you; or else you suffer  
Too hard an exclamation.

*King.* Still, exaction!  
The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,  
Is this exaction?

*Queen.* I am much too venturous  
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd  
Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects' grief  
Comes through commissions, which compel from each  
The sixth part of his substance, to be levy'd  
Without delay; and the pretence for this  
Is nam'd, your wars in France: This makes bold mouths:  
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze  
Allegiance in them; their curses now,  
Live where their prayers did; and it's come to pass,  
That tractable obedience is a slave  
To each incensed will. I would your highness  
Would give it quick consideration, for  
There is no primer business.

*King.* By my life,  
This is against our pleasure.

---

(4) Could one easily believe, that a writer, who had, but immediately before, sunk so low in his expression, should here rise again to a height so truly sublime? where, by the noblest stretch of fancy, Danger is personified as serving in the rebel army, and shaking the established government. WARB.

(5) I am but *primus inter pares*. I am but first in the row of counsellors.  
JOHNS.

*Wol.* And for me,  
 I have no further gone in this, than by  
 A single voice ; and that not past me, but  
 By learned approbation of the judges. If I am  
 Traduc'd by ignorant tongues—which neither know  
 My faculties, nor person, yet will be  
 The chronicles of my doing—let me say,  
 'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake  
 That virtue must go through. We must not stint  
 Our necessary actions, in the fear  
 To cope malicious censurers ;<sup>6</sup> which ever  
 As ravenous fishes do a vessel follow  
 That is new trimm'd, but benefit no further  
 Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,  
 By sick interpreters, (or weak ones), is  
 Not ours, or not allow'd ; what worst, as oft,  
 Hitting a grosser quality,<sup>7</sup> is cry'd up  
 For our best act. If we shall stand still,  
 In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,  
 We should take root here where we sit, or sit  
 State-statues only.

*King.* Things done well,  
 And with a care, exempt themselves from fear ;  
 Things done without example, in their issue  
 Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent  
 Of this commission ? I believe, not any.  
 We must not rend our subjects from our laws,  
 And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each !  
 A trembling contribution ! Why, we take  
 From every tree, lop, bark, and part o'the timber ;<sup>8</sup>  
 And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,  
 The air will drink the sap. To every county,  
 Where this is question'd, send our letters, with  
 Free pardon to each man that hath deny'd  
 The force of this commission : Pray, look to't :  
 I put it to your care.

*Wol.* A word with you. [To the Secretary.  
 Let there be letters writ to every shire,  
 Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons  
 Hardly conceive of me ; let it be nois'd,

(6) To cope—to engage with ; to encounter. The word is still used in some counties. JOHNS.

(7) The worst actions of great men are commended by the vulgar, as more accommodated to the grossness of their notions. JOHNS.

(8) *Lop* is a substantive, and signifies the branches. WARB.

That, through our intercession, this revokement  
And pardon comes : I shall anon advise you  
Further in the proceeding. *[Exit Secretary.]*

*Enter Surveyor.*

*Queen.* I am sorry, that the duke of Buckingham  
Is run in your displeasure.

*King.* It grieves many :  
'The gentleman is learn'd ; a most rare speaker ;  
To nature none more bound ; his training such,  
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,  
And never seek for aid out of himself.<sup>9</sup> Yet see,  
When these so noble benefits shall prove  
Not well dispos'd,<sup>1</sup> the mind growing once corrupt,  
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly  
Than ever they were fair. This man, so complete,  
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,  
Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find  
His hour of speech a minute ;<sup>2</sup> he, my lady,  
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces  
That once were his, and is become as black  
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us ; you shall hear  
(This was his gentleman in trust) of him  
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount  
The fore-cited practices ; whereof  
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

*Wol.* Stand forth ; and with bold spirit relate what  
you,  
Most like a careful subject, have collected  
Out of the duke of Buckingham.

*King.* Speak freely.

*Surv.* First, it was usual with him, every day  
It would infect his speech, That, if the king  
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so  
To make the sceptre his : These very words  
I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,  
Lord Aberga'ny ; to whom by oath he menac'd  
Revenge upon the cardinal.

*Wol.* Please your highness, note  
This dangerous conception in this point.<sup>3</sup>

(9) Beyond the treasures of his own mind. JOHNS.

(1) Great gifts of nature and education, not joined with good dispositions. JOHNS.

(2) To listen a man, for, to hearken to him, is commonly used by our author. So by Milton, —I listen'd them awhile. JOHNS.

(3) Note this particular part of this dangerous design. JOHNS.

Not friended by his wish, to your high person  
His will is most malignant ; and it stretches  
Beyond you to your friends.

*Queen.* My learn'd lord cardinal,  
Deliver all with charity.

*King.* Speak on ;  
How grounded he his title to the crown,  
Upon our fail ? to this point hast thou heard him  
At any time speak aught ?

*Surv.* He was brought to this  
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

*King.* What was that Hopkins ?

*Surv.* Sir, a Chartreux friar,  
His confessor ; who fed him every minute  
With words of sovereignty.

*King.* How know'st thou this ?

*Surv.* Not long before your highness sped to France,  
The duke being at the Rose, within the parish  
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand  
What was the speech among the Londoners  
Concerning the French journey : I reply'd,  
Men fear'd, the French would prove perfidious,  
To the king's danger. Presently the duke  
Said, 'Twas the fear, indeed ; and that he doubted,  
'Twould prove the verity of certain words  
Spoke by a holy monk ; *that oft*, says he,  
*Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit*  
*John de la Court, my chaplain, a choice hour*  
*To hear from him a matter of some moment :*  
*Whom after under the confession's seal*  
*He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,*  
*My chaplain to no creature living, but*  
*To me, should utter ; with demure confidence,*  
*This pausingly ensu'd ;—Neither the king nor his heirs*  
*( Tell you the duke ) shall prosper : bid him strive*  
*For the love of the commonalty ; the duke*  
*Shall govern England.*

*Queen.* If I know you well,  
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office  
On the complaint o' the tenants. Take good heed,  
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,  
And spoil your nobler soul. I say, take heed ;  
Yes, heartily I beseech you.

*King.* Let him on :

—Go forward.

*Surv.* On my soul, I'll speak but truth.  
I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions  
The monk might be deceiv'd ; and that 'twas dang'rous  
for him

To ruminate on this so far, until  
It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,  
It was much like to do. He answer'd, *Tush,*  
*It can do me no damage :* adding further,  
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,  
The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovel's heads  
Should have gone off.

*King.* Ha ! what so rank ?<sup>4</sup> Ah, ha !——  
There's mischief in this man :—Canst thou say further ?

*Surv.* I can, my liege.

*King.* Proceed.

*Surv.* Being at Greenwich,  
After your highness had reprov'd the duke  
About Sir William Blomer,——

*King.* I remember  
Of such a time. Being my sworn servant,<sup>5</sup>  
The duke retain'd him his.—But on : what hence ?

*Surv.* *If, quoth he, I for this had been committed,*  
*As to the Tower, I thought ; I would have play'd*  
*The part my father meant to act upon*  
*The usurper Richard ; who, being at Salisbury,*  
*Made suit to come in's presence ; which, if granted,*  
*As he made semblance of his duty, would*  
*Have put his knife into him.*

*King.* A giant traitor !

*Wol.* Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,  
And this man out of prison ?

*Queen.* God mend all !

*King.* There's something more would out of thee ;  
What say'st ?

*Sur.* After,—*the duke his father,*—with,—*the knife,*—  
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,  
Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,  
He did discharge a horrible oath ; whose tenor  
Was—Were he evil us'd, he would out-go

(4) Rank weeds, are weeds that are grown up to great height and strength.  
"What," says the king, "was he advanced to this pitch?" JOHNS.

(5) Sir Win. Blomer was reprimanded by the king in the star-chamber, for that, being his sworn servant, he had left the king's service for the duke of Buckingham's. Edwards's MSS. STEEV.

His father, by as much as a performance  
Does an irresolute purpose.

*King.* There's his period,  
To sheath his knife in us. He is attach'd ;  
Call him to present trial : if he may  
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his ; if none,  
Let him not seek it of us : By day and night,  
He's traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.

*An apartment in the palace. Enter the Lord Chamberlain, and Lord SANDS.*

*Cham.* Is it possible, the spells of France should juggle  
Men into such strange mysteries ?<sup>6</sup>

*Sands.* New customs,  
Though they be never so ridiculous,  
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

*Cham.* As far as I see, all the good our English  
Have got by the last voyage, is but merely  
A fit or two o' the face ;<sup>7</sup> but they are shrewd ones ;  
For, when they hold 'em, you would swear directly  
Their very noses had been counsellors  
To Pepin, or Clotharius, they keep state so.

*Sands.* They've all new legs, and lame ones ; one  
would take it,  
That never saw them pace before, the spavin  
And stringhalt reign'd among 'em.<sup>8</sup>

*Cham.* Death ! my lord,  
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,  
That, sure, they have worn out Christendom. How now ?  
—What news, Sir Thomas Lovel ?

*Enter Sir THOMAS LOVEL.*

*Lov.* Faith, my lord,  
I hear of none, but the new proclamation  
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

(6) Mysteries were allegorical shews, which the mummers of those times exhibited in odd and fantastic habits. Mysteries are used, by an easy figure, for those that exhibited mysteries ; and the sense is, that the travelled Englishmen were metamorphosed, by foreign fashions, into such an uncouth appearance, that they looked like mummers in a mystery. JOHNS.

(7) A fit of the face seems to be what we now term a grimace, an artificial cast of the countenance. JOHNS.

(8) The stringhalt is a disease incident to horses, which gives them a convulsive motion in their paces. STEEV.

*Cham.* What is't for?

*Lov.* The reformation of our travell'd gallants,  
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

*Cham.* I am glad, 'tis there; now I would pray our  
To think an English courtier may be wise, [monsieurs  
And never see the Louvre. ]

*Lov.* They must either  
(For so run the conditions) leave those remnants  
Of fool, and feather, that they got in France,  
With all their honourable points of ignorance  
Pertaining thereunto (as fights, and fire-works;  
Abusing better men than they can be,  
Out of a foreign wisdom), renouncing clean  
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,  
Short bolster'd breeches, and those types of travel,  
And understand again like honest men;  
Or pack to their old play-fellows: there, I take it,  
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away  
The lag-end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

*Sands.* 'Tis time to give them physic, their diseases  
Are grown so catching.

*Cham.* What a loss our ladies  
Will have of these trim vanities!

*Lov.* Ay, marry,  
There will be woe indeed, lords: the sly whoresons  
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;  
A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.

*Sands.* The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad they're going,  
For, sure, there's no converting of 'em; now  
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten  
A long time out of play, may bring his plain song,  
And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r lady,  
Held current music too.

*Cham.* Well said, lord Sands;  
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

*Sands.* No, my lord;  
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

*Cham.* Sir Thomas,  
Whither were you a-going?

*Lov.* To the cardinal's;  
Your lordship is a guest too.

*Cham.* O, 'tis true:  
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,  
To many lords and ladies; there will be

The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

*Lov.* That churchman bears a bounteous mind, indeed,  
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us ;  
His dew falls ev'ry where.

*Cham.* No doubt, he's noble ;  
He had a black mouth, that said other of him.

*Sands.* He may, my lord, he has wherewithal ; in him,  
Sparing would shew a worse sin than ill doctrine :  
Men of his way should be most liberal,  
They are set here for examples.

*Cham.* True, they are so ;  
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays ;  
Your lordship shall along :—Come, good Sir Thomas,  
We shall be late else ; which I would not be,  
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guilford,  
This night, to be comptrollers.

*Sands.* I am your lordship's. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.

*Changes to York-Place. Hautboys. A small table under a state  
for the Cardinal, a longer table for the Guests. Then enter  
ANNE BULLEN, and divers other Ladies and Gentlewomen, as  
Guests, at one door ; at another door, enter Sir HENRY GUILD-  
FORD.*

*Guil.* Ladies, a general welcome from his grace  
Salutes you all : This night he dedicates  
To fair content, and you : none here, he hopes,  
In all this noble bevy,<sup>9</sup> that has brought with her  
One care abroad ; he would have all as merry  
As first-good company, good wine, good welcome,  
Can make good people.—O, my lord, you are tardy ;

*Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord SANDS, and LOVEL.*

The very thought of this fair company  
Clapp'd wings to me.

*Cham.* You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.

*Sands.* Sir Thomas Lovel, had the cardinal  
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these  
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,  
I think, would better please 'em : By my life,  
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

---

[9] Milton has copied this word, 'A bevy of fair dames.' JOHNS.

*Lov.* O, that your lordship were but now confessor  
To one or two of these !

*Sands.* I would I were ;  
They should find easy penance.

*Lov.* 'Faith, how easy ?

*Sands.* As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

*Cham.* Sweet ladies, will it please you sit ?—Sir Harry,  
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this :  
His grace is ent'ring.—Nay, you must not freeze ;  
Two women, plac'd together, make cold weather :—  
My lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking ;  
Pray, sit between these ladies.

*Sands.* By my faith,  
And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies ;  
[Sits.

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me ;  
I had it from my father.

*Anne.* Was he mad, sir ?

*Sands.* O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too :  
But he would bite none ; just as I do now,  
He'd kiss you twenty with a breath. [Kisses her.

*Cham.* Well said, my lord.—  
So, now you are fairly seated :—Gentlemen,  
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies  
Pass away frowning.

*Sands.* For my little cure,  
Let me alone.

*Hautboys.* Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, and takes his state.

*Wol.* You are welcome, my fair guests : That noble  
lady,  
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,  
Is not my friend : This, to confirm my welcome ;  
And to you all, good health. [Drinks.

*Sands.* Your grace is noble :—  
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,  
And save me so much talking.

*Wol.* My lord Sands,  
I am beholden to you : cheer your neighbours.  
—Ladies, you are not merry ;—Gentlemen,  
Whose fault is this ?

*Sands.* The red wine first must rise  
In their fair cheeks, my lord ; then we shall have 'em  
Talk us to silence.

*Anne.* You are a merry gamester,  
My lord Sands.

*Sands.* Yes, if I make my play.  
Here's to your ladyship, and pledge it, madam,  
For 'tis to such a thing,——

*Anne.* You cannot shew me.

*Sands.* I told your grace, they would talk anon.

[*Drums and trumpets, chambers discharg'd.*]

*Wol.* What's that ?

*Cham.* Look out there, some of you. [*Exit Servant.*]

*Wol.* What warlike voice ?

And to what end is this ?—Nay, ladies, fear not ;  
By all the laws of war you are privileg'd.

*Re-enter Servant.*

*Cham.* How now ? what is't ?

*Serv.* A noble troop of strangers ;  
For so they seem : they have left their barge, and landed ;  
And hither make, as great ambassadors  
From foreign princes.

*Wol.* Good lord chamberlain,  
Go, give 'em welcome, you can speak the French tongue ;  
And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em  
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty  
Shall shine at full upon them :—Some attend him.—

[*All arise, and tables removed.*]

—You have now a broken banquet ; but we'll mend it.  
A good digestion to you all : and, once more,  
I shower a welcome on you ;—Welcome all.

*Hautboys.* *Enter King, and others, as Maskers, habited like Shepherds, ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.*

A noble company ! What are their pleasures ?

*Cham.* Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd  
To tell your grace :—That, having heard by fame  
Of this so noble and so fair assembly  
This night to meet here, they could do no less,

---

[1] Chambers are very small guns, used only on occasions of rejoicing. They are so contrived as to carry great charges, and thereby to make a noise more than proportioned to their size. Some of them are still fired in the Park, and at the places opposite to the parliament-house, when the king goes thither. Camden enumerates them among other guns, as follows,—'cannons, demi-cannons, chambers, arquebuse, musquet.'

Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,  
But leave their flocks ; and under your fair conduct,  
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat  
An hour of revels with them.

*Wol.* Say, lord chamberlain,  
They have done my poor house grace, for which I pay 'em  
A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their pleasures.

[*Choose ladies. King and ANNE BULLEN.*

*King.* The fairest hand I ever touch'd ! O, beauty !  
Till now I never knew thee. [Music. Dance.

*Wol.* My lord,——

*Cham.* Your grace ?

*Wol.* [*To Cham. aside.*] Pray, tell 'em thus much from  
me :

There should be one amongst 'em, by his person,  
More worthy this place than myself ; to whom,  
If I but knew him, with my love and duty  
I would surrender it.

*Cham.* I will, my lord.

[*Chamberlain goes to the company, and returns.*

*Wol.* What say they ?

*Cham.* Such a one, they all confess,  
There is, indeed ; which they would have your grace  
Find out, and he will take it.<sup>2</sup>

*Wol.* Let me see then.—

By all your good leaves, gentlemen :—Here I'll make  
My royal choice.

*King.* You have found him, cardinal :  
You hold a fair assembly ; you do well, lord :  
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,  
I should judge now unhappily.<sup>3</sup>

*Wol.* I am glad,  
Your grace is grown so pleasant.

*King.* My lord chamberlain,  
Pr'ythee, come hither : What fair lady's that ?

*Cham.* An't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's  
daughter,

The viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.

*King.* By heaven, she's a dainty one.—Sweet heart,  
I were unmannerly to take you out, [*To ANNE BULLEN.*  
And not to kiss you.—A health, gentlemen ;  
Let it go round.

[2] That is, take the chief place.      JOHNS.

[3] That is, unluckily, mischievously.      JOHNS.

*Wol.* Sir Thomas Lovel, is the banquet ready  
I' the privy chamber ?

*Lov.* Yes, my lord.

*Wol.* Your grace,  
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

*King.* I fear, too much.

*Wol.* There's fresher air, my lord,  
In the next camber.

*King.* Lead in your ladies, every one.—Sweet partner,  
I must not yet forsake you;—Let's be merry ;  
Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths  
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure  
To lead them once again ! and then, let's dream  
Who's best in favour.—Let the music knock it.

[*Exeunt, with trumpets.*]

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## ACT II. SCENE I.

*A street. Enter two Gentlemen at several doors.*

*1 Gentleman.*

WHITHER away so fast ?

*2 Gen.* O, God save you !

Even to the hall, to hear what shall become  
Of the great duke of Buckingham.

*1 Gen.* I'll save you  
That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony  
Of bringing back the prisoner.

*2 Gen.* Were you there ?

*1 Gen.* Yes, indeed, was I

*2 Gen.* Pray, speak, what has happen'd ?

*1 Gen.* You may guess quickly what.

*2 Gen.* Is he found guilty ?

*1 Gen.* Yes, truly, is he, and condemn'd upon it.

*2 Gen.* I am sorry for't.

*1 Gen.* So are a number more.

*2 Gen.* But, pray, how pass'd it ?

*1 Gen.* I'll tell you in a little. The great duke  
Came to the bar ; where, to his accusations,  
He pleaded still, not guilty, and alleg'd  
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.  
The king's attorney, on the contrary,

Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions  
 Of divers witnesses ; which the duke desir'd  
 To have brought, *vivâ voce*, to his face :  
 At which appear'd against him, his surveyor ;  
 Sir Gilbert Peck, his chancellor ; and John Court,  
 Confessor to him ; with that devil-monk,  
 Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2 Gen. That was he  
 That fed him with his prophecies ?

1 Gen. The same.

All these accus'd him strongly ; which he fain  
 Would have flung from him ; but, indeed, he could not :  
 And so his peers, upon this evidence,  
 Have found him guilty of high treason. Much  
 He spoke, and learnedly for life ; but all  
 Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.

2 Gen. After all this, how did he bear himself ?

1 Gen. When he was brought again to the bar,—to hear  
 His knell rung out, his judgment,—he was stirr'd  
 With such an agony, he sweat extremely,<sup>4</sup>  
 And something spoke in choler, ill and hasty ;  
 But he fell to himself again, and sweetly,  
 In all the rest shew'd a most noble patience.

2 Gen. I do not think he fears death.

1 Gen. Sure, he does not ;  
 He never was so womanish ; the cause  
 He may a little grieve at.

2 Gen. Certainly,  
 The cardinal is the end of this.

1 Gen. 'Tis likely,  
 By all conjectures : First, Kildare's attainder,  
 Then deputy of Ireland ; who remov'd,  
 Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,  
 Lest he should help his father.

2 Gen. That trick of state  
 Was a deep envious one.

1 Gen. At his return,  
 No doubt, he will requite it. This is noted,  
 And, generally ; whoever the king favours,  
 The cardinal instantly will find employment,  
 And far enough from court too.

(4) This circumstance is taken from Holinshed.—“ After he was found guilty, the duke was brought to the bar, sore chafing, and sweat marvellously.”

2 Gen. All the commons  
Hate him perniciously, and o' my conscience,  
Wish him ten fathom deep : this duke as much  
They love and doat on ; call him bounteous Buckingham,  
The mirror of all courtesy :—

1 Gen. Stay there, sir,  
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment, (Tipstaves before him, the axe with the edge toward him. Halberds on each side) accompanied with Sir THOMAS LOVEL, Sir NICHOLAS VAUX, Sir WILLIAM SANDS, and common People, &c.*

2 Gen. Let's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people,  
You that thus far have come to pity me,  
Hear what I say and then go home and lose me.  
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,  
And by that name, must die. Yet heaven bear witness,  
And, if I have a conscience, let it sink me,  
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful !  
The law I bear no malice for my death,  
'T has done, upon the premises, but justice ;  
But those, that sought it, I could wish more Christians.  
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em :  
Yet let 'em look, they glory not in mischief,  
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men ;  
For then my guiltless blood must cry 'gainst 'em.  
For further life in this world, I ne'er hope,  
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies  
More than I dare make faults. Ye few, that lov'd me,  
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,  
His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave  
Is only bitter to him, only dying,  
Go with me, like good angels, to my end ;  
And as the long divorce of steel falls on me,  
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,  
And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace for charity  
If ever any malice in your heart  
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovel, I as free forgive you,  
As I would be forgiven : I forgive all.

(7) These lines are remarkably tender and pathetic.

JOHNS.

There cannot be those numberless offences  
 'Gainst me, that I can't take peace with : no black envy  
 Shall make my grave.<sup>8</sup>—Commend me to his grace ;  
 And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him,  
 You met him half in heaven : my vows and prayers  
 Yet are the king's ; and, till my soul forsake me,  
 Shall cry for blessings on him : May he live  
 Longer than I have time to tell his years !  
 Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be !  
 And, when old time shall lead him to his end,  
 Goodness and he fill up one monument !

*Lov.* To the water-side I must conduct your grace ;  
 Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,  
 Who undertakes you to your end :

*Vaux.* Prepare there,  
 The duke is coming : see the barge be ready ;  
 And fit it with such furniture, as suits  
 The greatness of his person.

*Buck.* Nay, Sir Nicholas,  
 Let it alone ; my state now but will mock me.  
 When I came hither, I was lord high constable,  
 And duke of Buckingham ; now, poor Edward Bohun :  
 Yet I am richer than my base accusers,  
 That never knew what truth meant : I now seal it ;<sup>9</sup>  
 And with that blood, will make 'em one day groan for't.  
 My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,  
 Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,  
 Flying for succour to his servant Banister,  
 Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,  
 And without trial fell ; God's peace be with him !  
 Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying  
 My father's loss, like a most royal prince,  
 Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,  
 Made my name, once more, noble. Now his son,  
 Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all  
 That made me happy, at one stroke has taken  
 For ever from the world. I had my trial,  
 And, must needs say, a noble one ; which makes me  
 A little happier than my wretched father :  
 Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—both

(8) I believe Shakespeare, by this expression, meant to make the duke say,  
 'No action expressive of malice shall conclude my life.' Envy by our author is  
 used for malice in other places, and, perhaps, in this. STEEV.

(9) I now seal my truth, my loyalty, with blood, which blood shall one day  
 make them groan. JOHNS.

Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most ;  
A most unnatural and faithless service !

Heaven has an end in all. Yet, you that hear me,  
This from a dying man receive as certain :—

Where you are liberal of your loves, and counsels,  
Be sure, you be not loose ; for those you make friends,  
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive  
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away

Like water from ye, never found again

But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,  
Pray for me ! I must now forsake you ; the last hour  
Of my long weary life is come upon me.

Farewell :

And when you would say something that is sad,  
Speak how I fell.—I have done ; and God forgive me !

*[Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and Train.]*

1 Gen. O, this is full of pity !—Sir, it calls,  
I fear, too many curses on their heads,  
That were the authors.

2 Gen. If the duke be guiltless,  
'Tis full of woe : yet I can give you inkling  
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,  
Greater than this.

1 Gen. Good angels keep it from us !  
What may it be ? You do not doubt my faith, sir ?

2 Gen. This secret is so weighty, 'twill require  
A strong faith to conceal it.<sup>1</sup>

1 Gen. Let me have it ;  
I do not talk much.

2 Gen. I am confident ;  
You shall, sir : Did you not of late days hear  
A buzzing, of a separation  
Between the king and Catherine ?

1 Gen. Yes ; but it held not :  
For when the king once heard it, out of anger  
He sent command to the lord mayor, straight  
To stop the rumour and allay those tongues  
That durst disperse it.

2 Gen. But that slander, sir,  
Is found a truth now : for it grows again  
Fresher than e'er it was : and held for certain,  
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,  
Or some about him near, have, out of malice

(1) Strong faith, is great fidelity.

To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple  
That will undo her : To confirm this too,  
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately,  
As all think, for this business.

1 Gen. 'Tis the cardinal ;  
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,  
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,  
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2 Gen. I think you've hit the mark : But is't not  
cruel,  
That she should feel the smart of this ? The cardinal  
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 Gen. 'Tis woeful,  
We are too open here to argue this ;  
Let's think in private more.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*An anti-chamber in the palace. Enter Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.*

*My lord,—The horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young and handsome ; and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission and main power, took 'em from me, ; with this reason : His master would be serv'd before a subject, if not before the king : which stopp'd our mouths, sir.*

I fear, he will, indeed : Well, let him have them :  
He will have all, I think.

*Enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.*

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suff. How is the king employ'd ?

Cham. I left him private,  
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause ?

Cham. It seems, the marriage with his brother's wife  
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suff. No ; his conscience  
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so ;

This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal !  
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,  
Turns what he lists. This king will know him one day.

*Suf.* Pray God, he do ! he'll never know himself else.

*Nor.* How holily he works in all his business !  
And with what zeal ! For now he has crack'd the league  
'Tween us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew,  
He dives into the king's soul ; and there scatters  
Doubts, dangers, wringing of the conscience,  
Fears, and despairs, and all these for his marriage ;  
And, out of all these to restore the king,  
He counsels a divorce : a loss of her,  
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years  
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre !  
Of her, that loves him with that excellence  
That angels love good men with ; even of her  
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,  
Will bless the king : And is not this course pious ?

*Cham.* Heaven keep me from such counsel ! 'Tis most true,

These news are ev'ry where ; every tongue speaks 'em,  
And every true heart weeps for't : All that dare  
Look into these affairs, see his main end,  
The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open  
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon  
This bold, bad man.

*Suf.* And free us from his slavery.

*Nor.* We had need pray,  
And heartily, for our deliverance,  
Or this imperious man will work us all  
From princes into pages :<sup>a</sup> all men's honours  
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd  
Into what pitch he please.

*Suf.* For me, my lords,  
I love him not, nor fear him ; there's my creed :  
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,  
If the king please : his curses and his blessings  
Touch me alike ; they are breath I not believe in.  
I knew him, and I know him ; so I leave him  
To him that made him proud, the pope.

*Nor.* Let's in ;  
And, with some other business, put the king

---

(a) This may allude to the retinue of the cardinal, who had several of the nobility among his menial servants.      JOHNS.

From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him :  
—My lord, you'll bear us company ?

*Cham.* Excuse me ;

The king hath sent me other-where : besides,  
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him :  
Health to your lordships.

*Nor.* Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

*A door opens, and discovers the King sitting and reading pensively.*

*Suf.* How sad he looks ! sure, he is much afflicted.

*King.* Who's there ! ha ?

*Nor.* Pray God, he be not angry.

*King.* Who's there, I say ? How dare you thrust yourselves

Into my private meditations ?

Who am I ? ha ?

*Nor.* A gracious king, that pardons all offences,  
Malice ne'er meant : Our breach of duty, this way,  
Is business of estate ; in which we come  
To know your royal pleasure.

*King.* You are too bold :

Go to ; I'll make ye know your times of business :

Is this an hour for temporal affairs ? ha ?—

*Enter WOLSEY, and CAMPEIUS with a commission.*

Who's there ? my good lord cardinal ?—O my Wolsey,  
The quiet of my wounded conscience !

Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You're welcome,

[*To CAMPEIUS.*]

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom ;

Use us, and it :—My good lord, have great care

I be not found a talker.<sup>3</sup>

[*To WOLSEY.*]

*Wol.* Sir, you cannot.

I would your grace would give us but an hour

Of private conference.

*King.* We are busy ; go. [*To NORF. and SUF.*]

*Nor.* This priest has no pride in him.

*Suf.* Not to speak of ;

I would not be so sick though, for his place :<sup>4</sup>

(3) I take the meaning to be, ' Let care be taken that my promise be performed, that my professions of welcome be not found empty talk.' JOHNS.

(4) That is, so sick as he is proud. JOHNS.

But this cannot continue.

*Nor.* If it do,  
I'll venture one heaven at him.

*Suf.* I another.

[*Exit* *NOR.* and *Suf.*]

*Wol.* Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom  
Above all princes, in committing freely  
Your scruples to the voice of Christendom.  
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?  
The Spaniard, ty'd by blood and favour to her,  
Must now confess, if he have any goodness,  
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,  
I mean, the learned ones, in christian kingdoms,  
Have their free voices. Rome, the nurse of judgment,  
Invited by our noble self, hath sent  
One general tongue unto us, this good man,  
This just and learned priest, cardinal Campeius;  
Whom, once more, I present unto your highness.

*King.* And, once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,

And thank the holy conclave for their loves;  
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

*Cam.* Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,  
You are so noble: To your highness' hand  
I tender my commission; by whose virtue  
(The court of Rome commanding) you, my lord  
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me, their servant,  
In the impartial judging of this business.

*King.* Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted  
Forthwith, for what you come.—Where's Gardiner?

*Wol.* I know, your majesty has always lov'd her  
So dear in heart, not to deny her that  
A woman of less place might ask by law;  
Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.

*King.* Ay, and the best, she shall have; and my favour  
To him that does best; God forbid else. Cardinal,  
Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary;  
I find him a fit fellow.

*Cardinal goes out, and re-enters with GARDINER.*

*Wol.* Give me your hand: much joy and favour to you:  
You are the king's now.

*Gard.* But to be commanded  
For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me. [*Aside.*]

*King.* Come hither, Gardiner. [*Walks and whispers.*]

*Cam.* My lord of York, was not one doctor Pace  
In this man's place before him ?

*Wol.* Yes, he was.

*Cam.* Was he not held a learned man ?

*Wol.* Yes, surely.

*Cam.* Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then  
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

*Wol.* How ! of me ?

*Cam.* They will not stick to say, you envy'd him ;  
And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,  
Kept him a foreign man still :<sup>s</sup> which so griev'd him,  
That he ran mad, and dy'd.

*Wol.* Heaven's peace be with him !  
That's Christian care enough : for living murmurers,  
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool,  
For he would needs be virtuous : That good fellow,  
If I command him, follows my appointment ;  
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,  
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

*King.* Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

[Exit GARDINER

—The most convenient place that I can think of,  
For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars ;  
There ye shall meet again this weighty business :—  
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd.—O my lord,  
Would it not grieve an able man to leave  
So sweet a bed fellow ? But, conscience ! conscience !  
O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. [Exit.]

### SCENE III.

*An anti-chamber of the Queen's apartments. Enter  
ANNE BULLEN and an old Lady.*

*Anne.* Nor for that neither :—Here's the pang that  
pinches ;  
His highness having liv'd so long with her ; and she  
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever  
Pronounce dishonour of her, (by my life,  
She never knew harm-doing) oh, now after  
So many courses of the sun, enthron'd,  
Still growing in a majesty and pomp,—the which

---

(s) Kept him out of the king's presence, employed in foreign embassies.  
JOHNS.

To leave is a thousand fold more bitter, than  
'Tis sweet at first to acquire, after this process,  
To give her the avaunt !<sup>6</sup> it is a pity  
Would move a monster.

*Old L.* Hearts of most hard temper  
Melt and lament for her.

*Anne.* O, God's will ! much better,  
She ne'er had known pomp : though it be temporal,  
Yet, if that quarrel, fortune,<sup>7</sup> do divorce  
It from the bearer, it is a sufferance, panging  
As soul and body's severing.

*Old L.* Alas, poor lady !  
She's stranger now again.<sup>8</sup>

*Anne.* So much the more  
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,  
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,  
And range with humble livers in content,  
Than to be perk'd up in glist'ring grief,  
And wear a golden sorrow.

*Old L.* Our content  
Is our best having.<sup>9</sup>

*Anne.* By my troth, and maidenhead,  
I would not be a queen.

*Old L.* Beshrew me, I would,  
And venture maidenhead for't ; and so would you,  
For all this spice of your hypocrisy :  
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,  
Have too a woman's heart ; which ever yet  
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty ;  
Which, to say sooth, are blessings : and which gifts  
(Saving your mincing) the capacity  
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,<sup>10</sup>  
If you might please to stretch it.

*Anne.* Nay, good troth,——

*Old L.* Yes, troth and troth,—You would not be a  
queen ?

*Anne.* No, not for all the riches under heaven. •

[6] To send her away contemptuously ; to pronounce against her a sentence of ejection. JOHNS.

[7] He calls Fortune a quarrel or arrow, from her striking so deep and suddenly. Quarrel was a large arrow so called. Thus Falstaff, 'Twang'd the string, out flew the quarrel long.' WARB.

[8] Again an alien ; not only no longer queen, but no longer an Englishwoman. JOHNS.

[9] That is, our best possession. In Spanish, hacienda. JOHNS.

[10] Cheveril is kid-skin, soft leather. B.

*Old L.* 'Tis strange ; a three-pence bow'd would hire me,  
Old as I am, to queen it : But, I pray you,  
What think you of a duchess ? have you limbs  
To bear that load of title ?

*Anne.* No, in truth.

*Old L.* Then you are weakly made : Pluck off a little ;  
I would not be a young count in your way,  
For more than blushing comes to : if your back  
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak  
Ever to get a boy.

*Anne.* How do you talk !

I swear again, I would not be a queen  
For all the world.

*Old L.* In faith, for little England  
You'd venture an emballing : I myself  
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd  
No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes here ?

*Enter Lord Chamberlain.*

*Cham.* Good morrow, ladies. What wer't worth to know  
The secret of your conference ?

*Anne.* My good lord,  
Not your demand ; it values not your asking :  
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

*Cham.* It was a gentle business, and becoming  
The action of good women : there is hope,  
All will be well.

*Anne.* Now I pray God, amen !

*Cham.* You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings  
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,  
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's  
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty  
Commends his good opinion to you, and  
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing  
Than marchioness of Pembroke ; to which title  
A thousand pounds a year, annual support,  
Out of his grace he adds.

*Anne.* I do not know,  
What kind of my obedience I should tender ;  
More than my all, is nothing ; nor my prayers  
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes  
More worth than empty vanities ; yet prayers and wishes  
Are all I can return. 'Beseech your lordship,  
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,  
As from a blushing handmaid to his highness ;

Whose health, and royalty, I pray for.

*Cham.* Lady,

I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit  
The king hath of you.—I have perus'd her well :  
Beauty and honour are in her so mingled, [*Aside.*  
That they have caught the king : and who knows yet,  
But from this lady may proceed a gem,  
To lighten all this isle ?<sup>s</sup> I'll to the king,  
And say, I spoke with you.

*Anne.* My honour'd lord. [*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*

*Old L.* Why, this it is ; see, see !

I have been begging sixteen years in court  
(Am yet a courtier beggarly) nor could  
Come pat betwixt *too early* and *too late*,  
For any suit of pounds : and you, (O fate !)  
A very fresh fish here (fye, fye upon  
This compell'd fortune !) have your mouth fill'd up,  
Before you open it.

*Anne.* This is strange to me.

*Old L.* How tastes it ? is it bitter ? forty pence, no.  
There was a lady once ('tis an old story),  
That would not be a queen, that would she not,  
For all the mud in Ægypt :—Have you heard it ?

*Anne.* Come, you are pleasant.

*Old L.* With your theme, I could  
O'er-mount the lark. The marchioness of Pembroke !  
A thousand pounds a year ! for pure respect ;  
No other obligation ? By my life,  
That promises more thousands : Honour's train  
Is longer than his fore-skirt. By this time,  
I know, your back will bear a duchess ;—Say,  
Are you not stronger than you were ?

*Anne.* Good lady,  
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,  
And leave me out on't. 'Would I had no being,  
If this salute my blood a jot ; it faints me,  
To think what follows ;  
The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful  
In our long absence : Pray, do not deliver  
What here you have heard, to her.

*Old L.* What do you think me ? [*Exeunt.*

[<sup>s</sup>] Perhaps alluding to the carbuncle, a gem supposed to have intrinsic light, and to shine in the dark ; any other gem may reflect light, but cannot give it.      JOHNS.

## SCENE IV.

*A Hall in Black-Friars. Trumpets, sennet,<sup>8</sup> and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them, two scribes, in the habits of Doctors; after them, the Archbishop of CANTERBURY alone; after him, the Bishops of LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, and St. ASAPH; next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and the Cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross: then a Gentleman-Usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Serjeant at Arms, bearing a mace; then two Gentlemen bearing two great silver pillars:<sup>9</sup> after them, side by side, the two Cardinals: two Noblemen with the sword and mace. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him, as Judges. The Queen takes place, some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.*

*Wol.* Whilst our commission from Rome is read,  
Let silence be commanded.

*King.* What's the need?  
It hath already publicly been read,  
And on all sides the authority allow'd;  
You may then spare that time.

*Wol.* Be't so:—Proceed.

*Scribe.* Say, Henry, king of England, come into the court.

*Crier.* Henry, king of England, &c.

*King.* Here.

*Scribe.* Say, Catherine, queen of England,  
Come into the court.

[8] Dr. Burney, to whom the world will soon be under great obligations on the subject of music, undertook to trace the etymology of this word, but without success. The following conjecture of his should not, however, be withheld from the publick.—'Senne or sennie de l'Alemand sen qui signifie assemblée.' *Dict. de vieux Langage.*—'Senne assemblée a son de cloche.' *Ménage.*—Perhaps, therefore, says he, sennet may mean a flourish for the purpose of assembling chiefs, or apprizing the people of their approach. *Sennet* is the name of an antiquated French tune. STEEV.

[9] Pillars were some of the ensigns of dignity carried before cardinals. Sir Thomas Moore, when he was speaker to the commons, advised them to admit Wolsey into the house with his maces and his pillars. *Life of Sir Thomas Moore.* JOHNS.

Crier. Catherine queen of England, &c.

[*The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet ; then speaks.*]

Queen. Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice,  
And to bestow your pity on me : for  
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,  
Born out of your dominions ; having here  
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance  
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,  
In what have I offended you ? what cause  
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,  
That thus you should proceed to put me off,  
And take your good grace from me ? Heaven witness,  
I have been to you a true and humble wife,  
At all times to your will conformable :  
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike.  
Yea, subject to your countenance ; glad, or sorry,  
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,  
I ever contradicted your desire,  
Or made it not mine too ? Or which of your friends  
Have I not strove to love, although I knew  
He were mine enemy ? what friend of mine,  
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I  
Continue in my liking ? nay, gave not notice  
He was from thence discharg'd ? Sir, call to mind,  
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,  
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest  
With many children by you. If, in the course  
And process of this time, you can report,  
And prove it too, against mine honour aught  
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty  
Against your sacred person, in God's name,  
Turn me away, and let the foul'st contempt  
Shut door upon me, and so give me up  
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,  
The king, your father, was reputed for  
A prince most prudent, of an excellent  
And unmatch'd wit and judgment : Ferdinand,  
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one  
The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many  
A year before : It is not to be question'd  
That they had gather'd a wise council to them

D 2

Of every realm, that did debate this business,  
 Who deem'd our marriage lawful : Wherefore I humbly  
 Beseech you sir, to spare me, till I may  
 Be by my friends in Spain advis'd ; whose counsel  
 I will implore : If not ; i'the name of God,  
 Your pleasure be fulfill'd !

*Wol.* You have here, lady,  
 (And of your choice) these reverend fathers ; men  
 Of singular integrity and learning,  
 Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled  
 To plead your cause : It shall be therefore bootless,  
 That longer you defer the court ; as well  
 For your own quiet, as to rectify  
 What is unsettled in the king.

*Cam.* His grace  
 Hath spoken well and justly : Therefore, madam,  
 It's fit this royal session do proceed ;  
 And that, without delay, their arguments  
 Be now produc'd; and heard.

*Queen.* Lord cardinal,—  
 To you I speak.

*Wol.* Your pleasure, madam ?

*Queen.* Sir,  
 I am about to weep ; but, thinking that  
 We are a queen (or long have dream'd so) certain  
 The daughter of a king, my drops of tears  
 I'll turn to sparks of fire.

*Wol.* Be patient yet,—

*Queen.* I will, when you are humble ; nay, before,—  
 Or God will punish me. I do believe,  
 Induc'd by potent circumstances, that  
 You are mine enemy ; and make my challenge,<sup>1</sup>  
 You shall not be my judge : for it is you  
 Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,—  
 Which God's dew quench !—Therefore, I say again,  
 I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul  
 Refuse you for judge ; whom, yet once more,  
 I hold my most malicious foe, and think not  
 At all a friend to truth.

*Wol.* I do profess,  
 You speak not like yourself, who ever yet  
 Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects

(1) Challenge is here a *verbum juris*, a law term. The criminal, when he refuses a jurymen, says, 'I challenge him.' JOHNS.

Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom  
 O'er-topping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong,  
 I have no spleen against you ; nor injustice  
 For you, or any : how far I have proceeded,  
 Or how far further shall, is warranted  
 By a commission from the consistory,  
 Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me,  
 That I have blown this coal : I do deny it ;  
 The king is present ; if it be known to him,  
 That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,  
 And worthily, my falsehood ! yea, as much  
 As you have done my truth. If he know  
 That I am free of your report, he knows,  
 I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him  
 It lies, to cure me : and the cure is, to  
 Remove these thoughts from you : The which before  
 His highness shall speak in, I do beseech  
 You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,  
 And to say so no more.

*Queen.* My lord, my lord,  
 I am a simple woman, much too weak  
 To oppose your cunning. You are meek, and humble-  
 mouth'd ;  
 You sign your place and calling,<sup>2</sup> in full seeming,  
 With meekness and humility ; but your heart  
 Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.  
 You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours,<sup>3</sup>  
 Gone slightly o'er low steps ; and now are mounted,  
 Where powers are your retainers : and your words,  
 Domesticks to you, serve your will, as't please  
 Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,  
 You tender more your person's honour, than  
 Your high profession spiritual : That again  
 I do refuse you for my judge ; and here,  
 Before you all, appeal unto the pope,  
 To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,  
 And to be judg'd by him.

[*She curtsies to the king, and offers to depart.*

*Cam.* The queen is obstinate,

(2) To sign, must here be to show, to denote. By your outward meekness and humility, you show that you are of an holy order, but, &c. JOHNS.

(3) You have now got power at your beck, following in your retinue ; and words therefore are degraded to the servile state of performing any office which you shall give them. In humbler and more common terms ; 'Having now got power you do not regard your word.' ib.

Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and  
Disdainful to be try'd by it ; 'tis not well,  
She's going away.

*King.* Call her again.

*Crier.* Catherine, queen of England, come into the court.

*Usher.* Madam, you are call'd back.

*Queen.* What need you note it ? pray you, keep your way :  
When you are call'd, return.—Now the Lord help,  
They vex me past my patience !—pray you, pass on :  
I will not tarry ; no, nor ever more,  
Upon this business my appearance make  
In any of their courts. [*Exe. Queen and her Attendants.*]

*King.* Go thy ways, Kate :

That man i' the world, who shall report he has  
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,  
For speaking false in that : Thou art alone,  
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,  
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,  
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts,  
Sovereign, and pious else, could speak thee out)<sup>4</sup>  
The queen of earthly queens :—She is noble born :  
And, like her true nobility, she has  
Carried herself towards me.

*Wol.* Most gracious sir,  
In humblest manner I require your highness,  
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing  
Of all these ears (for where I am robb'd and bound,  
There must I be unloos'd ; although not there  
At once, and fully satisfy'd), if I  
Did broach this business to your highness ;<sup>5</sup> or  
Laid any scruple in your way, which might  
Induce you to question on't ? or ever  
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such  
A royal lady, spake one the least word, that might  
Be to the prejudice of her present state,  
Or touch of her good person ?

*King.* My lord cardinal,  
I do excuse you ; yea, upon mine honour,  
I free you from't. You are not to be taught,  
That you have many enemies, that know not  
Why they are so, but like village curs,

(4) If thy several qualities had tongues to speak thy praise. JOHNS.

(5) The fence, which is encumber'd with words, is this, ' I must be loosed, though when so loosed, I shall not be satisfied fully and at once ; that is, I shall not be immediately satisfied. JOHNS.

Bark when their fellows do : by some of these  
 The queen is put in anger. You are excus'd :  
 But will you be more justify'd ? you ever  
 Have wish'd the sleeping of this business ; never  
 Desir'd it to be stirr'd ; but oft have hindred, oft  
 The passages made toward it ;—on my honour,  
 I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,<sup>6</sup>  
 And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,—  
 I will be bold with time and your attention :—  
 Then mark the inducement. Thus it came ;—give  
 heed to't :—

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,  
 Scruple, and prick,<sup>7</sup> on certain speeches utter'd  
 By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador ;  
 Who had been hither sent on the debating  
 A marriage 'twixt the duke of Orleans and  
 Our daughter Mary : I' the progress of this business,  
 Ere a determinate resolution, he  
 (I mean the bishop) did require a respite ;  
 Wherein he might the king his lord advertise  
 Whether our daughter were legitimate,  
 Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,  
 Sometime our brother's wife. This respite shook  
 The bosom, of my conscience, enter'd me,  
 Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble  
 The region of my breast ; which forc'd such way,  
 That many maz'd considerings did throng,  
 And press'd in with this caution. First, methought,  
 I stood not in the smile of heaven ; which  
 Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,  
 If it conceiv'd a male child by me ; should  
 Do no more offices of life to't, than  
 The grave does to the dead : for her male-issue  
 Or died where they were made, or shortly after  
 This world had air'd them : Hence I took a thought  
 This was a judgment on me ; that my kingdom,  
 Well worthy the best heir o'the world, should not  
 Be gladdened in't by me : Then follows, that  
 I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in  
 By this my issue's fail ; and that gave to me

(6) The king, having first addressed to Wolsey, breaks off : and declares upon his honour to the whole court, that he speaks the cardinal's sentiments upon the point in question ; and clears him from any attempt, or wish, to stir that business. THEO.

(7) Prick of conscience was the term in confession. JOHNS.

Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in  
The wild sea of my conscience,<sup>8</sup> I did steer  
Towards this remedy, whereupon we are  
Now present here together ; that's to say,  
I mean to rectify my conscience, which  
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,  
By all the reverend fathers of the land,  
And doctors learn'd.—First, I began in private  
With you, my lord of Lincoln ; you remember  
How under my oppression I did reek,  
When I first mov'd you.

*Lin.* Very well, my liege.

*King.* I have spoke long ; be pleas'd yourself to say  
How far you satisfy'd me.

*Lin.* Please your highness,  
The question did at first so stagger me,  
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,  
And consequence of dread, that I committed  
The daring'st counsel, which I had, to doubt ;  
And did intreat your highness to this course,  
Which you are running here.

*King.* I then mov'd you,  
My lord of Canterbury ; and got your leave  
To make this present summons :—Unsolicited  
I left no reverend person in this court ;  
But, by particular consent, proceeded  
Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go on ;  
For no dislike i' the world against the person  
Of our good queen, but the sharp thorny points  
Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward :  
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,  
And kingly dignity, we are contented  
To wear our mortal state to come, with her,  
Catherine our queen, before the primest creature  
That's paragon'd o'the world.

*Cam.* So please your highness,  
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness  
That we adjourn this court to further day :  
Mean while must be an earnest motion  
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal  
She intends to his holiness. [They rise to depart.]

(8) The expression belongs to navigation. A ship is said to hulk, when she is dismasted, and only her hull, or hulk, is left at the direction and mercy of the waves. STEEV.

*King.* I may perceive, [Speaking to CRANMER.  
 These cardinals trifle with me : I abhor  
 This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.  
 My learn'd and well-beloved servant Cranmer,  
 Pr'ythee return ! with thy approach, I know,  
 My comfort comes along. Break up the court :  
 I say, set on, [Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.

### ACT III. SCENE I.

*The Queen's apartments. The Queen and her Women, as at work:*

*Queen.*

TAKE thy lute, wench : my soul grows sad with troubles :

Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst : leave working.

#### S O N G.

*Orpheus with his lute made trees,  
 And the mountain-tops, that freeze,  
 Bow themselves, when he did sing :  
 To his musick, plants, and flowers,  
 Ever sprung ; as sun, and showers,  
 There had made a lasting spring.  
 Every thing that heard him play,  
 Even the billows of the sea,  
 Hung their heads, and then lay by.  
 In sweet musick is such art ;  
 Killing care, and grief of heart,  
 Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.*

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Queen.* How now ?

*Gen.* An't please your grace, the two great cardinals  
 Wait in the presence.

*Queen.* Would they speak with me ?

*Gen.* They will'd me say so, madam.

*Queen.* Pray their graces

To come near. What can be their business  
 With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour ?

[Exit Messenger.

I do not like their coming, now I think on't.  
They should be good men; their affairs are righteous :  
But, All hoods make not monks.

*Enter the Cardinals Wolsey and Campeius.*

*Wol.* Peace to your highness !

*Queen.* Your graces find me here part of a house-wife :  
I would be all, against the worst may happen.  
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords ?

*Wol.* May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw  
Into your private chamber, we shall give you  
The full cause of our coming.

*Queen.* Speak it here ;  
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,  
Deserves a corner : 'Would, all other women  
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do !  
My lords, I care not (so much I am happy  
Above a number), if my actions  
Were try'd by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,  
Envy and base opinion set against 'em,<sup>2</sup>  
I know my life so even : If your business  
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,<sup>3</sup>  
Out with it boldly ; truth loves open dealing.

*Wol.* *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina secretissima,*

*Queen.* O, good my lord, no Latin ;  
I am not such a truant since my coming,  
As not to know the language I have liv'd in :  
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, sus-  
picious ;

Pray, speak in English : here are some will thank you  
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake ;  
Believe me, she has had much wrong : Lord cardinal,  
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,  
May be absolv'd in English.

*Wol.* Noble lady,  
I am sorry my integrity should breed  
(And service to his majesty and you)  
So deep suspiciou, where all faith was meant.

(1) Affairs means not their present errand, but the business of their calling.

(2) I would be glad that my conduct were in some publick trial confronted with mine enemies, that envy and corrupt judgment might try their utmost power againt me.

(3) That is, if you come to examine the title by which I am the king's wife ; or, if you come to know how I have behaved as a wife.

We come not by the way of accusation,  
 To taint that honour every good tongue blesses ;  
 Not to betray you any way to sorrow ;  
 You have too much, good lady : but to know  
 How you stand minded in the weighty difference  
 Between the king and you ; and to deliver,  
 Like free and honest men, our just opinions  
 And comforts to your cause.

*Cam.* Most honour'd madam,  
 My lord of York,—out of his noble nature,  
 Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace ;  
 Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure  
 Both of his truth and him, which was too far,—  
 Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,  
 His service, and his counsel.—

*Queen.* To betray me. [*Aside.*  
 My lords, I thank you both for your good wills !  
 Ye speak like honest men ; (pray God, ye prove so !)  
 But how to make ye suddenly an answer,  
 In such a point of weight, so near mine honour  
 (More near my life, I fear) with my weak wit,  
 And to such men of gravity and learning,  
 In truth, I know not. I was set at work  
 Among my maids : full little, God knows, looking  
 Either for such men, or such business.  
 For her sake that I have been (for I feel  
 The last fit of my greatness), good your graces,  
 Let me have time, and counsel, for my cause ;  
 Alas ! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

*Wo.* Madam, you wrong the king's love with these fears ;  
 Your hopes and friends are infinite.

*Queen.* In England,  
 But little for my profit : Can you think, lords,  
 That any Englishman dare give me counsel ?  
 Or be a known friend 'gainst his highness' pleasure,  
 (Though he be grown so desperate to be honest) <sup>4</sup>  
 And live a subject ? Nay, forsooth, my friends,  
 They that must weigh out my afflictions, <sup>5</sup>

[4] Do you think that any Englishman dare advise me ; or, if any man should venture to advise with honesty, that he could live ? *JOHN.*

[5] This phrase is obscure. To 'weigh out,' is, in modern language, to deliver by weight ; but this sense cannot be here admitted. To weigh, is likewise to deliberate upon, to consider with due attention. This may, perhaps, be meant. Or the phrase, 'to weigh out,' may signify to counterbalance, to counteract with equal force. *JOHN.*

They that my trust must grow to, live not here ;  
 They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,  
 In my own country, lords.

*Cam.* I would, your grace  
 Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

*Queen.* How, sir?

*Cam.* Put your main cause into the king's protection ;  
 He's loving, and most gracious : 'twill be much  
 Both for your honour better, and your cause ;  
 For, if the trial of the law o'ertake you,  
 You'll part away disgrac'd.

*Wol.* He tells you rightly.

*Queen.* Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin ;  
 Is this your christian counsel ? out upon you !  
 Heaven is above all yet ; there sits a Judge,  
 That no king can corrupt.

*Cam.* Your rage mistakes us.

*Queen.* The more shame for you ;<sup>6</sup> holy men I  
 thought you,

Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues ;  
 But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear you.  
 Mend 'em for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort ?  
 The cordial that you bring a wretched lady ?  
 A woman lost among you, laugh'd at, scorn'd ?  
 I will not wish you half my miseries ;  
 I have more charity : But say, I warn'd ye ;  
 Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once  
 The burden of my sorrows fall upon you.

*Wol.* Madam, this is a mere distraction ;  
 You turn the good we offer into envy.

*Queen.* Ye turn me into nothing : Woe upon you,  
 And all such false professors ! Would ye have me  
 (If you have any justice, any pity ;  
 If you be any thing but churchmen's habits)  
 Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me  
 Alas ! he has banish'd me his bed already ;  
 His love, too long ago : I am old, my lords,  
 And all the fellowship I hold now with him,  
 Is only my obedience. What can happen  
 To me, above this wretchedness ? all your studies  
 Make me a curse like this !

[6] If I mistake you, it is by your fault, not mine ; for I thought you good.  
 The distress of Catherine might have kept her from the quibble to which she  
 is irresistibly tempted by the word cardinal.      JOHNS.

*Cam.* Your fears are worse.

*Queen.* Have I liv'd thus long—let me speak myself,  
Since virtue finds no friends—a wife, a true one?  
A woman (I dare say, without vain-glory)  
Never yet branded with suspicion?  
Have I, with all my full affections  
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd him?  
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?  
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?  
And am I thus rewarded? 'Tis not well, lords.  
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,  
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;  
And to that woman, when she has done most,  
Yet will I add an honour, a great patience.

*Wol.* Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

*Queen.* My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,  
To give up willingly that noble title  
Your master woo'd me to: nothing but death  
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

*Wol.* Pray, hear me.

*Queen.* 'Would I had never trod this English earth,  
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!  
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.  
What shall become of me now, wretched lady?  
I am the most unhappy woman living.  
—Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?

[*To her Women.*]

Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,  
No friends, no hope, no kindred weep for me,  
Almost no grave allow'd me:—Like the lily,  
That once was mistress of the field, and flourish'd,  
I'll hang my head, and perish.

*Wol.* If your grace  
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,  
You'd feel more comfort: why should we, good lady,  
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our place,  
The way of our profession is against it;  
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.  
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;  
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly  
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.  
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,

---

(7) That is, served him with a superstitious attention; done more than was required.      JOHNS.

So much they love it ; but, to stubborn spirits,  
 They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.  
 I know, you have a gentle, noble temper,  
 A-soul as even as a calm ; pray, think us  
 Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.

*Cam.* Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues

With these weak women's fears. A noble spirit,  
 As your's was put into you, ever casts  
 Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you ;  
 Beware, you lose it not : For us, if you please  
 To trust us in your business, we are ready  
 To use our utmost studies in your service.

*Queen.* Do what you will, my lords : And, pray, forgive me,  
 If I have us'd myself unmannerly ;  
 You know, I am a woman, lacking wit  
 To make a seemly answer to such persons.  
 Pray, do my service to his majesty :  
 He has my heart yet ; and shall have my prayers,  
 While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,  
 Bestow your counsels on me : she now begs,  
 That little thought, when she set footing here,  
 She should have bought her dignities so dear. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Anti-chamber in the King's apartments. Enter Duke of NORFOLK, Duke of SUFFOLK, the Earl of SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

*Nor.* If you will now unite in your complaints,  
 And force them with a constancy,<sup>9</sup> the cardinal  
 Cannot stand under them : if you omit  
 The offer of this time, I cannot promise  
 But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,  
 With these you bear already.

*Sur.* I am joyful  
 To meet the least occasion that may give me  
 Remembrancé of my father-in-law, the duke,  
 To be reveng'd on him.

*Suf.* Which of the peers  
 Have uncontain'd gone by him, or at least

(9) Force—is enforce, urge. JOHNS.

Strangely neglected?<sup>1</sup> when did he regard  
The stamp of nobleness in any person,  
Out of himself?<sup>2</sup>

*Cham.* My lords, you speak your pleasures :  
What he deserves of you and me, I know ;  
What we can do to him (though now the time  
Give way to us), I much fear. If you cannot  
Bar his access to the king, never attempt  
Any thing on him ; for he hath a witchcraft  
Over the king in his tongue.

*Nor.* O, fear him not ;  
His spell in that is out : the king hath found  
Matter against him, that for ever mars  
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,  
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

*Sur.* Sir,  
I should be glad to hear such news as this  
Once every hour.

*Nor.* Believe it, this is true.  
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings<sup>3</sup>  
Are all unfolded ; wherein he appears,  
As I would wish mine enemy.

*Sar.* How came  
His practices to light ?

*Suf.* Most strangely.

*Sur.* O, how, how ?

*Suf.* The cardinal's letters to the pope miscarried,  
And came to the eye o'the king : wherein was read,  
How that the cardinal did intreat his holiness  
To stay the judgment o'the divorce ; for if  
It did take place, *I do*, quoth he, *perceive*,  
*My king is tangled in affection to*  
*A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen.*

*Sur.* Has the king this ?

*Suf.* Believe it.

*Sur.* Will this work ?

*Cham.* The king in this perceives him, how he coasts,  
And hedges, his own way.<sup>4</sup> But in this point

(1) In our author's licentious English, the passage, as it stands, means the same as, 'which of the peers has not gone by him contemned or neglected?'  
JOHNS.

(2) When did he, however careful to carry his own dignity to the utmost height, regard any dignity of another? JOHNS.

(3) Private practices opposite to his public procedure. JOHNS.

(4) To hedge—is to creep along by the hedge : not to take the direct and open path, but to deal covertly through circumvolutions. JOHNS.

All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic  
After his patient's death ; the king already  
Hath married the fair lady.

*Sur.* 'Would he had !

*Suf.* May you be happy in your wish, my lord ;  
For, I profess, you have it.

*Sur.* Now all my joy  
Trace the conjunction !<sup>s</sup>

*Suf.* My Amen to't !

*Nor.* All men's !

*Suf.* There's order given for her coronation :  
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left  
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,  
She is a gallant creature, and complete  
In mind and feature : I persuade me, from her  
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall  
In it be memoriz'd.

*Sur.* But, will the king  
Digest this letter of the cardinal's ?  
The lord forbid !

*Nor.* Marry, Amen !

*Suf.* No, no ;  
There be more wasps that buz about his nose,  
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius  
Is stol'n away to Rome ; has ta'en no leave ;  
Hath left the cause o'the king unhandled ; and  
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,  
To second all his plot. I do assure you,  
The king cry'd, *Ha !* at this.

*Cham.* Now, God incense him,  
And let him cry, ha, louder !

*Nor.* But, my lord,  
When returns Cranmer ?

*Suf.* He is return'd, in his opinions ; which  
Have satisfy'd the king for his divorce,  
Together with all famous colleges  
Almost in Christendom : shortly, I believe,  
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and  
Her coronation. Catherine no more  
Shall be call'd queen, but princess-dowager,  
And widow to prince Arthur.

*Nor.* This same Cranmer's  
A worthy fellow ; and hath ta'en much pain

---

[5] To trace—is to follow. JOHNS.

In the king's business.

*Suf.* He has ; and we shall see him  
For it, an archbishop.

*Nor.* So I hear.

*Suf.* 'Tis so.

The cardinal——

*Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.*

*Nor.* Observe, observe, he's moody.

*Wol.* The packet, Cromwell,  
Gave it you the king ?

*Crom.* To his own hand, in his bed-chamber.

*Wol.* Look'd he o' the inside of the paper ?

*Crom.* Presently

He did unseal them ; and the first he view'd

He did it with a serious mind ; a heed

Was in his countenance : You he bade

Attend him here this morning.

*Wol.* Is he ready.

To come abroad ?

*Crom.* I think by this he is.

*Wol.* Leave me a while.— [*Exit CROMWELL.*]

It shall be to the duchess of Alençon,

The French king's sister : he shall marry her.—

Anne Bullen ! No ; I'll no Anne Bullens for him :—

There's more in't than fair visage.—Bullen !—

No, we'll no Bullens !—Speedily I wish

To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of Pembroke !—

*Nor.* He's discontented.

*Suf.* May be, he hears the king  
Does whet his anger to him.

*Sur.* Sharp enough,  
Lord, for thy justice !

*Wol.* [*Aside.*] The late queen's gentlewoman ; a  
knight's daughter,

To be her mistress' mistress ! the queen's queen !—

This candle burns not clear : 'tis I must snuff it ;

Then, out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous,

And well-deserving ? yet I know her for

A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholesome to

Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of

Our hard rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up

An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer ; one

Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,

And is his oracle.

*Nor.* He is vex'd at something.

*Sur.* I would 'twere something that would fret the string,

The master cord of his heart !

*Enter King, reading a schedule ;<sup>6</sup> and LOVEL.*

*Suf.* The king, the king !

*King.* What piles of wealth hath he accumulated  
To his own portion ! and what expence by the hour  
Seems to flow from him ! How, i' the name of thrift,  
Does he rake this together !—Now, my lords,  
Saw you the cardinal ?

*Nor.* My lord, we have  
Stood here observing him : Some strange commotion  
Is in his brain ; he bites his lip, and starts :  
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground ;  
Then, lays his finger on his temple ; straight,  
Springs out into fast gait ; then, stops again,<sup>7</sup>  
Strikes his breast hard ; and then anon, he casts  
His eye against the moon : in most strange postures  
We have seen him set himself.

*King.* It may well be ;  
There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning  
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,  
As I requir'd : And wot you, what I found  
There, on my conscience put unwittingly ?  
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,—  
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,  
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household ; which  
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks  
Possession of a subject.

*Nor.* It is heaven's will :  
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,  
To bless your eye withal.

*King.* If we did think,  
His contemplations were above the earth,  
And fix'd on spiritual objects, he should still  
Dwell in his musings ; but, I am afraid,

[6] That the cardinal gave the king an inventory of his own private wealth, by mistake, and thereby ruined himself, is a known variation from the truth of history. Shakespeare, however, has not injudiciously represented the fall of that great man, as owing to an incident which Wolsey had once improved to the destruction of another. See Holinshed, vol. ii. p. 796 and 797. STEEV.

[7] Sallust, describing the disturbed state of Catiline's mind, takes notice of the same circumstance, — " citus modo, modo tardus incessus." STEEV.

His thinkings are below the moon, nor worth  
His serious considering.

[*He takes his seat, whispers LOVEI, who goes to WOLSEY.*

*Wol.* Heaven forgive me !——  
Ever God bless your highness !——

*King.* Good my lord,  
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory  
Of your best graces in your mind ; the which  
You were now running o'er : you have scarce time  
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,  
To keep your earthly audit : Sure, in that,  
I deem you an ill husband ; and am glad  
To have you therein my companion.

*Wol.* Sir,  
For holy offices I have a time ; a time  
To think upon the part of business, which  
I bear i' the state ; and nature does require  
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,  
I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,  
Must give my 'tendance to.

*King.* You have said well.

*Wol.* And ever may your highness yoke together,  
As I will lend you cause, my doing well  
With my well saying.

*King.* 'Tis well said again ;  
And 'tis a kind of good deed, to say well :  
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you :  
He said, he did ; and with his deed did crown  
His word upon you. Since I had my office,  
I have kept you next my heart ; have not alone  
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,  
But par'd my present havings, to bestow  
My bounties upon you.

*Wol.* What should this mean ?

[*Aside.*

*Sur.* The Lord increase this business ?

[*Aside.*

*King.* Have I not made you  
The prime man of the state ? I pray you, tell me,  
If what I now pronounce, you have found true :  
And, if you may confess it, say withal,  
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you ?

*Wol.* My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces  
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could  
My studied purposes requite ; which went

Beyond all man's endeavours.<sup>8</sup> My endeavours  
 Have ever come too short of my desires,  
 Yet fil'd with my abilities.<sup>9</sup> Mine own ends  
 Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed  
 To the good of your most sacred person, and  
 The profit of the state. For your great graces  
 Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I  
 Can nothing render but allegiant thanks;  
 My prayers to heaven for you; my loyalty,  
 Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,  
 Till death, that winter, kill it.

*King.* Fairly answer'd;  
 A loyal and obedient subject is  
 Therein illustrated: the honour of it  
 Does pay the act of it; as, i' the contrary,  
 The foulness is the punishment. I presume,  
 That as my hand has open'd bounty to you,  
 My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more  
 On you than any; so your hand, and heart,  
 Your brain, and every function of your power,  
 Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,<sup>1</sup>  
 As 'twere in love's particular, be more  
 To me, your friend, than any.

*Wol.* I profess,  
 That for your highness' good I ever labour'd  
 More than mine own; that am, have, and will be,  
 Though all the world should crack their duty to you,  
 And throw it from their soul; though perils did  
 Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and  
 Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty  
 As doth a rock against the chiding flood,  
 Should the approach of this wild river break,  
 And stand unshaken your's.

*King.* 'Tis nobly spoken:—  
 Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,  
 For you have seen him open't.—Read o'er this;

[*Giving him papers.*]

[8] The sense is, my purposes went beyond all human endeavour. I purposed for your honour more than it falls within the compass of man's nature to attempt. JOHNS.

[9] My endeavours, though less than my desires, have fil'd; that is, have gone an equal pace with my abilities. JOHNS.

[1] Besides the general bond of duty, by which you are obliged to be a loyal and obedient subject, you owe a particular devotion of yourself to me, as your particular benefactor. JOHNS.

And after, this : and then to breakfast, with  
What appetite you have.

[*Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal WOLSEY ; the  
Nobles throng after him, whispering and smiling.*

Wol. What should this mean ?

What sudden anger's this ? how have I reap'd it ?  
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin  
Leap'd from his eyes : so looks the chafed lion  
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him ;  
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper ;  
I fear, the story of his anger.—'Tis so ;—  
This paper has undone me :—'Tis the account  
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together  
For mine own ends ; indeed to gain the popedom,  
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,  
Fit for a fool to fall by ! What cross devil  
Made me put this main secret in the packet  
I sent the king ? Is there no way to cure this ?  
No new device to beat this from his brains ?  
I know 'twill stir him strongly ; yet I know  
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune  
Will bring me off again. What's this—*To the Pope ?*  
The letter, as I live, with all the business  
I writ to his holiness. Nay, then, farewell !  
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness ;  
And, from that full meridian of my glory,  
I haste now to my setting : I shall fall  
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,  
And no man see me more.

*Re-enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK, the  
Earl of SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal : who com-  
mands you

To render up the great seal presently  
Into our hands ; and to confine yourself  
To Esther-house, my lord of Winchester's,  
Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay.

Where's your commission, lords ? words cannot carry  
Authority so mighty.

Suf. Who dare cross 'em,

Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly ?

Wol. Till I find more than will, or words to do it

(I mean your malice) know, officious lords,  
 I dare, and must deny it.<sup>2</sup> Now I feel  
 Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—Envy.  
 How eagerly ye follow my disgrace,  
 As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton  
 Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!  
 Follow your envious courses, men of malice!  
 You have christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,  
 In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,  
 You ask with such a violence, the king  
 (Mine, and your master), with his own hand gave me:  
 Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,  
 During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,  
 Ty'd it by letters patent: Now, who'll take it?

*Sur.* The king that gave it.

*Wol.* It must be himself then.

*Sur.* Thou'rt a proud traitor, priest.

*Wol.* Proud lord, thou liest;

Within these forty hours, Surrey durst better  
 Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

*Sur.* Thy ambition,  
 Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land  
 Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:  
 The heads of all thy brother cardinals  
 (With thee, and all thy best parts bound together),  
 Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague on your policy!  
 You sent me deputy for Ireland;  
 Far from his succour, from the king, from all  
 That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him;  
 Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,  
 Absolv'd him with an axe.

*Wol.* This, and all else  
 This talking lord can lay upon my credit,  
 I answer, is most false. The duke by law  
 Found his deserts; how innocent I was  
 From any private malice in his end,  
 His noble jury and foul cause can witness.  
 If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,  
 You have as little honesty as honour;  
 That I, in the way of loyalty and truth  
 Toward the king, my ever royal master,

(2) Till I find more than will or words (I mean more than your malicious will and words) to do it; to carry authority so mighty; I will deny to return what the king has given me. JOHNS.

Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,  
And that love his follies.

*Sur.* By my soul,  
Your long-coat, priest, protects you ; thou shouldst feel  
My sword i' the life-blood of thee else.—My lords,  
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance ?  
And from this fellow ? If we live thus tamely,  
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,  
Farewel, nobility ; let his grace go forward,  
And dare us with his cap, like larks.

*Wol.* All goodness  
Is poison to thy stomach.

*Sur.* Yes, that goodness  
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,  
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion ;  
The goodness of your intercepted packets,  
You writ to the pope, against the king : your goodness,  
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.  
—My lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,  
As you respect the common good, the state  
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,  
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,  
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles  
Collected from his life ;—I'll startle you  
Worse than the sacring bell,<sup>2</sup> when the brown wench  
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

*Wol.* How much, methinks, I could despise this man,  
But that I am bound in charity against it !

*Nor.* Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand :  
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

*Wol.* So much fairer,  
And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,  
When the king knows my truth.

*Sur.* This cannot save you :  
I thank my memory, I yet remember  
Some of these articles ; and out they shall.  
Now, if you can blush, and cry, *guilty*, cardinal,  
You'll shew a little honesty.

*Wol.* Speak on, sir ;  
I dare your worst objections : if I blush,  
It is, to see a nobleman want manners.

*Sur.* I'd rather want those than my head. Have at you.

(2) The little bell, which is rung to give notice of the host approaching when it is carried in procession, as also in other offices of the Romish church, is called the sacring, or consecration bell ; from the French, *sacrer*. THEO.

First, that, without the king's assent, or knowledge,  
You wrought to be a legate ; by which power  
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

*Nor.* Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else  
To foreign princes, *Ego & Rex meus*  
Was still inscrib'd ; in which you brought the king  
To be your servant.

*Suf.* Then, that, without the knowledge  
Either of king or council, when you went  
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold  
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

*Sur.* Item, you sent a large commission  
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,  
Without the king's will, or the state's allowance,  
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

*Suf.* That, out of mere ambition you have made  
Your holy hat to be stamp't on the king's coin.

*Sur.* Then, that you have sent innumerable substance  
(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience)  
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways  
You have for dignities ; to the mere undoing  
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are ;  
Which, since they are of you, and odious,  
I will not taint my mouth with.

*Cham.* O my lord,  
Press not a falling man too far ; 'tis virtue :  
His faults lie open to the laws ; let them,  
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him  
So little of his great self.

*Sur.* I forgive him.

*Suf.* Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is,—  
Because all those things you have done of late  
By your power legatine within this kingdom,  
Fall in the compass of a *Premunire*,—  
That therefore such a writ be su'd against you,  
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,  
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be  
Out of the king's protection :—This is my charge.

*Nor.* And so we'll leave you to your meditations  
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,  
About the giving back the great seal to us,  
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.  
So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal !

[*Exeunt all but WOLSEY.*]

*Wol.* So farewell to the little good you bear me.—  
 Farewel, a long farewell, to all my greatness !  
 This is the state of man : To-day he puts forth  
 The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,  
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him :  
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,  
 And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
 His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,<sup>3</sup>  
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,  
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
 These many summers in a sea of glory ;  
 But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride  
 At length broke under me ; and now has left me,  
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy  
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.  
 Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye ;  
 I feel my heart new open'd : O, how wretched  
 Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours !  
 There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
 That sweet aspect of princes, and our ruin,  
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;  
 And, when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
 Never to hope again.

*Enter CROMWELL amazedly*

—Why, how now, Cromwell ?

*Crom.* I have no power to speak, sir.

*Wol.* What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes ? can thy spirit wonder,  
 A great man should decline ? Nay, an you weep,  
 I am fallen indeed.

*Crom.* How does your grace ?

*Wol.* Why, well ;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.  
 I know myself now ; and I feel within me  
 A peace above all earthly dignities,  
 A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,  
 I humbly thank his grace ; and from these shoulders,  
 These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken  
 A load would sink a navy, too much honour :  
 O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,  
 Too heavy for man that hopes for heaven.

[3] So Milton, in *Samson Agonistes*,

'Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring,

'Nipp'd with the lagging rear of winter's frost.'

*Crom.* I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.

*Wol.* I hope, I have : I am able now, methinks  
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel),  
To endure more miseries, and greater far,  
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.  
What news abroad ?

*Crom.* The heaviest, and the worst,  
Is your displeasure with the king.

*Wol.* God bless him !

*Crom.* The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen  
Lord Chancellor in your place.

*Wol.* That's somewhat sudden :—

But he's a learned man. May he continue  
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice  
For truth's sake, and his conscience ; that his bones,  
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,  
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on them !<sup>4</sup>  
What more ?

*Crom.* That Cranmer is return'd with welcome ;  
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

*Wol.* That's news indeed.

*Crom.* Last, that the lady Anne,  
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,  
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,  
Going to chapel ; and the voice is now  
Only about her coronation.

*Wol.* There was the weight that pull'd me down. O

Cromwell,

The king has gone beyond me ; all my glories  
In that one woman I have lost for ever :  
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,  
Or gild again the noble troops that waited  
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell.  
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now  
To be thy lord and master. Seek the king :  
That sun, I pray, may never set ! I have told him  
What, and how true thou art : he will advance thee :  
Some little memory of me will stir him,  
I know his noble nature, not to let  
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,  
Neglect him not : make use now, and provide

[4] The chancellor is the general guardian of orphans. A 'tomb of tears' is very harsh. JOHNS.

For thine own future safety.

*Crom.* O my lord,  
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego  
So good, so noble, and so true a master?—  
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,  
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—  
The king shall have my service; but my prayers  
For ever, and for ever, shall be your's.

*Wol.* Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear  
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,  
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.  
Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell;  
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be;  
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention  
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee,  
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,  
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,  
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;  
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.  
Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me.  
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:  
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,  
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?  
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;  
Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:  
Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's,

(5) Though this be good divinity; and an admirable precept for our conduct in private life; it was never calculated or designed for the magistrate or public minister. Nor could this be the direction of a man experienced in affairs to his pupil. ~~It~~ would make a good christian, but a very ill and very unjust statesman. And we have nothing so infamous in tradition, as the supposed advice given to one of our kings, "to cherish his enemies, and be in no pain for his friends." I am of opinion the poet wrote,

cherish those hearts that wait thee;  
that is, thy dependants. For the contrary practice had contributed to Wolsey's ruin. He was not careful enough in making dependants by his bounty, while intent in amassing wealth to himself. The following line seems to confirm this correction, "Corruption wins not more than honesty." i.e. You will never find men won over to your temporary occasions by bribery so useful to you as friends made by a just and generous munificence. WARB.

I am unwilling wantonly to contradict so ingenious a remark, but that the reader may not be misled, and believe the emendation proposed to be absolutely necessary, he should remember that this is not a time for Wolsey to speak only as a statesman, but as a christian: Shakespeare would have debased the character, just when he was employing his strongest efforts to raise it, had he drawn it otherwise. Nothing makes the hour of disgrace more irksome, than the reflection, that we have been deaf to offers of reconciliation, and continued those our enemies, whom we might have converted into friends. STEEV.

Thy God's, and truth's ; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,  
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king ;  
And——pr'ythee, lead me in :  
There take an inventory of all I have,  
To the last penny ; 'tis the king's : my robe,  
And my integrity to heaven, is all  
I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,  
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal  
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age  
Have left me naked to my enemies.<sup>6</sup>

*Crom.* Good sir, have patience.

*Wol.* So I have. Farewel

The hopes of court ! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*]

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### ACT IV. SCENE I.

*A street in Westminster. Enter two Gentlemen,  
meeting one another.*

*1 Gentlemen.*

YOU are well met once again.

*2 Gen.* So are you.

*1 Gen.* You come to take your stand here, and behold  
The lady Anne pass from her coronation ?

*2 Gen.* 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,  
The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

*1 Gen.* 'Tis very true : but that time offered sorrow.  
This, general joy.

*2 Gen.* 'Tis well : the citizens,  
I am sure, have shewn at full their loyal minds ;  
As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward  
In celebration of this day with shews,  
Pageants, and sights of honour.

*1 Gen.* Never greater,  
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

*2 Gen.* May I be bold to ask what that contains,  
That paper in your hand.

*1 Gen.* Yes ; 'tis the list  
Of those that claim their offices this day,  
By custom of the coronation.

---

[6] This sentence was really uttered by Wolfey.      *JOHNS.*

The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims  
To be high steward ; next, the duke of Norfolk,  
To be earl marshal : you may read the rest.

2 Gen. I thank you, sir ; had I not known those customs,  
I should have been beholden to your paper.

But, I beseech you, what's become of Catherine,  
The princess-dowager ? how goes her business ?

1 Gen. That I can tell you too. The archbishop  
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other  
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,  
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles  
From Ampthill, where the princess lay ; to which  
She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not :  
And, to be short, for not appearance, and  
The king's late scruple, by the main assent  
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,  
And the late marriage made of none effect ;  
Since which, she was remov'd to Kimbolton,  
Where she remains now sick.

2 Gen. Alas, good lady !

The trumpets sound : stand close, the queen is coming.  
[Hautboys.

#### THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION.

1. *A lively flourish of trumpets.*
2. *Then two Judges.*
3. *Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.*
4. *Choristers singing.* [Music.]
5. *Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.*
6. *Marquis of DORSET, bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of SURREY, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crown'd with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
7. *Duke of SUFFOLK, in his robe of state, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high steward. With him, the Duke of NORFOLK, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
8. *A canopy born by four of the Cinque-Ports ; under it, the Queen in her robe ; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crown'd. On each side her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.*
9. *The old Duchess of NORFOLK, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*

10. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

*They pass over the stage in order and state, and then exeunt, with a great flourish of trumpets.*

2 *Gen.* A royal train, believe me.—These I know ;—  
Who's that, that bears the sceptre ?

1 *Gen.* Marquis Dorset :

And that the earl of Surrey, with the rod.

2 *Gen.* A bold brave gentleman. That should be  
The duke of Suffolk.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis the same ; high steward.

2 *Gen.* And that my lord of Norfolk.

1 *Gen.* Yes.

2 *Gen.* Heaven bless thee ! [*Looking on the Queen.*  
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.

—Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel ;

Our king has all the Indies in his arms,

And more, and richer, when he strains that lady :

I cannot blame his conscience.

1 *Gen.* They, that bear

The cloth of honour over her, are four barons

Of the Cinque-Ports. ,

2 *Gen.* Those men are happy ; so are all, are near her.

I take it, she that carries up the train,

Is that old noble lady, duchess of Norfolk.

1 *Gen.* It is ; and all the rest are countesses.

2 *Gen.* Their coronets say so. These are stars, indeed ;  
And, sometimes, falling ones.

1 *Gen.* No more of that.

[*Exeunt Procession.*

*Enter a third Gentleman.*

—God save you, sir ! Where have you been broiling ?

3 *Gen.* Among the crowd i'the abbey ; where a finger

Could not be wedg'd in more : I am stifled,

With the mere rankness of their joy.

2 *Gen.* You saw the ceremony ?

3 *Gen.* That I did.

1 *Gen.* How was it ?

3 *Gen.* Well worth the seeing.

2 *Gen.* Good sir, speak it to us.

3 *Gen.* As well as I am able. The rich stream

Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen

To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off

A distance from her ; while her grace sat down.

To rest a while, some half an hour, or so,  
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely  
The beauty of her person to the people.  
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman  
That ever lay by man : which when the people  
Had a full view of, such a noise arose  
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,  
As loud, and to as many tunes : Hats, cloaks,  
(Doublets, I think) flew up ; and had their faces  
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy  
I never saw before. Great-belly'd women,  
That had not half a week to go, like rams  
In the old time of war,<sup>8</sup> would shake the press,  
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living  
Could say, *This is my wife* there ; all were woven,  
So strangely in one piece.

2 Gen. But, pray, what follow'd ?

3 Gen. At length her grace arose, and with modest paces  
Came to the altar, where she kneel'd ; and, saint-like,  
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.  
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people ;  
When, by the archbishop of Canterbury,  
She had all the royal makings of a queen ;  
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,  
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems,  
Laid nobly on her : which, perform'd, the choir  
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,  
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,  
And with the same full state pac'd back again  
To York-Place, where the feast is held.

1 Gen. You must no more call it York-Place, that's past :  
For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost ;  
'Tis now the king's, and call'd, Whitehall.

3 Gen. I know it ;  
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name  
Is fresh about me.

2 Gen. What two reverend bishops  
Were those that went on each side of the queen ?

3 Gen. Stokesly and Gardiner ; the one, of Winchester,  
(Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary)  
The other, London.

2 Gen. He of Winchester  
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop.

---

(8) That is, like battering rams.      JOHNS.

The virtuous Cranmer.

3 *Gen.* All the land knows that :  
However, yet there's no great breach ; when't comes,  
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2 *Gen.* Who may that be, I pray you ?

3 *Gen.* Thomas Cromwell ;

A man in much esteem with the king, and truly,  
A worthy friend. The king has made him  
Master o' the jewel-house,  
And one, already, of the privy-council.

2 *Gen.* He will deserve more.

3 *Gen.* Yes, without all doubt.

Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which  
Is to the court, and there shall be my guests ;  
Something I can command. As I walk thither,  
I'll tell ye more.

*Both.* You may command us, sir. [Exit.]

## SCENE II.<sup>9</sup>

*Kimbolton.* Enter CATHERINE Dowager, sick, led  
between GRIFFITH her gentleman-usher, and PA-  
TIENCE her woman.

*Grif.* How does your grace ?

*Cath.* O, Griffith, sick to death :

My legs, like loaded branches, bow to the earth,  
Willing to leave their burden : Reach a chair ;—  
So,—Now, methinks, I feel a little ease. [*Sitting down.*]  
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,  
That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolsey,  
Was dead ?

*Grif.* Yes, madam ; but, I think your grace,  
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

*Cath.* Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he dy'd :  
If well, he step'd before me, happily,<sup>1</sup>  
For my example.

*Grif.* Well, the voice goes, madam :  
For after the stout earl Northumberland  
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward

(9) This scene is above any other part of Shakespeare's tragedies, and perhaps above any scene of any other poet, tender and pathetic, without gods, or furies, or poisons, or precipices, without the help of romantic circumstances, without improbable fallies of poetical lamentation, and without any throes of tumultuous misery. JOHNS.

(1) Happily seems to mean on this occasion—peradventure. STEEV.

(As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,  
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,  
He could not sit his mule.

*Cath.* Alas, poor man !

*Grif.* At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,  
Lodg'd in the abbey ; where the reverend abbot,  
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him ;  
To whom he gave these words,—*O father abbot,*  
*An old man, broken with the storms of state,*  
*Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;*  
*Give him a little earth for charity !*  
So went to bed : where eagerly his sickness  
Pursu'd him still ; and, three nights after this,  
About the hour of eight (which he himself  
Foretold should be his last) full of repentance,  
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,  
He gave his honours to the world again,  
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

*Cath.* So may he rest ; his faults lie gently on him !  
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,  
And yet with charity :—He was a man  
Of an unbounded stomach,<sup>2</sup> ever ranking  
Himself with princes ; one, that by suggestion  
Ty'd all the kingdom : Simony was fair play ;  
His own opinion was his law : I' the presence  
He would say untruths ; and be ever double,  
Both in his words and meaning : He was never,  
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful :  
His promises were, as he then was, mighty ;  
But his performance, as he now is, nothing.  
Of his own body he was ill, and gave  
The clergy ill example.

*Grif.* Noble madam,  
Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues  
We write in water. May it please your highness  
To hear me speak his good now ?

*Cath.* Yes, good Griffith ;  
I were malicious else.

*Grif.* This cardinal,  
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly  
Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle,  
He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one :  
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading :

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(2) i. e. Of unbounded pride or haughtiness. STEEV.

Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not ;  
 But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.  
 And though he were unsatisfy'd in getting  
 (Which was a sin), yet, in bestowing, madam,  
 He was most princely : Ever witness for him  
 Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,  
 Ipswich, and Oxford ! one of which fell with him,  
 Unwilling to outlive the good he did it ;  
 The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,  
 So excellent in art, and still so rising,  
 That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.  
 His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him ;  
 For then, and not till then, he felt himself,  
 And found the blessedness of being little :  
 And, to add greater honours to his age  
 Than man could give him, he dy'd, fearing God.

*Cath.* After my death I wish no other herald,  
 No other speaker of my living actions,  
 To keep mine honour from corruption,  
 But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.  
 Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,  
 With thy religious truth, and modesty,  
 Now in his ashes honour : Peace be with him !——  
 Patience, be near me still ; and set me lower :  
 I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,  
 Cause the musicians play me that sad note  
 I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating  
 On that celestial harmony I go to.

*Sad and solemn music.*

*Grif.* She is asleep : Good wench, let's sit down quiet,  
 For fear we wake her :—Softly, gentle Patience.

*The vision.* *Enter solemnly tripping one after another, six personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces ; branches of bays, or palm, in their hands. They first congée unto her, then dance ; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head ; at which, the other four make reverend courtesies ; then the two that held the garland, deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head : which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise ob-*

*serve the same order : at which, (as it were by inspiration) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven : and so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.*

*Cath.* Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye all gone?  
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

*Grif.* Madam, we are here.

*Cath.* It is not you I call for!

Saw ye none enter since I slept?

*Grif.* None, madam.

*Cath.* No! Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop  
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces  
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?  
They promis'd me eternal happiness;  
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel  
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall,  
Assuredly.

*Grif.* I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams  
Possess your fancy.

*Cath.* Bid the music leave;  
They are harsh and heavy to me. *[Music ceases.]*

*Pat.* Do you note,  
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?  
How long her face is drawn? How pale she looks,  
And of an earthly cold? Mark her eyes.

*Grif.* She is going, wench; pray, pray.

*Pat.* Heaven comfort her!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* An't like your grace,—

*Cath.* You are a saucy fellow:  
Deserve we no more reverence?

*Grif.* You are to blame,  
Knowing, she will not lose her wonted greatness,  
To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel.

*Mes.* *[kneels.]* I humbly do intreat your highness' pardon;  
My haste made me unmannerly: There is staying  
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

*Cath.* Admit him entrance, Griffith: but this fellow,  
Let me ne'er see again. *[Exe. GRIFF. and Mes.]*

*Re-enter GRIFFITH, with Lord CAPUCIUS.*  
—If my sight fail not,  
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,

G VOL. VI.

My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

*Cap.* Madam, the same, your servant.

*Cath.* O my lord,

The times, and titles, are now alter'd strangely  
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,  
What is your pleasure with me?

*Cap.* Noble lady,

First, mine own service to your grace ; the next,  
The king's request that I would visit you ;  
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me  
Sends you his princely commendations,  
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

*Cath.* O my good lord, that comfort comes too late :  
'Tis like a pardon after execution :  
That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me ;  
But now I am past all comforts here but prayers.  
How does his highness ?

*Cap.* Madam, in good health.

*Cath.* So may he ever do ! and ever flourish,  
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name  
Banish'd the kingdom !—Patience, is that letter,  
I caus'd you write, yet sent away ?

*Pat.* No, madam.

*Cath.* Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver  
This to my lord the king.

*Cap.* Most willing, madam.

*Cath.* In which I have commended to his goodness  
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter :—  
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her !—  
Beseeching him, to give her virtuous breeding ;  
(She is young, and of a noble modest nature ;  
I hope, she will deserve well) and a little  
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,  
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition  
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity  
Upon my wretched women, that so long  
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully :  
Of which there is not one, I dare avow  
(And now I should not lie), but will deserve,  
For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,  
For honesty, and decent carriage,  
A right good husband ; let him be a noble ;  
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have 'em.  
The last is, for my men ;—they are the poorest,

But poverty could never draw 'em from me ;—  
 That they have their wages duly paid 'em,  
 And something over to remember me by :  
 If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life,  
 And able means, we had not parted thus.  
 These are the whole contents :—And, good my lord,  
 By that you love the dearest in this world,  
 As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,  
 Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king  
 To do me this last right.

*Capt.* By heaven, I will ;  
 Or let me lose the fashion of a man.

*Cath.* I thank you, honest lord. Remember me  
 In all humility unto his highness :  
 Say, his long trouble now is passing  
 Out of this world : tell him, in death I blest him,  
 For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewel,  
 My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,  
 You must not leave me yet. I must to bed :—  
 Call in more women.—When I am dead, good wench,  
 Let me be us'd with honour ; strew me over  
 With maiden flowers, that all the world may know  
 I was a chaste wife to my grave : embalm me,  
 Then lay me forth ! although unqueen'd, yet like  
 A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.  
 I can no more.— [Exeunt, leading CATHERINE.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Before the palace. Enter GARDINER bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch before him, met by Sir THOMAS LOVEL.*

*Gardiner.*

IT's one o'clock, boy, is't not ?

*Boy.* It hath struck.

*Gard.* These should be hours for necessities,  
 Not for delights ;<sup>3</sup> times to repair our nature  
 With comforting repose, and not for us  
 To waste these times.—Good hour of night, Sir Thomas !  
 Whither so late ?

[3] Gardiner himself is not much delighted. The delight at which he hints seems to be the king's diversion, which keeps him in attendance. JOHNSTON.

*Lov.* Came you from the king, my lord?

*Gard.* I did, Sir Thomas; and left him at primero<sup>4</sup> With the duke of Suffolk.

*Lov.* I must to him too,  
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

*Gard.* Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovel. What's the matter? It seems, you are in haste: an if there be No great offence belongs to't, give your friend Some touch of your late business:<sup>5</sup> Affairs, that walk (As, they say, spirits do) at midnight, have In them a wilder nature, than the business That seeks dispatch by day.

*Lov.* My lord, I love you;  
And durst commend a secret to your ear  
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labour,  
They say, in great extremity; and fear'd,  
She'll with the labour end.

*Gard.* The fruit she goes with,  
I pray for heartily; that it may find  
Good time, and live: but, for the stock, Sir Thomas,  
I wish it grubb'd up now.

*Lov.* Methinks, I could  
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says  
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does  
Deserve our better wishes.

*Gard.* But, Sir, Sir——  
Hear me, Sir Thomas:—You are a gentleman  
Of mine own way;<sup>6</sup> I know you wise, religious;  
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,—  
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovel, take't of me,  
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she  
Sleep in their graves.

*Lov.* Now, sir, you speak of two  
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell,—  
Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made master  
O'the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir,  
Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,<sup>7</sup>  
With which the time will load him. The archbishop

[4] Primero and Primavista, two games at cards, H. I. Primera Primavista. La Primiere, G. Prime, f. Prime vue. Primum, et primum visum, that is, first, and first seen; because he that can shew such an order of cards first, wins the game. GRAY.

[5] Some hint of the business that keeps you awake so late. JOHNS.

[6] Mine own opinion in religion. JOHNS.

[7] Trade—is the professed method, the general cause. JOHNS.

Is the king's hand, and tongue ; and who dare speak  
One syllable against him ?

*Gard.* Yes, Sir Thomas,  
There are that dare ; and I myself have ventur'd  
To speak my mind of him : and, indeed, this day,  
Sir, (I may tell it you) I think, I have  
Incens'd the lords o'the council, that he is,  
(For so I know he is, they know he is)  
A most arch heretic, a pestilence  
That does infect the land : with which they moved,  
Have broken with the king ;<sup>8</sup> who hath so far  
Given ear to our complaint (of his great grace  
And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs  
Our reasons laid before him), he hath commanded,  
To-morrow morning to the council-board  
He be convented. He's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,  
And we must root him out. From your affairs  
I hinder you too long : good night, Sir Thomas.

[*Exeunt GARDINER, and Page.*]

*Lov.* Many good nights, my lord ; I rest your servant.  
*As LOVEL is going out, enter the King, and the Duke  
of SUFFOLK.*

*King.* Charles, I will play no more to-night ;  
My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.

*Suf.* Sir, I did never win of you before.

*King.* But little, Charles ;  
Nor shall not when my fancy's on my play.  
—Now, Lovel, from the queen what is the news ?

*Lov.* I could not personally deliver to her  
What you commanded me ; but by her woman  
I sent your message ; who return'd her thanks  
In the greatest humbleness, and begg'd your highness  
Most heartily to pray for her.

*King.* What say'st thou ? ha !  
To pray for her ! what, is she crying out ?

*Lov.* So said her woman ; and that her sufferance made  
Almost each pang a death.

*King.* Alas, good lady !

*Suf.* God safely quit her of her burden, and  
With gentle travel, to the gladding of  
Your highness with an heir !

*King.* 'Tis midnight, Charles ;

[8] They have broken silence ; told their minds to the king. JOHNS.

Pr'ythee, to bed : And in thy prayers remember  
The state of my poor queen. Leave me alone ;  
For I must think of that, which company  
Would not be friendly to.

*Suf.* I wish your highness  
A quiet night, and my good mistress will  
Remember in my prayers.

*King.* Charles, good night.— [Exit SUFFOLK.]

*Enter Sir ANTHONY DENNY.*

Well, sir, what follows ?

*Denny.* Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,  
As you commanded me.

*King.* Ha ! Canterbury ?—

*Denny.* Ay, my good lord.

*King.* 'Tis true :—Where is he, Denny ?

*Denny.* He attends your highness' pleasure.

*King.* Bring him to us. [Exit DENNY.]

*Lov.* This is about that which the bishop spake ;  
I am happily come hither. [Aside.]

*Re-enter DENNY, with CRANMER.*

*King.* Avoid the gallery. [LOVEL seemeth to stay.]  
Ha !—I have said.—Be gone.

What !— [Exeunt LOVEL and DENNY.]

*Cran.* I am fearful :—Wherefore frowns he thus ?

'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

*King.* How now, my lord ? you do desire to know  
Wherefore I sent for you ?

*Cran.* [Kneeling.] It is my duty  
To attend your highness' pleasure.

*King.* Pray you, arise,  
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury,  
Come, you and I must walk a turn together ;  
I have news to tell you : Come, come, give me your hand.  
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,  
And am right sorry to repeat what follows :  
I have, and most unwillingly, of late,  
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,  
Grievous complaints of you ; which, being consider'd,  
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall  
This morning come before us ; where, I know,  
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,  
But that, till further trial, in those charges  
Which will require your answer, you must take

Your patience to you, and be well contented  
To make your house our Tower : You a brother of us,<sup>9</sup>  
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness  
Would come against you.

*Cran. [Kneeling.]* I humbly thank your highness ;  
And am right glad to catch this good occasion  
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff  
And corn shall fly asunder : for, I know,  
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues,  
Than I myself, poor man.

*King.* Stand up, good Canterbury ;  
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted  
In us, thy friend : Give me thy hand, stand up ;  
Pr'ythee, let's walk. [*CRANMER rises.*] Now, by my  
holy Dame,

What manner of man are you ? My lord, I look'd  
You would have given me your petition, that  
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together  
Yourself and your accusers ; and to have heard you,  
Without indurance, further.

*Cran.* Most dread liege,  
The good I stand on is my truth, and honesty ;<sup>1</sup>  
If they shall fail, I with mine enemies  
Will triumph o'er my person ; which I weigh not,  
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing  
Which can be said against me.

*King.* Know you not  
How your state stands i'the world, with the whole world ?  
Your foes are many, and not small ; their practices  
Must bear the same proportion : and not ever  
The justice and the truth o'the question carries  
The due o'the verdict with it. At what ease  
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt  
To swear against you ? Such things have been done.  
You are potently oppos'd ; and with a malice  
Of as great a size. Ween you of better luck,  
I mean, in perjur'd witness, than your Master,  
Whose minister you are, while here he liv'd  
Upon this naughty earth ? Go to, go to,  
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,

(9) You being one of the council, it is necessary to imprison you, that the witnesses against you may not be deterr'd. JOHNS.

(1) Though 'good' may be taken for advantage or superiority, or any thing which may help or support, yet it would, I think, be more natural to say,  
The ground I stand on——— JOHNS.

And woo your own destruction.

*Cran.* God, and your majesty  
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into  
The trap is laid for me !

*King.* Be of good cheer ;  
They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.  
Keep comfort to you ; and this morning see  
You do appear before them : if they shall chance,  
In charging you with matters, to commit you,  
The best persuasions to the contrary  
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency  
The occasion shall instruct you. If intreaties  
Will render you no remedy, this ring  
Deliver them, and your appeal to us  
There make before them.—Look, the good man weeps !  
He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother !  
I swear, he is true-hearted ; and a soul  
None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,  
And do as I have bid you.—He has strangled  
His language in his tears. [Exit CRANMER.]

*Enter an old Lady.*

*Gent.* [Within.] Come back ; what mean you ?

*Lady.* I'll not come back ; the tidings that I bring  
Will make my boldness manners.—Now good angels  
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person  
Under their blessed wings !

*King.* Now, by thy looks  
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd ?  
Say, ay ; and of a boy.

*Lady.* Ay, ay, liege ;  
And of a lovely boy : The God of heaven  
Both now and ever bless her !<sup>2</sup>—'tis a girl,  
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen  
Desires your visitation, and to be  
Acquainted with this stranger ; 'tis as like you,  
As cherry is to cherry.

*King.* Lovel—

*Enter LOVEL.*

*Lov.* Sir.

*King.* Give her an hundred marks ; I'll to the queen.  
[Exit King.]

*Lady.* An hundred marks ! by this light, I'll have more.

(2) It is doubtful whether 'her' is referred to the queen or the girl. JOHN.

An ordinary groom is for such payment.  
 I will have more, or scold it out of him.  
 Said I for this, the girl was like him? I'll  
 Have more, or else unsay't. Now, while 'tis hot,  
 I'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Before the council-chamber. Enter CRANMER.*

*Cran.* I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentleman,  
 That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me  
 To make great haste. All fast? what means this?—hoa?  
 Who waits there?—

*Enter Door-Keeper.*

Sure, you know me?

*D. Keep.* Yes, my lord;  
 But yet I cannot help you.

*Cran.* Why?

*D. Keep.* Your grace must wait till you be call'd for.

*Enter Doctor BUTTS.*

*Cran.* So.—

*Butts.* This is a piece of malice. I am glad  
 I came this way so happily: the king  
 Shall understand it presently. [*Exit BUTTS.*]

*Cran.* [*Aside.*] 'Tis Butts,  
 The king's physician; as he past along,  
 How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!  
 Pray heaven he sound not my disgrace! For certain,  
 This is of purpose laid, by some that hate me  
 (God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice)  
 To quench mine honour! they would shame to make me  
 Wait else at door, a fellow counsellor,  
 Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures  
 Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

*Enter the King and BUTTS, at a window above.*

*Butts.* I'll shew your grace the strangest sight,—

*King.* What's that, Butts?

*Butts.* I think, your highness saw this many a day.

*King.* Body o'me, where is it?

*Butts.* There, my lord:

The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;  
 Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,  
 Pages, and foot-boys.

*King.* Ha ! 'Tis he, indeed :  
 Is this the honour they do one another ?  
 'Tis well, there's one above them yet. I had thought,  
 They had parted so much honesty among 'em  
 (At least, good manners) as not thus to suffer  
 A man of his place, and so near our favour,  
 To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,  
 And at the door too, like a post with packets.  
 By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery :  
 Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close :  
 We shall hear more anon.

### SCENE III.

*The council-chamber. Enter the Lord Chancellor, places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand ; a seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of CANTERBURY. Duke of SUFFOLK, Duke of NORFOLK, SURREY, Lord Chamberlain, and GARDINER, seat themselves in order on each side. CROMWELL at the lower end as Secretary.*

*Chan.* Speak to the business, Mr. Secretary :  
 Why are we met in council ?

*Crom.* Please your honours,  
 The cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

*Gard.* Has he had knowledge of it ?

*Crom.* Yes.

*Nor.* Who waits there ?

*D.Keep.* Without, my noble lords ?

*Gard.* Yes.

*D.Keep.* My lord archbishop ;  
 And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

*Chan.* Let him come in.

*D.Keep.* Your grace may enter now.

[CRANMER approaches the council-table.]

*Chan.* My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry  
 To sit here at this present, and behold  
 That chair stand empty : but we are all men,  
 In our own natures frail ; and capable  
 Of our flesh, few are angels :<sup>3</sup> out of which frailty,  
 And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,  
 Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,

---

(3) Few are perfect while they remain in their mortal capacity. STEEV.

Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling  
The whole realm, by your teaching, and your chaplains,  
(For so we are inform'd), with new opinions,  
Divers, and dangerous ; which are heresies,  
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

*Gard.* Which reformation must be sudden too,  
My noble lords : For those that tame wild horses,  
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle ;  
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em,  
'Till they obey the manage. If we suffer  
(Out of our easiness, and childish pity  
To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,  
Farewel all physic : And what follows then ?  
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint  
Of the whole state : as, of late days, our neighbours,  
The upper Germany, can dearly witness,  
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

*Cran.* My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress  
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,  
And with no little study, that my teaching,  
And the strong course of my authority,  
Might go one way, and safely ; and the end  
Was ever to do well : nor is there living  
(I speak it with a single heart, my lords)  
A man that more detests, more stirs against,  
Both in his private conscience, and his place,  
Defacers of the public peace, than I do.  
Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart  
With less allegiance in it ! Men, that make  
Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment,  
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,  
That in this case of justice, my accusers,  
Be what they will, may stand forth, face to face,  
And freely urge against me.

*Suf.* Nay, my lord,  
That cannot be ; you are a counsellor,  
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

*Gard.* My lord, because we have business of more  
moment,  
We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,  
And our consent, for better trial of you,  
From hence you be committed to the Tower ;  
Where, being but a private man again,  
You shall know, many dare accuse you boldly,

More than, I fear, you are provided for.

*Crom.* Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I thank you,  
You are always my good friend ; if you will pass,  
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,  
You are so merciful : I see your end,  
'Tis my undoing : Love, and meekness, lord,  
Become a churchman better than ambition ;  
Win straying souls with modesty again,  
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,  
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,  
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience  
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,  
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

*Gard.* My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,  
That's the plain truth ; your painted gloss discovers,<sup>4</sup>  
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

*Crom.* My lord of Winchester, you are a little,  
By your good favour, too sharp ; men so noble,  
However faulty, yet should find respect  
For what they have been ; 'tis a cruelty,  
To load a falling man.

*Gard.* Good Mr. Secretary,  
I cry your honour mercy ; you may, worst  
Of all this table, say so.

*Crom.* Why, my lord ?

*Gard.* Do not I know you for a favourer  
Of this new sect ? ye are not sound.

*Crom.* Not sound ?

*Gard.* Not sound, I say.

*Crom.* 'Would you were half so honest !  
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

*Gard.* I shall remember this bold language.

*Crom.* Do :  
Remember your bold life too.

*Cham.* This is too much ;  
Forbear, for shame, my lords.

*Gard.* I have done.

*Crom.* And I.

*Cham.* Then thus for you, my lord—It stands agreed,  
I take it by all voices, that forthwith  
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner ;  
There to remain, till the king's further pleasure

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(4) Those that understand you, under this painted gloss, this fair outside,  
discover your empty talk and your false reasoning. JOHN B.

Be known unto us : Are you all agreed, lords ?

*All.* We are.

*Cran.* Is there no other way of mercy,  
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords ?

*Gard.* What other  
Would you expect ? You are strangely troublesomg.  
Let some o'the guard be ready there.

*Enter the Guard.*

*Cran.* For me ?  
Must I go like a traitor then ?

*Gard.* Receive him,  
And see him safe i'the Tower.

*Cran.* Stay, good my lords,  
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords ;  
By virtue of that ring I take my cause  
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it  
To a most noble judge, the king my master.

*Cham.* This is the king's ring.

*Sur.* 'Tis no counterfeit.

*Suf.* 'Tis the right ring, by heaven : I told ye all,  
When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,  
'Twould fall upon ourselves.

*Nor.* Do you think, my lords,  
The king will suffer but the little finger  
Of this man to be vex'd ?

*Cham.* 'Tis now too certain :  
How much more is his life in value with him ?  
'Would I were fairly out on't !

*Crom.* My mind gave me,  
In seeking tales and informations  
Against this man, (whose honesty the devil  
And his disciples only envy at)  
Ye blew the fire that burns ye : Now have at ye.

*Enter King, frowning on them ; takes his seat.*

*Gard.* Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to  
heaven  
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince ;  
Not only good and wise, but most religious :  
One that, in all obedience, makes the church  
The chief aim of his honour ; and, to strengthen  
That holy duty, out of dear respect,  
His royal self in judgment comes to hear  
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

H VOL. VI.

*King.* You were ever good at sudden commendations,  
 Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not  
 To hear such flatteries now ; and in my presence  
 They are too thin and base to hide offences.  
 To me you cannot reach : You play the spaniel,  
 And think with wagging of your tongue to win me ;  
 But whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I am sure,  
 Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.  
 —Good man, sit down. Now, let me see the proudest

[*To CRANMER.*]

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee :  
 By all that's holy, he had better starve,  
 Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

*Sur.* May it please your grace——

*King.* No, sir, it does not please me.

I had thought, I had men of some understanding  
 And wisdom, of my council ; but I find none.  
 Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,  
 This good man (few of you deserve that title)  
 This honest man, wait like a lousy foot-boy  
 At chamber-door ? and one as great as you are ?  
 Why, what a shame was this ? Did my commission  
 Bid ye so far forget yourselves ? I gave ye  
 Power, as he was a counsellor, to try him,  
 Not as a groom : There's some of ye, I see,  
 More out of malice than integrity,  
 Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean ;  
 Which ye shall never have, while I live.

*Cham.* Thus far,

My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace  
 To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd,  
 Concerning his imprisonment, was rather  
 (If there be faith in men) meant for his trial,  
 And fair purgation to the world, than malice ;  
 I am sure, in me.

*King.* Well, well, my lords, respect him ;  
 Take him, and use him well ; he's worthy of it.  
 I will say thus much for him, If a prince  
 May be beholden to a subject, I  
 Am, for his love and service, so to him.  
 Make me no more ado, but all embrace him ;  
 Be friends, for shame, my lords.—My lord of Canterbury,  
 I have a suit which you must not deny me :  
 There is a fair young maid, that yet wants baptism ;

„ You must be godfather, and answer for her.

*Cran.* The greatest monarch now alive may glory  
In such an honour ; how may I deserve it,  
That am a poor and humbled subject to you ?

*King.* Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons :<sup>5</sup>  
You shall have

Two noble partners with you ; the old duchess of Norfolk,  
And lady marquis Dorset : Will these please you ?  
—Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you,  
Embrace, and love this man.

*Gard.* With a true heart,  
And brother's love, I do it.

*Cran.* And let heaven  
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation. [*Embracing.*

*King.* Good man, those joyful tears shew thy true heart.  
The common voice, I see, is verified  
Of thee, which says thus, *Do my lord of Canterbury*  
*But one shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.*—  
Come, lords, we trifle time away ; I long  
To have this young one made a Christian.  
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain ;  
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. [*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.

*The palace-yard. Noise and tumult within : Enter Porter and his Man.*

*Port.* You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals : Do  
you take the court for Paris-Garden ?<sup>6</sup> ye rude slaves,  
leave your gaping.

*Within.* Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

*Port.* Belong to the gallows, and be hang'd, you rogue.  
Is this a place to roar in ?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tree  
staves, and strong ones ; these are but switches to 'em.—  
I'll scratch your heads : You must be seeing christenings ?  
Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals ?

*Man.* Pray, sir, be patient ; 'tis as much impossible

(5) It was the custom, long before the time of Shakespeare, for the sponsors at christenings, to offer gilt spoons as a present to the child. These spoons were called *Apostle Spoons*, because the figures of the apostles were carved on the tops of the handles. Such as were at once opulent and generous, gave the whole twelve ; those who were either more moderately rich or liberal, escaped at the expense of the four evangelists ; or even sometimes contented themselves with presenting one spoon only, which exhibited the figure of any saint, in honour of whom the child received its name. STEEV.

(6) Paris-Garden, the bear-garden of that time. JOHNS.

(Unless we sweep them from the door with cannons)  
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep  
On May-day morning ; which will never be :  
We may as well push against Paul's, as stir 'em.

*Port.* How got they in, and be hang'd ?

*Man.* Alas, I know not : how gets the tide in ?  
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot  
(You see the poor remainder) could distribute,  
I made no spare, sir.

*Port.* You did nothing, sir.

*Man.* I am not Sampson, nor sir Guy, nor Colebrand,<sup>7</sup>  
to mow 'em down before me ; but, if I spar'd any, that  
had a head to hit, either young or old, he or she, cuckold  
or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to see a chine  
again ; and that I would not for a cow, God save her.

*Within.* Do you hear, master porter ?

*Port.* I shall be with you presently, good master puppy.  
—Keep the door close, sirrah ?

*Man.* What would you have me do ?

*Port.* What should you do, but knock 'em down by  
the dozens ? Is this Morefields to muster in ?<sup>8</sup> or have  
we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court,  
the women so besiege us ? Bless me, what a fry of forni-  
cation is at the door ! On my christian conscience, this  
one christening will beget a thousand ; here will be father,  
god-father, and all together.

*Man.* The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fel-  
low somewhat near the door, he should be a brasier by his  
face ;<sup>9</sup> for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now  
reign in's nose ; all that stand about him are under the  
line, they need no other penance : That fire-drake did I  
hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose  
discharg'd against me ; he stands there, like a mortar-  
piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of  
small wit near him, that rail'd upon me till her pink'd  
porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combus-  
tion in the state. I miss'd the meteor once,<sup>1</sup> and hit that  
woman, who cry'd out, clubs ! when I might see from  
far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour, which

(7) Of Guy of Warwick every one has heard. Colebrand was the Danish giant, whom Guy subdued at Winchester. JOHNS.

(8) The train-bands of the city were exercised in Morefields. JOHNS.

(9) A brasier signifies a man that manufactures brass, and a mass of metal occasionally heated to convey warmth. Both these senses are here understood.

(1) The meteor—the fire-drake, the brasier. JOHNS.

were the hope of the strand, where she was quarter'd. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the broomstaff with me; I defy'd 'em still; when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, deliver'd such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work: The devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

*Port.* These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower-Hill,<sup>3</sup> or the limbs of Lime-house, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days: besides the running banquet of two beadles,<sup>4</sup> that is to come.

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain.*

*Cham.* Mercy o'me, what a multitude are here! They grow still too; from all parts they are coming, As if we kept a fair! Where are these porters, These lazy knaves?—Ye have made a fine hand, fellows, There's a trim rabble let in: are all these Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies, When they pass back from the christening:

*Port.* Please your honour,  
We are but men; and what so many may do,  
Not being torn in pieces, we have done:  
An army cannot rule 'em.

*Cham.* As I live,  
If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all  
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads  
Clap round fines, for neglect: You are lazy knaves;  
And here ye lie baiting of bumbards,<sup>5</sup> when  
Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound;  
They are come already from the christening:  
Go, break among the press, and find a way out  
To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find  
A Marshalsea, shall hold you play these two months.

*Port.* Make way there for the princess.

*Man.* You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll make your head ache.

*Port.* You i'the camblet, get up o' the rail; I'll peck you o'er the pales else. [*Exeunt.*]

(3) I suspect this to have been a puritanical meeting-house. JOHNS.

(4) A public whipping. JOHNS.

(5) A bumbard is an ale-burn'd, to bait bumbards is to tipple, to lie at the tapot. JOHNS.

## SCENE V.

*The palace. Enter trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, Duke of NORFOLK with his marshal's staff, Duke of SUFFOLK, two Noblemen bearing great standing bowls for the christening gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of NORFOLK, god mother, bearing the child, richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a Lady: then follows the Marchioness of DORSET, the other god mother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.*

*Gart.* Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!

*Flourish. Enter King and Train.*

*Cran.* [*Kneeling.*] And to your royal grace, and the good queen,

My noble partners, and myself, thus pray;—  
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,  
That heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,  
May hourly fall upon ye!

*King.* Thank you, good lord archbishop:  
What is her name?

*Cran.* Elizabeth.

*King.* Stand up, lord.— [*King kisses the Child.*]  
With this kiss, take my blessing: God protect thee!  
Into whose hand I give thy life.

*Cran.* Amen.

*King.* My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal:  
I thank you heartily; so shall this lady,  
When she has so much English.

*Cran.* Let me speak, sir,  
For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter,  
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.  
This royal infant (heaven still move about her!)  
Though in her cradle, yet now promises  
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,  
Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be  
(But few now living can behold that goodness)—  
A pattern to all princes living with her,  
And all that shall succeed: Sheba was never  
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,  
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely grates,

That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,  
With all the virtues that attend the good,  
Shall still be doubled on her : truth shall nurse her,  
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her :  
She shall be lov'd and fear'd : her own shall bless her ;  
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,  
And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows with her :  
In her days, every man shall eat in safety,  
Under his own vine, what he plants ; and sing  
The merry song of peace to all his neighbours :  
God shall be truly known ; and those about her  
From her shall read the perfect way of honour,  
And claim by those their greatness, not by blood.  
[Nor shall this peace sleep with her :<sup>6</sup> But as when  
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,  
Her ashes new create another heir,  
As great in admiration as herself ;  
So shall she leave her blessedness to one  
(When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness)  
Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,  
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,  
And so stand fix'd : Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,  
That were the servants to this chosen infant,  
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him ;  
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,  
His honour, and the greatness of his name  
Shall be, and make new nations. He shall flourish,  
And, like a mountain-cedar, reach his branches  
To all the plains about him :—Our children's children  
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

*King.* Thou speakest wonders.]

*Cran.* She shall be, to the happiness of England,  
An aged princess ; many days shall see her,  
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.  
'Would I had known no more ! but she must die,  
She must, the saints must have her ; yet a virgin,  
A most unspotted lily she shall pass  
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

*King.* O lord archbishop,  
Thou hast made me now a man ; never, before  
This happy child, did I get any thing :  
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,

(6) The lines included in crotchets, seem to have been inserted at some revival of the play, after the accession of king James. JOHNS.

That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire  
 To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.  
 —I thank ye all.—To you, my good lord mayor,  
 And your good brethren, I am much beholden ;  
 I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,  
 And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords ;—  
 Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye,  
 She will be sick else. This day, no man think  
 He has business at his house ; for all shall stay,  
 This little one shall make it holy-day. [Exeunt.

## EPILOGUE.

'TIS ten to one, this play can never please  
 All that are here. Some come to take their ease,  
 And sleep an act or two ; but those, we fear,  
 We have frighted with our trumpets : so 'tis clear,  
 They'll say it's naught : Others, to hear the city  
 Abus'd extremely, and to cry, That's witty !  
 Which we have not done neither ; that, I fear,  
 All the expected good we are like to hear  
 For this play at this time, is only in  
 The merciful construction of good women ;  
 For such a one we shew'd 'em.<sup>7</sup> If they smile,  
 And say, 'twill do ; I know within a while  
 All the best men are ours ; for 'tis ill hap,  
 If they hold, when their ladies bid 'em clasp.

(7) In the character of Catherine. Though it is very difficult to decide whether short pieces be genuine, or spurious, yet I cannot restrain myself from expressing my suspicion that neither the prologue nor epilogue to this play is the work of Shakespeare ; non vultus, non color. It appears to me very likely that they were supplied by the friendship or officiousness of Jonson, whose manner they will be perhaps found exactly to resemble. There is yet another supposition possible : the prologue and epilogue may have been written after Shakespeare's departure from the stage, upon some accidental revival of the play, and there will then be reason for imagining that the writer, whoever he was, intended no great kindness to him, this play being recommended by a subtle and covert censure of his other works. There is in Shakespeare so much of "fool and fight,"

"the fellow  
 In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,"  
 appears so often in his drama, that I think it not very likely that he would have animadverted so severely on himself. All this, however, must be received as very dubious, since we know not the exact date of this or the other plays, and cannot tell how our author might have changed his practice or opinions.

JOHNS.

# **C.MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.**



## OBSERVATIONS.

**T**HE tragedy of *Coriolanus* is one of the most amusing of our author's performances. The old man's merriment in Menenius ; the lofty lady's dignity in Volunna ; the bridal modesty in Virgilia ; the patrician and military haughtiness in Coriolanus ; the plebeian malignity and tribunitian insolence in Brutus and Sicinius, make a very pleasing and interesting variety : and the various revolutions of the hero's fortune fill the mind with anxious curiosity. There is, perhaps, too much bustle in the first act, and too little in the last. JOHNSON.

The whole history is exactly followed, and many of the principal speeches exactly copied from the Life of Coriolanus in Plutarch. POPE.

Of this play, there is no edition before that of the players, in folio, in 1623. JOHNSON.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

**CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS**, *a noble Roman.*

**TITUS LARTIUS**, } *generals against the Volscians.*  
**COMINIUS**, }

**MENENIUS AGRIPPA**, *friend to Coriolanus.*

**SICINIUS VELUTUS**, } *tribunes of the people.*  
**JUNIUS BRUTUS**, }

**TULLUS AUFIDIUS**, *general of the Volscians.*

*Lieutenant to Aufidius.*

**Young MARCIUS**, *son to Coriolanus.*

*Conspirators with Aufidius.*

**VOLUMNIA**, *mother to Coriolanus.*

**VIRGILIA**, *wife to Coriolanus.*

**VALERIA**, *friend to Virgilia.*

*Roman and Volscian Senators, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers, Common People, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.*

*The SCENE is partly in Rome; and partly in the territories of the Volscians and Antiates.*

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# CORIOLANUS.

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

*A street in Rome. Enter a company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.*

1 Citizen.

**B**EFORE we proceed any further, hear me speak.

*All.* Speak, speak.

1 *Cit.* You are resolv'd rather to die, than to famish?

*All.* Resolv'd, resolv'd.

1 *Cit.* First, you know Caius Marcius is the chief enemy to the people.

*All.* We know't, we know't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

*All.* No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away.

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good. What authority surfeits on, would relieve us. If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess, they relieved us humanely; but they think we are too dear.<sup>1</sup> The leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance, is a gain to them.—Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes:<sup>2</sup> for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

*All.* Against him first; he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country?

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(1) They think that the charge of maintaining us is more than we are worth.

(2) I believe the proverb, 'as lean as a rake,' owes its origin to the thin taper form of the instrument made use of by hay-makers. 'As thin as a whipping-post,' is another proverb of the same kind. STEEV.

1 *Cit.* Very well ; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

*All.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end. Though soft-conscienc'd men can be content to say, it was for his country ; he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud ; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him : You must in no way say, he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations ; he hath faults with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are those ? The other side o'the city is risen : Why stay we prating here ? To the Capitol—

*All.* Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft ;—who comes here ?

*Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.*

2 *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa ; one that hath always lov'd the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honest enough ; would, all the rest were so !

*Men.* What works, my countrymen, in hand ? Where go you

With bats and clubs ? The matter ? Speak, I pray you.

2 *Cit.* Our business is not unknown to the senate ; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll shew 'em in deeds. They say, poor suitors have strong breaths ; they shall know we have strong arms too.

*Men.* Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,

Will you undo yourselves ?

2 *Cit.* We cannot, sir ; we are undone already.

*Men.* I tell you, friends, most charitable care Have the patricians of you. For your wants, Your sufferings in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them Against the Roman state ; whose course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs Of more strong link asunder, than can ever Appear in your impediment : For the dearth, The Gods, not the patricians, make it ; and

Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,  
 You are transported by calamity  
 Thither where more attends you ; and you slander  
 The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,  
 When you curse them as enemies.

2 *Cit.* Care for us !—True, indeed !—They ne'er car'd  
 for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-houses  
 cramm'd with grain ; make edicts for usury, to support  
 usurers ; repeal daily any wholesome act established a-  
 gainst the rich ; and provide more piercing statutes daily,  
 to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us  
 not up, they will ; and there's all the love they bear us.

*Men.* Either you must  
 Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,  
 Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you  
 A pretty tale ; it may be, you have heard it ;  
 But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture  
 To scale't a little more.<sup>3</sup>

2 *Cit.* Well,  
 I'll hear it, sir ;—yet you must not think  
 To fob off our disgraces with a tale :<sup>4</sup>  
 But, an't please you, deliver.

*Men.* There was a time, when all the body's members  
 Rebell'd against the belly ; thus accus'd it :—  
 That only like a gulf it did remain  
 I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,  
 Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing  
 Like labour with the rest ; where the other instruments<sup>5</sup>  
 Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,  
 And mutually participate, did minister  
 Unto the appetite and affection common  
 Of the whole body. The belly answer'd,—

2 *Cit.* Well, sir, what answer made the belly ?

*Men.* Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,  
 Which ne'er came from the lungs,<sup>6</sup> but even thus—  
 (For, look you, I may make the belly smile,  
 As well as speak) it tauntingly reply'd  
 To the discontented members, the mutinous parts  
 That envy'd his receipt : even so most fitly  
 As you malign our senators, for that  
 They are not such as you,—

[3] To scale—is to disperse. The word is used in the North. STEEV.

[4] Disgraces are hardships, injuries. [5] Where for whereas. JOHNS.

[6] With a smile not indicating pleasure, but contempt. JOHNS.

2 *Cit.* Your belly's answer :—What !  
 The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,  
 The counsellor heart,<sup>8</sup> the arm our soldier,  
 Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,  
 With other muniments and petty helps  
 In this our fabric, if that they—

*Men.* What then ?—'Fore me, this fellow speaks !  
 What then ? what then ?

2 *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,  
 Who is the sink o' the body—

*Men.* Well,—what then ?

2 *Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain,  
 What could the belly answer ?

*Men.* I will tell you ;  
 If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little)  
 Patience, a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

2 *Cit.* You are long about it.

*Men.* Note me this, good friend ;  
 Your most grave belly was deliberate,  
 Not rash, like his accusers ; and thus answer'd :  
*True it is, my incorporate friends, quoth he,*  
*That I receive the general food at first,*  
*Which you do live upon : and fit it is ;*  
*Because I am the store-house, and the shop*  
*Of the whole body. But, if you do remember,*  
*I send it through the rivers of your blood,*  
*Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o'the brain ;*  
*And, through the cranks and offices of man,*  
*The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,*  
*From me receive that natural competency*  
*Whereby they live. And though that all at once,*  
*You, my good friends, (this says the belly) mark me—*

2 *Cit.* Ay, sir ; well, well.

*Men.* Though all at once cannot  
 See what I do deliver out to each ;  
 Yet I can make my audit up, that all  
 From me do back receive the flour of all,  
 And leave me but the bran. What say you to't ?

2 *Cit.* It was an answer. How apply you this ?

*Men.* The senators of Rome are this good belly,  
 And you the mutinous members. For, examine  
 Their counsels, and their cares ; digest things rightly,

[8] The heart was anciently esteemed the seat of prudence. *Homo cordatus* is a prudent man. JOHNS.

Touching the weal o'the common ; you shall find  
 No public benefit, which you receive;  
 But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,  
 And no way from yourselves.—What do you think ?  
 You, the great toe of this assembly !—

2 *Cit.* I the great toe ? Why the great toe ?

*Men.* For that, being one o'the lowest, basest, poorest,  
 Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost ;  
 Thou rascal, that art worst in blood, to ruin,  
 Lead'st first, to win some 'vantage.\*  
 But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs :  
 Rome and her rats are at the point of battle.  
 The one side must have bale.<sup>1</sup>—Hail, noble Marcius !

*Enter CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.*

*Cor.* Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentious  
 rogues,  
 That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,  
 Make yourselves scabs ?

2 *Cit.* We have ever your good word.

*Cor.* He that will give good words to thee, will flatter  
 Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, ye curs,  
 That like not peace nor war : the one affrights you,  
 The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,  
 Where he should find you lions, finds you hares ;  
 Where foxes, geese : You are no surer, no,  
 Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,  
 Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,  
 To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,  
 And curse that justice did it.<sup>2</sup> Who deserves greatness  
 Deserves your hate, and your affections are  
 A sick man's appetite, who desires most that  
 Which would increase his evil. He that depends  
 Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,  
 And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye !—trust ye ?  
 With every minute you do change a mind ;  
 And call him noble, that was now your hate,  
 Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter,  
 That in the several places of the city,  
 You cry against the noble senate, who,

(9) Thou that art the meanest by birth, art the foremost to lead thy fellows to ruin, in hope of some advantage. JOHNS.

(1) Bale—is an old Saxon word for misery or calamity. STEEV.

(2) i. e. Your virtue is to speak well of him whom his own offences have subjected to justice ; and to rail at those laws by which he whom you praise was punished. JOHNS.

Under the Gods, keep you in awe, which else  
Would feed on one another?—What's their seeking?

*Men.* For corn at their own rates; whereof, they say,  
The city is well stor'd.

*Cor.* Hang 'em! They say?  
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know  
What's done i'the Capitol: who's like to rise,  
Who thrives, and who declines: side factions, and give out  
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,  
And feebling such as stand not in their liking,  
Below their cobled shoes. They say, there's grain enough!  
Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,  
And let me use my sword, I'll make a quarry<sup>3</sup>  
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high  
As I could pitch my lance.

*Men.* Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;  
For though abundantly they lack discretion,  
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,  
What says the other troop?

*Cor.* They are dissolv'd: hang 'em!  
They said, they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs;  
That, *hunger broke stone walls*;—that, *dogs must eat*;  
That, *meat was made for mouths*;—that, *the Gods send not  
Corn for the rich men only*:—With these shreds  
They vented their complainings: which being answer'd,  
And a petition granted them, a strange one  
(To break the heart of generosity,<sup>4</sup>  
And make bold power look pale), they threw their caps  
As they would hang them on the horns o'the moon,  
Shouting their emulation.

*Men.* What is granted them?

*Cor.* Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wisdoms,  
Of their own choice: One's Junius Brutus,  
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not——'sdeath,  
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,  
Ere so prevail'd with me! it will in time  
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes  
For insurrection's arguing.

*Men.* This is strange.

*Cor.* Go, get you home, you fragments!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Where's Caius Marcius?

(3) Why a quarry? I suppose, not because he would pile them square, but because he would give them for carrion to the birds of prey. JOHNS.

(4) To give the final blow to the nobles. Generosity—is high birth. JOHNS.

*Cor.* Here : What's the matter ?

*Mes.* The news is, sir, the Volscians are in arms.

*Cor.* I'm glad on't ; then we shall have means to vent  
Our musty superfluity. See, our best elders——

*Enter* SICINIUS VELUTUS, JUNIUS BRUTUS ; COMINIUS,  
TITUS LARTIUS, *with other Senators.*

*1 Sen.* Marcius, 'tis true, that you have lately told us ;  
The Volscians are in arms.<sup>5</sup>

*Cor.* They have a leader,  
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.  
I sin in envying his nobility :  
And, were I any thing but what I am,  
I would wish me only he.

*Com.* You have fought together ?

*Cor.* Were half to half the world by the ears, and he  
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make  
Only my wars with him : He is a lion  
That I am proud to hunt.

*1 Sen.* Then, worthy Marcius,  
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

*Com.* It is your former promise.

*Cor.* Sir, it is ;

And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou  
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face :  
What, art thou stiff ? stand'st out ?

*Tit.* No, Caius Marcius ;  
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,  
Ere stay behind this business.

*Men.* O true bred !

*1 Sen.* Your company to the Capitol ; where, I know,  
Our greatest friends attend us.

*Tit.* Lead you on :

—Follow, Cominius ; we must follow you,  
Right worthy your priority.

*Com.* Noble Lartius !

*1 Sen.* Hence ! To your homes. Be gone.

[*To the Citizens.*]

*Cor.* Nay, let them follow :  
The Volscians have much corn ; take these rats thither,  
To gnaw their garners.—Worshipful mutineers,  
Your valour puts well forth<sup>6</sup>—pray, follow.— [*Exeunt.*]

[5] The meaning is, The intelligence which you gave us some little time ago of the designs of the Volscians is now verified ; they are in arms. JOHNS.

[6] i. e. You have in this mutiny shewn fair blossoms of valour. JOHNS.

*Citizens steal away. Manent SICINIUS and BRUTUS.*

*Sic.* Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

*Bru.* He has no equal.

*Sic.* When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—

*Bru.* Mark'd you his lip, and eyes?

*Sic.* Nay, but his taunts.

*Bru.* Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the Gods.<sup>7</sup>

*Sic.* Be-mock the modest moon.

*Bru.* The present wars devour him ! he is grown  
Too proud to be so valiant.

*Sic.* Such a nature,  
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow  
Which he treads on at noon : But I do wonder,  
His insolence can brook to be commanded  
Under Cominius.

*Bru.* Fame, at the which he aims,  
In whom already he is well grac'd, cannot  
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by  
A place below the first ; for what miscarries  
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform  
To the utmost of a man ; and giddy censure  
Will then cry out on Marcius ; *O, if he,  
Had borne the business !*

*Sic.* Besides, if things go well,  
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall  
Of his demerits rob Cominius.<sup>8</sup>

*Bru.* Come :  
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,  
Though Marcius earn'd them not ; and all his faults  
To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,  
In aught he merit not.

*Sic.* Let's hence, and hear  
How the dispatch is made ; and in what fashion,  
More than his singularity,<sup>9</sup> he goes,  
Upon this present action

*Bru.* Let's along.

[*Exeunt.*]

[7] To gird—to sneer, to gibe. So Falstaff uses the noun, when he says, 'every man has a gird at me.' JOHNS.

[8] 'Merits' and 'demerits' had anciently the same meaning. STEEV.

[9] We will learn what he is to do, besides going himself ; what are his powers, and what is his appointment. JOHNS.

## SCENE II.

*The senate-house in Corioli. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with Senators.*

1 *Sen.* So your opinion is, Aufidius,  
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,  
And know how we proceed.

*Auf.* Is it not yours?

What ever hath been thought on in this state,  
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome  
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone,  
Since I heard thence.—These are the words—I think,  
I have the letter here. Yes—here it is:

*They have press'd a power, but it is not known* [Reading.  
*Whether for east, or west. The dearth is great :*  
*The people mutinous : and it is rumor'd,*  
*Cominius, Marcius your old enemy*  
*(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you ),*  
*And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,*  
*These three lead on this preparation*  
*Whither 'tis bent ; most likely 'tis for you :*  
*Consider of it.*

1 *Sen.* Our army's in the field :  
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready  
To answer us.

*Auf.* Nor did you think it folly,  
To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when  
They needs must shew themselves; which in the hatching,  
It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,  
We shall be shorten'd in our aim ; which was,  
To take in many towns, ere, almost, Rome  
Should know we were afoot.

2 *Sen.* Noble Aufidius,  
Take your commission ; hie you to your bands ;  
Let us alone to guard Corioli :  
If they set down before us, for the remove  
Bring up your army ; but, I think, you'll find  
They have not prepar'd for us.

*Auf.* O, doubt not that ;  
I speak from certainties. Nay, more,  
Some parcels of their power are forth already,  
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.  
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,  
'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike

Till one can do no more.

*All.* The Gods assist !

*Auf.* And keep your honours safe !

*1 Sen.* Farewel.

*2 Sen.* Farewel.

*All.* Farewel.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

CAIUS MARCIUS's house in Rome. *Enter VOLUMNIA and VIRGILIA: They sit down on two low stools, and sew.*

*Vol.* I pray you, daughter, sing ; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort. If my son were my husband, I would freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would shew most love. When yet he was but tenderbody'd, and the only son of my womb ; when youth with comeliness pluck'd all gaze his way ; when, for a day of king's entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding ; I—considering how honour would become such a person ; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir—was pleas'd to let him seek danger, where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him ; from whence he return'd, his brows bound with oak :<sup>1</sup> I tell thee, daughter—I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

*Vir.* But had he died in the business, madam ? how then ?

*Vol.* Then his good report should have been my son ; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely :—Had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

*Enter a Gentlewoman.*

*Gent.* Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

*Vir.* Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

*Vol.* Indeed, thou shalt not.

Methinks, I hither hear your husband's drum ;  
See him pluck down Aufidius by the hair ;

(1) The crown given by the Romans to him that saved the life of a citizen, which was accounted more honourable than any other. JOHNS.

As children from a bear, the Volsci shunning him ;  
 Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus——  
*Come on, you cowards ; you were got in fear,*  
*Though ye were born in Rome :* His bloody brow  
 With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes ;  
 Like to a harvest mán, that's task'd to mow  
 O'er all, or lose his hire.

*Vir.* His bloody brow ! O, Jupiter, no blood !

*Vol.* Away, you fool ! it more becomes a man,  
 Than gilt his trophy.<sup>2</sup> The breast of Hecuba,  
 When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier  
 Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood  
 At Grecian swords contending.—Tell Valeria,  
 We are fit to bid her welcome. *[Exit Gent.]*

*Vir.* Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius !

*Vol.* He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,  
 And tread upon his neck.

*Enter VALERIA, with an Usher, and a Gentlewoman.*

*Val.* My ladies both, good day to you.

*Vol.* Sweet madam,——

*Vir.* I am glad to see your ladyship.

*Val.* How do you both ? you are manifest house-keepers. What are you sewing here ? A fine spot, in good faith.—How does your little son ?

*Vir.* I thank your ladyship ; well, good madam.

*Vol.* He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum,  
 Than look upon his schoolmaster.

*Val.* O my word, the father's son. I'll swear, 'tis  
 a very pretty boy. O my troth, I look'd on him  
 o'Wednesday half an hour together :—He has such a  
 confirm'd countenance. I saw him run after a gilded  
 butterfly ; and when he caught it, he let it go again ;  
 and after it again ; and over and over he comes, and up  
 again ; and caught it again : or whether his fall enrag'd  
 him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and did tear  
 it : O, I warrant, how he mammock'd it !<sup>3</sup>

*Vol.* One of his father's moods.

*Val.* Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

*Vir.* A crack, madam.<sup>4</sup>

*Val.* Come, lay aside your stitchery ; I must have you  
 play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

(2) Gilt—means a display of gold, a word now obsolete. STEEV.

(3) To mammock—is to pull in pieces, to tear. STEEV.

(4) A crack—a free, careless, capricious person. STEEV.

*Vir.* No, good madam ; I will not out of doors.

*Val.* Not out of doors !

*Vol.* She shall, she shall.

*Vir.* Indeed, no, by your patience : I'll not over the threshold, till my lord return from the wars.

*Val.* Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably : Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

*Vir.* I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers ; but I cannot go thither.

*Vol.* Why, I pray you ?

*Vir.* 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

*Val.* You would be another Penelope : yet they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come ; I would, your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

*Vir.* No, good madam, pardon me ; indeed, I will not forth.

*Val.* In truth, la, go with me ; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

*Vir.* O, good madam, there can be none yet.

*Val.* Verily, I do not jest with you ; there came news from him last night.

*Vir.* Indeed, madam.

*Val.* In earnest, it's true ; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is :—The Volscians have an army forth ; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power : your lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli ; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on my honour ; and so, I pray you, go with us.

*Vir.* Give me, excuse, good madam ; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

*Vol.* Let her alone, lady : As she is now, he will but disease our better mirth.

*Val.* In troth, I think she would :—Fare you well then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o'door, and go along with us.

*Vir.* No ; at a word, madam ; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

*Val.* Well, then farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.

*Before Corioli. Enter MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, with Captains and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.*

*Cor.* Yonder comes news :—A wager, they have met.

*Lart.* My horse to yours, no.

*Cor.* 'Tis done.

*Lart.* Agreed.

*Cor.* Say, has our general met the enemy ?

*Mes.* They lie in view ; they have not spoke as yet.

*Lart.* So the good horse is mine.

*Cor.* I'll buy him of you.

*Lart.* No, I'll not sell, nor give him : lend him you, I will,

For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

*Cor.* How far off lies these armies ?

*Mes.* Within a mile and half.

*Cor.* Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours. Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work ; That we with smoaking swords may march from hence, To help our fielded friends !—Come, blow thy blast.

*They sound a Parley. Enter Senators, with others, on the Walls.*

—Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls ?

*1 Sen.* No, nor a man that fears you less than he,<sup>5</sup> That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums

*[Drum afar off.]*

Are bringing forth our youth : We'll break our walls, Rather than they should pound us up : our gates, Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes : They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off ;

*[Alarum, far off.]*

There is Aufidius ; list what work he makes Among your cloven army.

*Cor.* O, they are at it !

*Lart.* Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho !

*Enter the Volscians.*

*Cor.* They fear us not, but issue forth their city. Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance, brave Titus :

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,

---

(5) The sense requires it to be read,  
 —nor a man that fears you more than he.      JOHNS.

Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come on, my fellow;  
He that retires, I'll take him for a Volscian, [lows;  
And he shall feel mine edge.

[*Alarum; the Romans beat back to their trenches.*

## SCENE V.

*Re-enter MARCIUS.*

*Cor.* All the contagion of the south light on you,  
You shames of Rome, you! Herds of boils and plagues  
Plaister you o'er: that you may be abhorr'd  
Farther than seen, and one infect another  
Against the wind a mile!—You souls of geese,  
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run  
From slaves that apes would beat? Pluto and hell!  
All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale  
With flight and argued fear! Mend, and charge home,  
Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,  
And make my wars on you: look to't; come on;  
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,  
As they us to our trenches followed.

[*Another Alarum, and MARCIUS follows them to the gates.*  
So, now the gates are ope:—Now prove good seconds:  
'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,  
Not for the fliers. Mark me, and do the like.

[*He enters the gates.*

1 *Sol.* Fool hardiness; not I.

2 *Sol.* Nor I.

3 *Sol.* See, they have shut him in.

[*He is shut in. Alarum continues.*

*All.* To the pot, I warrant him.

*Enter TITUS LARTIUS.*

*Lart.* What is become of Marcius?

*All.* Slain, sir, doubtless.

1 *Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,  
With them he enters: who, upon the sudden,  
Clapt to their gates; he is himself alone,  
To answer all the city.

*Lart.* O noble fellow!

Who, sensible, out-dares his senseless sword,  
And, when it bows, stands up! Thou art left, Marcius:—  
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,  
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier

Even to Cato's wish ;<sup>5</sup> not fierce and terrible  
Only in strokes ; but, with thy grim looks, and  
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,  
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world  
Were feverous, and did tremble.

*Re-enter MARCIUS bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.*

1 *Sol.* Look, sir—

*Lart.* O, 'tis Marcius :

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.<sup>6</sup>

[*They fight, and all enter the city.*]

### SCENE VI.

*Within the town, enter certain Romans, with spoils.*

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.

2 *Rom.* And I this.

3 *Rom.* A murrain on't ! I took this for silver.

[*Alarum continues still afar off.*]

*Enter MARCIUS, and TITUS LARTIUS, with a trumpet.*

*Cor.* See here these movers, that do prize their hours  
At a crack'd drachm ! Cushions, leaden spoons,  
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would  
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,  
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up :—Down with them :  
And hark, what noise the general makes !—To him ;—  
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,  
Piercing our Romans : Then, valiant Titus, take  
Convenient numbers to make good the city ;  
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste  
To help Cominius.

*Lart.* Worthy sir, thou bleed'st ;  
Thy exercise hath been too violent for  
A second course of fight.

*Cor.* Sir, praise me not :  
My work hath yet not warm'd me : Fare you well.  
The blood I drop is rather physical  
Than dangerous to me.

(5) Plutarch, in the *Life of Coriolanus*, relates this as the opinion of Cato the Elder, that a great soldier should carry terror in his looks and tone of voice ; and the poet, hereby following the historian, is fallen into a great chronological impropriety. THEOB.

(6) Make remain—is an old manner of speaking, which means no more than remain. HANM.

To Aufidius thus I will appear, and fight.

*Lart.* Now the fair goddess, Fortune,  
Fall deep in love with thee : and her great charms  
Misguide thy opposer's swords ! Bold gentleman,  
Prosperity be thy page !

*Cor.* Thy friend no less  
Than those she placeth highest ! So, farewell.

*Lart.* Thou worthiest Marcius !  
—Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place ;  
Call thither all the officers of the town,  
Where they shall know our mind : Away. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE VII.

*The Roman camp. Enter COMINIUS retreating, with Soldiers.*

*Com.* Breathe you, my friends ; well fought. We are  
come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,  
Nor cowardly in retire : Believe me, sirs,  
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,  
By interims, and conveying gusts, we have heard  
The charges of our friends :—Ye Roman Gods !  
Lead their successes as we wish our own ;  
That both our pow'rs, with smiling fronts encountering,

*Enter a Messenger.*

May give you a thankful sacrifice !—Thy news ?

*Mes.* The citizens of Corioli have issued,  
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle :  
I saw our party to the trenches driven,  
And then I came away.

*Com.* Though thou speak'st truth,  
Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is't since ?

*Mes.* Above an hour, my lord.

*Com.* 'Tis not a mile : Briefly, we heard their drums :  
How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour,  
And bring the news so late ?

*Mes.* Spies of the Volscians  
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel  
Three or four miles about ; else had I, sir,  
Half an hour since brought my report.

*Enter MARCIUS.*

*Com.* Who's yonder,

That does appear as he were dead? O Gods!  
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have  
Before-time seen him thus.

*Cor.* Come I too late?

*Com.* The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,  
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue  
From every meaner man's.

*Cor.* Come I too late?

*Com.* Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,  
But mantled in your own.

*Cor.* Oh! let me clip ye

In arms as sound, as when I woo'd; in heart  
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,  
And tapers burnt to bedward.

*Com.* Flower of warriors,  
How is't with Titus Lartius?

*Cor.* As with a man busied about decrees:  
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;  
Ransoming him, or pitying,<sup>7</sup> threatening the other;  
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,  
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,  
'To let him slip at will.

*Com.* Where is that slave,  
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?  
Where is he? Call him hither.

*Cor.* Let him alone;  
He did inform the truth: But for our gentlemen,  
The common file; (a plague!—tribunes for them!)  
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge  
From rascals worse than they.

*Com.* But how prevail'd you?

*Cor.* Will the time serve to tell? I do not think—  
Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the field?  
If not, why cease you till you are so?

*Com.* Marcius, we have at disadvantage fought,  
And did retire to win our purpose.

*Cor.* How lies their battle? Know you on what side  
They have plac'd their men of trust?

*Com.* As I guess, Marcius,  
Their bands i'the vaward are the Antiates,  
Of their best trust: o'er them Aufidius,  
Their very heart of hope.

*Cor.* I do beseech you,

---

(7) I. e. Remitting his ransom. JOH.

But by all the battles wherein we have fought,  
 By the blood we have shed together, by the vows  
 We have made to endure friends, that you directly  
 Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates:  
 And that you not delay the present;<sup>8</sup> but,  
 Filling the air with swords advanc'd,<sup>9</sup> and darts,  
 We prove this very hour.

*Com.* Though I could wish  
 You were conducted to a gentle bath,  
 And balms applied to you, yet dare I never  
 Deny your asking; take your choice of those  
 That best can aid your action.

*Cor.* Those are they  
 That most are willing:—If any such be here  
 (As it were sin to doubt) that love this painting  
 Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear  
 Lesser his person than an ill report;  
 If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,  
 And that his country's dearer than himself;  
 Let him, alone, or so many, so minded,  
 Wave thus, to express his disposition, [*Waving his hand.*  
 And follow Marcius.

[*They all shout, and wave their swords, take him  
 up in their arms, and cast up their caps.*

O! Me alone! Make you a sword of me!  
 If these shews be not outward, which of you  
 But is four Volscians? None of you, but is  
 Able to bear against the great Aufidius  
 A shield as hard as his. A certain number,  
 Though thanks to all, must I select from all:  
 The rest shall bear the business in some other fight,  
 As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;  
 And four shall quickly draw out my command,<sup>1</sup>  
 Which men are best inclin'd.

*Com.* March on, my fellows:  
 Make good this ostentation, and you shall  
 Divide in all with us.

[*Exeunt.*

(8) Delay, for let slip. WARB.

[9] That is, swords lifted high. JOHNS.

[1] Perhaps we may read,

And fear shall quickly draw out of my command,  
 Which men are least inclin'd.

Let us march, and that fear which incites desertion will free my army from  
 cowards. JOHNS.

## SCENE VIII.

*The gates of Corioli.* TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a Guard upon Corioli, going with a drum and trumpet toward COMINIUS and CAIUS MARCIUS, enters with a Lieutenant, other Soldiers, and a Scout.*

*Lart.* So, let the ports be guarded: Keep your duties, As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve For a short holding: If we lose the field, We cannot keep the town.

*Lieut.* Fear not our care, sir.

*Lart.* Hence, and shut your gates upon us.  
—Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IX.

*The field of battle.* Alarum. Enter MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS.

*Cor.* I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee Worse than a promise-breaker.

*Auf.* We hate alike;  
Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor  
More than thy fame and envy: Fix thy foot.

*Cor.* Let the first budger die the other's slave,  
And the Gods doom him after!

*Auf.* If I fly, Marcius,  
Halloo me like a hare.

*Cor.* Within these three hours, Tullus,  
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,  
And made what work I pleas'd: 'Tis not my blood  
Wherein thou seest me mask'd: for thy revenge,  
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

*Auf.* Wert thou the Hector,  
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,<sup>2</sup>  
Thou should'st not 'scape me here.—

[*Here they fight, and certain Volscians come to the aid of AUFIDIUS. MARCIUS fights till they be driven in breathless.*]

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(2) The Romans boasted themselves descended from the Trojans, how then was Hector the whip of their progeny? It must mean the whip with which the Trojans scourged the Greeks, which cannot be but by a very unusual construction, or the author must have forgotten the original of the Romans; unless whip has some meaning which includes advantage or superiority, as we say, 'he has the whip-hand,' for he has the advantage. JOHNS.

Officious, and not valiant!—you have sham'd me  
In your condemned seconds.<sup>3</sup> [Exeunt fighting.]

## SCENE X.

*The Roman camp. Flourish. Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Enter at one door, COMINIUS, with the Romans; at another door, MARCIUS, with his arm in a scarf, &c.*

*Com.* If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,  
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,  
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles!  
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug;  
I'the end, admire; where ladies shall be frighted,  
And, gladly quak'd,<sup>4</sup> hear more; where the dull tribunes,  
That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,  
Shall say, against their hearts,—*We thank the Gods,  
Our Rome hath such a soldier!*—  
Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,  
Having fully din'd before.

*Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his Power, from the pursuit.*

*Lart.* O general,  
Here is the steed, we the caparisons!<sup>5</sup>  
Had'st thou beheld——

*Cor.* Pray now, no more. My mother,  
Who has a charter to extol her blood,<sup>6</sup>  
When she does praise me, grieves me.  
I have done as you have done; that's what I can:  
Induc'd, as you have been; that's for my country:  
He, that has but effected his good will,  
Hath overta'en mine act.

*Com.* You shall not be  
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know  
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment  
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,  
To hide your doings; and to silence that  
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,  
Would seem but modest: Therefore I beseech you,—

[3] For condemned, we may read contemned. You have, to my shame, sent me help which I despise. JOHNS.

[4] i. e. thrown into grateful trepidation. STEEV.

[5] This is an odd encomium. The meaning is, 'This man performed the action, and we only filled up the show.' JOHNS.

[6] A privilege to praise her own son. ib.

(In sign of what you are, not to reward  
What you have done), before our army hear me.

*Cor.* I have some wounds upon me, and they smart  
To hear themselves remember'd.

*Com.* Should they not,<sup>7</sup>

Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,  
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses  
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store), of all  
The treasure, in the field achiev'd, and city,  
We render you the tenth ; to be ta'en forth,  
Before the common distribution, at  
Your only choice.

*Cor.* I thank you, general ;  
But cannot make my heart consent to take  
A bribe, to pay my sword : I do refusé it ;  
And stand upon my common part with those  
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flourish. They all cry, MARCIUS ! MARCIUS !  
cast up their caps and lances : COMINIUS and LAR-  
TIUS stand bare.*]

*Cor.* May these same instruments, which you profane,  
Never sound more ! When drums and trumpets shall  
I' the field prove flatterers, let camps as cities be  
Made of false-fac'd soothing ! When steel grows  
Soft as parasite's silk, let him be made  
An overture for the wars !—No more, I say ;  
For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,  
Or foil'd some debile wretch, which, without note,  
Here's many else have done ; you shout me forth  
In acclamations hyperbolical ;  
As if I lov'd, my little should be dieted  
In praises sauc'd with lies.

*Com.* Too modest are you ;  
More cruel to your good report, than grateful  
To us that give you truly : By your patience,  
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you  
(Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles,  
Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it known,  
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius  
Wears this war's garland : in token of the which,  
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,  
With all his trim belonging ; and, from this time,  
For what he did before Corioli, call him,

---

[7] That is, not be remembered.      JOHNS.

With all the applause and clamour of the host,  
Caius Marcius Coriolanus.—

Bear the addition nobly ever !

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*]

*Omnes.* Caius Marcius Coriolanus !

*Cor.* I will go wash ;

And when my face is fair, you shall perceive  
Whether I blush or no ! Howbeit, I thank you.—  
I mean to stride your steed ; and, at all times,  
To undercrest your good addition,<sup>2</sup>  
To the fairness of my power.<sup>3</sup>

*Com.* So, to our tent :

Where, ere we do repose us, we will write  
To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,  
Must to Corioli back : send us to Rome  
The best,<sup>1</sup> with whom we may articulate,<sup>2</sup>  
For their own good, and ours.

*Lart.* I shall, my lord.

*Cor.* The Gods begin to mock me.  
I, that but now refus'd most princely gifts,  
Am bound to beg of my lord general.

*Com.* Take it :—'tis your's.—What is't ?

*Cor.* I sometime lay, here in Corioli,  
At a poor man's house ; he us'd me kindly :  
He cry'd to me ; I saw him prisoner ;  
But then Aufidius was within my view,  
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity : I request you  
To give my poor host freedom.

*Com.* O, well begg'd !

Were he the butcher of my son, he should  
Be free, as is the wind.—Deliver him, Titus.

*Lart.* Marcius, his name ?

*Cor.* By Jupiter, forgot :—

I am weary ; yea, my memory is tir'd.—  
Have we no wine here ?

*Com.* Go we to our tent :

The blood upon your visage dries ; 'tis time  
It should be look'd to : come.

[*Exeunt.*]

[3] A phrase from heraldry, signifying, that he would endeavour to support his good opinion of him. WARB.

[9] Fairest, for utmost. ib.

[1] The chief men of Corioli. JOHNS.

[2] i. e. enter into articles. This word, I believe, is peculiar to Shakespeare. STEEV.

## SCENE XI.

*The camp of the Volsci. A flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS bloody, with two or three Soldiers.*

*Auf.* The town is ta'en !

*Sol.* 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

*Auf.* Condition !—

I would, I were a Roman ; for I cannot,  
Being a Volsce, be what I am.—Condition !

What good condition can a treaty find  
I' the part that is at mercy ? Five times, Marcius,  
I have fought with thee ; so often hast thou beat me :  
And would'st do so, I think, should we encounter  
As often as we eat. By the elements,  
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,  
He is mine, or I am his. Mine emulation  
Hath not that honour in't, it had ; for where  
I thought to crush him in an equal force,  
True sword to sword, I'll potch at him some way ;<sup>3</sup>  
Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

*Sol.* He's the devil.

*Auf.* Bolder, tho' not so subtle : My valour's poison'd,  
With only suffering stain by him ; for him  
Shall fly out of itself ;<sup>4</sup> not sleep, nor sanctuary,  
Being naked, sick ; nor fane, nor Capitol,  
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,  
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up  
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst  
My hate to Marcius : where I find him, were it  
At home, upon my brother's guard,<sup>5</sup> even there  
Against the hospitable canon, would I  
Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to the city ;  
Learn, how 'tis held ; and what they are, that must  
Be hostages for Rome.

*Sol.* Will not you go ?

*Auf.* I am attended at the cypress grove ;  
I pray you,  
( 'Tis south the city mills ) bring me word thither  
How the world goes ; that to the pace of it  
I may spur on my journey.

*Sol.* I shall, sir.

[ *Exeunt.* ]

(3) Potch, is used in the midland counties for a rough, violent puff. STEEV.

(4) To mischief him, my valour should deviate from its own native generosity. JOHNS.

(5) In my own house, with my own brother posted to protect him. *ib.*

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Rome. Enter MENENIUS, with SIGINIUS and BRUTUS.*

*Menenius.*

THE augurer tells me, we shall have news to-night.

*Bru.* Good, or bad ?

*Men.* Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

*Sic.* Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

*Men.* Pray you, who does the wolf love ?\*

*Sic.* The lamb.

*Men.* Ay, to devour him ; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

*Bru.* He's a lamb indeed, that baas like a bear.

*Men.* He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb. You are two old men ; tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

*Both.* Well, sir ;—

*Men.* In what enormity is Marcius poor, that you two have not in abundance ?

*Bru.* He's poor in no one fault, but stor'd with all.

*Sic.* Especially, in pride.

*Bru.* And topping all others in boasting.

*Men.* This is strange now : Do you two know how you are censur'd here in the city, I mean of us o' the right hand file ? Do you ?

*Bru.* Why,—how are we censur'd ?

*Men.* Because you talk of pride now,—Will you not be angry ?

*Both.* Well, well, sir, well.

*Men.* Why, 'tis no great matter ; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience ; give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures ; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud ?

*Bru.* We do it not alone, sir.

*Men.* I know you can do very little alone ; for your helps are many ; or else your actions would grow wondrous single : your abilities are too infant-like, for doing

[6] When the tribune, in reply to Menenius's remark, on the people's hate of Coriolanus, had observed that 'even beasts know their friends,' Menenius asks, 'whom does the wolf love?' implying that there are beasts which love nobody, and that among those beasts are the people.      JOHNS.

much alone. You talk of pride—oh, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks,<sup>7</sup> and make but an interior survey of your good selves! Oh, that you could!

*Bru.* What then, sir?

*Men.* Why, then you should discover a brace of as unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates (*alias*, fools) as any in Rome.

*Sic.* Menenius, you are known well enough too.

*Men.* I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't: said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint; hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning.<sup>8</sup> What I think, I utter; and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such weals-men as you are, (I cannot call you Lycurgusses) if the drink you give me, touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I can't say, your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave, men; yet they lie deadly, that tell you, you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it, that I am known well enough too? What harm can your bisson conspectuities,<sup>9</sup> glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

*Bru.* Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

*Men.* You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon,<sup>1</sup> in hearing a cause between an orange-wife, and a fosset-seller; and then rejourn the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience.—When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the colic, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience,<sup>2</sup> and, in roaring for a

[7] With allusion to the fable, which says, that every man has a bag hanging before him, in which he puts his neighbour's faults, and another behind him, in which he flows his own. JOHNS.

[8] Rather a late lie-down, than an early riser. [9] Bisson, is blind. JOHNS:

[1] It appears from this whole speech, that Shakespeare mistook the office of *præfectus urbis* for the tribune's office. WARB.

[2] That is, declare war against patience. There is not wit enough in this satire to recompense its grossness. JOHNS.

chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more intangled by your hearing : all the peace you make in their cause, is, calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

*Bru.* Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter gyber for the table, than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

*Men.* Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards ; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entomb'd in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud ; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion ; though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good-e'en to your worships : more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of beastly plebeians ; I will be bold to take my leave of you.

*Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA.*

—How now, my as fair as noble ladies (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler), whither do you follow your eyes so fast ?

*Vol.* Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches ; for the love of Juno, let's go.

*Men.* Ha ! Marcius coming home ?

*Vol.* Ay, worthy Menenius ; and with most prosperous approbation.

*Men.* Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee :—Hoo ! Marcius coming home !

*Both.* Nay, 'tis true.

*Vol.* Look, here's a letter from him ; the state hath another, his wife another ; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

*Men.* I will make my very house reel to-night !—A letter for me ?

*Vir.* Yes, certain, there's a letter for you ; I saw it.

*Men.* A letter for me ? It gives me an estate of seven years' health ; in which time, I will make a lip at the physician : the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiric, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded ? he was wont to come home wounded.

*Vir.* Oh, no, no, no.

*Vol.* Oh, he is wounded, I thank the Gods for't.

*Men.* So do I too, if it be not too much :—Brings a victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

*Vol.* On's brows, Menenius ; he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

*Men.* Hath he disciplin'd Aufidius soundly ?

*Vol.* Titus Lartius writes, they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

*Men.* And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that : if he had staid by him, I would not have been so *fidius'd* for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possest of this ?<sup>3</sup>

*Vol.* Good ladies, let's go :—Yes, yes, yes : the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war : he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

*Val.* In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

*Men.* Wondrous ! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

*Vir.* The Gods grant them true !

*Vol.* True ! pow, wow.——

*Men.* True ! I'll be sworn they are true :—Where is he wounded?—God save your good worships ! [*To the Tribunes.*] Marcius is coming home : he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded ?

*Vol.* I'the shoulder, and i'the left arm : There will be large cicatrices to shew the people, when he shall stand for his place. He receiv'd, in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts i'the body.

*Men.* One i'the neck, and one too i'the thigh ;—There's nine that I know.

*Vol.* He had, before the last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

*Men.* Now 'tis twenty-seven : every gash was an enemy's grave : Hark, the trumpets !

[*A shout, and flourish.*]

*Vol.* These are the ushers of Marcius : before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears : Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie ; Which being advanc'd, declines, and then men die.<sup>4</sup>

(3) *Possest*, in our author's language, is fully informed. JOHNS.

(4) *Volumnia*, in her boasting strain, says, that her son, to kill his enemy, has nothing to do but to lift his hand up and let it fall. JOHNS.

*Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS the General, and TITUS LARTIUS; between them CORIOLANUS, crown'd with an oaken garland; with Captains and Soldiers, and a Herald.*

*Her.* Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight  
Within Corioli' gates; where he hath won,  
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these  
In honour follows, Coriolanus:—

Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus! [*Sound. Flourish.*]

*All.* Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

*Cor.* No more of this, it does offend my heart;  
Pray now, no more.

*Com.* Look, sir, your mother,—

*Cor.* Oh!

You have, I know, petition'd all the Gods  
For my prosperity.

[*Kneels.*]

*Vol.* Nay, my good soldier, up;  
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and  
By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,  
What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee?  
But oh, thy wife—

*Cor.* My gracious silence, hail!  
Wouldst thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,  
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,  
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,  
And mothers that lack sons.

*Men.* Now the Gods crown thee!

*Cor.* And live you yet?—O my sweet lady, pardon.

[*To VALERIA.*]

*Vol.* I know not where to turn:—O welcome home!  
And welcome, general!—And you are welcome all!

*Men.* A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,  
And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy. Welcome!  
A curse begin at very root of's heart,  
That is not glad to see thee!—You are three,  
That Rome should doat on: yet, by the faith of men,  
We have some old crab-trees here at home, that will not  
Be grafted to your relish. Yet, welcome, warriors!  
We call a nettle, but a nettle; and,

(5) By 'my gracious silence,' I believe the poet meant, 'thou whose silent tears are more eloquent and grateful to me, than the clamorous applause of the rest.' So in the *Martial Maid* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

A lady's tears are silent orators,  
Or should be to at least, to move beyond  
The honey-tongued rhetorician.

The faults of fools, but folly.

*Com.* Ever right.

*Cor.* Menenius, ever, ever.

*Her.* Give way there, and go on.

*Cor.* Your hand, and your's: [*To his Wife and Mother.*  
Ere in our own house I do shade my head,  
The good patricians must be visited;  
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings  
But, with them, change of honours.

*Vol.* I have liv'd  
To see inherited my very wishes,  
And the buildings of my fancy: Only there's one thing  
wanting,

Which, I doubt not, but our Rome will cast upon thee.

*Cor.* Know, good mother,  
I had rather be their servant, in my way,  
Than sway with them in theirs.

*Com.* On, to the Capitol. [*Flourish. Cornets.*  
[*Exeunt in state, as before.*

*BRUTUS and SICINIUS come forward.*

*Bru.* All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights  
Are spectacl'd to see him: Your prattling nurse  
Into a rapture lets her baby cry,<sup>6</sup>  
While she chats him: the kitchen malkin pins  
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,<sup>7</sup>  
Clamb'ring the walls to eye him: stalls, bulks, windows,  
Are smother'd up; leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd  
With variable complexions; all agreeing  
In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flamens<sup>8</sup>  
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff  
To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames  
Commit the war of white and damask, in  
Their nicely gawded cheeks, to the wanton spoil  
Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother  
As if that whatsoever God,<sup>9</sup> who leads him,  
Were sliely crept into his human powers,  
And gave him graceful posture.

*Sic.* On the sudden,  
I warrant him consul.

(6) Rapture, a common term at that time used for a fit, simply. So, to be rapt, signified to be in a fit. WARB.

(7) Lockram—was some kind of linen. STEEV.

(8) Seld-shown flamens—i. e. priests who seldom exhibit themselves to public view. STEEV.

(9) That is, as if that God who leads him, whatsoever God he be. JOHNS.

*Bru.* Then our office may,  
During his power, go sleep.

*Sic.* He cannot temperately transport his honours  
From where he should begin, and end ; but will  
Lose those he hath won.

*Bru.* In that there's comfort.

*Sic.* Doubt not,  
The commoners, for whom we stand, but they,  
Upon their ancient malice, will forget  
With the least cause, these his new honours ; which  
That he will give them, make I as little question  
As he is proud to do't.

*Bru.* I heard him swear,  
Were he to stand for consul, never would he  
Appear i'the market-place, nor on him put  
The napless vesture of humility ;  
Nor, shewing as the manner is) his wounds  
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

*Sic.* 'Tis right.

*Bru.* It was his word : O, he would miss it, rather  
Than carry it, but by the suit o'the gentry to him,  
And the desire of the nobles.

*Sic.* I wish no better,  
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it  
In execution.

*Bru.* 'Tis most like, he will.

*Sic.* It shall be to him then, as our good wills,  
A sure destruction.

*Bru.* So it must fall out  
To him, or our authorities. For an end,  
We must suggest the people, in what hatred  
He still hath held them ; that, to his power, he would  
Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and  
Disproperty'd their freedoms : holding them,  
In human action and capacity,  
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,  
Than camels in their war ; who have their provender  
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows  
For sinking under them.

*Sic.* This, as you say, suggested  
At some time when his soaring insolence  
Shall reach the people (which time shall not want,  
If he be put upon't ; and that's as easy,  
As to set dogs on sheep) will be the fire

To kindle their dry stubble ; and their blaze  
Shall darken him for ever.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Bru.* What's the matter ?

*Mes.* You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought,  
That Marcius shall be consul. I have seen  
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind  
To hear him speak : Matrons flung gloves,  
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,  
Upon him as he pass'd : the nobles bended,  
As to Jove's statue ; and the commons made  
A shower, and thunder, with their caps and shouts :  
I never saw the like.

*Bru.* Let's to the Capitol ;  
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,  
But hearts for the event.<sup>3</sup>

*Sic.* Have with you.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*The Capitol. Enter two Officers to lay cushions.*

*1 Off.* Come, come, they are almost here : How many  
stand for consulships ?

*2 Off.* Three, they say ; but 'tis thought of every one,  
Coriolanus will carry it.

*1 Off.* That's a brave fellow ; but he's vengeance  
proud, and loves not the common people.

*2 Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men that  
have flatter'd the people, who ne'er loved them ; and  
there be many that they have lov'd, they know not  
wherefore : so that, if they love, they know not why,  
they hate upon no better ground : Therefore, for Coriolanus  
neither to care whether they love, or hate him,  
manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition ;  
and, out of his noble carelessness, lets them plainly see't.

*1 Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love or  
no, he wav'd indifferently<sup>4</sup> 'twixt doing them neither  
good, nor harm ; but he seeks their hate with greater  
devotion than they can render it him ; and leaves nothing  
undone, that may fully discover him their opposite.  
Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the

(3) That is, let us observe what passes, but keep our hearts fixed on our  
design of crushing Coriolanus.      JOHNS.

(4) He wav'd—that is, he would wave indifferently.      JOHNS.

people, is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country : And his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those, who have been supple and courteous to the people ; bonnetted,<sup>5</sup> without any further deed to heave them at all into their estimation and report : but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ungrateful injury ; to report otherwise, were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him ; he is a worthy man : Make way they are coming.

*Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the People, Licars before them ; CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS the Consul : SICINIUS and BRUTUS, as Tribunes, take their places by themselves.*

*Men.* Having determin'd of the Volscians, and To send for Titus Lartius, it remains As the main point of this our after-meeting, To gratify his noble service, that Hath thus stood for his country : Therefore, please you, Most reverend and grave elders, to desire The present consul, and last general In our well-found successes, to report A little of that worthy work perform'd By Caius Marcius Coriolanus ; whom We meet here, both to thank, and to remember With honours like himself.

1 *Sen.* Speak, good Cominius : Leave nothing out for length ; and make us think, Rather our state's defective for requital, Than we to stretch it out.—Masters o'the people, We do request your kindest ear ; and, after, Your loving motion toward the common body,<sup>6</sup> To yield what passes here.

*Sic.* We are convented Upon a pleasing treaty ; and have hearts Inclinable to honour and advance The theme of our assembly.

*Bru.* Which the rather

[5] Bonnetter, Fr. is to pull off one's cap. STEEV.

[6] Your kind interposition with the common people. JOHNS.

We shall be blest to do, if he remember  
A kinder value of the people, than  
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

*Men.* That's off, that's off;

I would you rather had been silent: Please you  
To hear Cominius speak?

*Bru.* Most willingly:

But yet my caution was more pertinent,  
Than the rebuke you give it.

*Men.* He loves your people;

But tie him not to be their bed-fellow.—

Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your place.

[CORIOLANUS rises, and offers to go away.]

*1 Sen.* Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear  
What you have nobly done.

*Cor.* Your honour's pardon;

I had rather have my wounds to heal again  
Than hear say, how I got them.

*Bru.* Sir, I hope,

My words disbench'd you not.

*Cor.* No, sir: yet oft,

When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.  
You sooth not, therefore hurt not: But your people,  
I love them as they weigh.

*Men.* Pray now, sit down.

*Cor.* I had rather have one scratch my head i'the sun,  
When the alarm were struck, than idly sit  
To hear my nothings monster'd. [Exit COR.]

*Men.* Masters o'the people,

Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,  
(That's thousand to one good one) when you see,  
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,  
Than one of his ears to hear't.—Proceed, Cominius.

*Com.* I shall lack voice:—The deeds of Coriolanus  
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,  
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and  
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,  
The man, I speak of, cannot in the world  
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,  
When Tarquin made a head for Rome,\* he fought,  
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,

(7) That is, that is nothing to the purpose. JOHN8.

(8) How can he be expected to practise flattery to others, who abhors it so much, that he cannot hear it even when offered to himself. JOHN8.

(9) When Tarquin raised a power to recover Rome. JOHN8.

Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,  
 When with his Amazonian chin<sup>1</sup> he drove  
 The bristled lips before him : he bestrid  
 An o'er-prest Roman, and i'the consul's view  
 Slew three opposers ; Tarquin's self he met,  
 And struck him on his knee : in that day's feats,  
 When he might act the woman in the scene,  
 He prov'd the best man i'the field, and for his meed  
 Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age  
 Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea ;  
 And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,  
 He lurch'd all swords o'the garland. For this last,  
 Before and in Corioli, let me say,  
 I cannot speak him home : He stopt the fliers ;  
 And, by his rare example, made the coward  
 Turn terror into sport. As waves before  
 A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,  
 And fell below his stem. His sword, death's stamp,  
 Where it did mark, it took from face to foot.  
 He was a thing of blood, whose every motion  
 Was tim'd with dying cries.<sup>2</sup> Alone he enter'd  
 The mortal gate o'the city, which he painted  
 With shunless destiny ; aidless came off,  
 And with a sudden reinforcement struck  
 Corioli, like a planet. Now, all's his :  
 For by and by, the din of war 'gan pierce  
 His ready sense : then straight his doubled spirit  
 Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,  
 And to the battle came he ; where he did  
 Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if  
 'Twere a perpetual spoil : and, till we call'd  
 Both field and city ours, he never stood  
 To ease his breast with panting.

*Men.* Worthy man !

*1 Sen.* He cannot but with measure fit the honours  
 Which we devise him.

*Com.* Our spoils he kick'd at ;  
 And look'd upon things precious, as they were  
 The common muck o'the world : he covets less  
 Than misery itself would give ; rewards

(1) i.e. His chin on which there was no beard. STEEV.

(2) The cries of the slaughter'd regularly followed his motions, as music and a dancer accompany each other. JOHNS.

(3) That is, no honour will be too great for him ; he will throw a mind equal to any elevation. JOHNS.

His deeds with doing them ; and is content  
To spend his life, to end it.

*Men.* He's right noble ;  
Let him be call'd for.

*Sen.* Call Coriolanus.

*Off.* He doth appear.

*Re-enter CORIOLANUS.*

*Men.* The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd  
To make thee consul.

*Cor.* I owe them still  
My life and services.

*Men.* It then remains,  
That you do speak to the people.<sup>6</sup>

*Cor.* I do beseech you,  
Let me o'er-leap that custom ; for I cannot  
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,  
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage : please you,  
That I may pass this doing.

*Sic.* Sir, the people  
Must have their voices ; neither will they bate  
One jot of ceremony.

*Men.* Put them not to't.  
Pray you, go fit you to the custom ; and  
Take to you, as your predecessors have,  
Your honour with your form.

*Cor.* It is a part  
That I shall blush in acting, and might well  
Be taken from the people.

*Bru.* Mark you that ?

*Cor.* To brag unto them—Thus I did, and thus !—  
Shew them the unaching scars, which I would hide  
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire  
Of their breath only.—

*Men.* Do not stand upon't.  
—We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,  
Our purpose to them ; and to our noble consul  
Wish we all joy and honour.

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[6] Coriolanus was banished U.C. 262, but till the time of Manlius Torquatus, U.C. 393, the senate chose both the consuls : And then the people, afflicted by the seditious temper of the tribunes, got the choice of one. But it would be unjust to attribute this entirely to Shakespeare's ignorance ; it sometimes proceeded from the too powerful blaze of his imagination, which when once lighted up, made all acquired knowledge fade and disappear before it. For sometimes again we find him, when occasion serves, not only writing up to the truth of history, but fitting his sentiments to the nicest manners of his peculiar subject, as well to the dignity of his characters, or the dictates of nature in general. **WARB.**

*Sen.* To Coriolanus come all joy and honour.

[*Flourish Cornet. Then exeunt.*]

*Manent SICINIUS and BRUTUS.*

*Bru.* You see how he intends to use the people.

*Sic.* May they perceive his intent! He will require  
As if he did contemn what he requested [them,  
Should be in them to give.

*Bru.* Come, we'll inform them  
Of our proceedings here; on the market-place,  
I know, they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*The Forum. Enter seven or eight Citizens.*

1 *Cit.* Once;<sup>7</sup> if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may, sir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do: for if he shew us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them: so if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous; and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which, we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for once, when we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been call'd so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald; but that our wits are so diversely colour'd: and truly, I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one scull, they would fly east, west, north, south;<sup>8</sup> and their consent of one direct way would be at once to all the points of the compass.

2 *Cit.* Think you so? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 'tis strongly wedg'd up in a blockhead: but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

[7] Once, here means the same as when we say, 'once for all.' WARB.

[8] Meaning, though our having but one interest was most apparent, yet our wishes and projects would be infinitely discordant. WARB.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where, being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.<sup>1</sup>

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks:—You may, you may——

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

*Enter CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.*

Here he comes, and in the gown of Humility; mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honour in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore, follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

*All.* Content, content.

*Men.* Oh sir, you are not right; have you not known The worthiest men have done't?

*Cor.* What must I say?—

I pray, sir—Plague upon't! I cannot bring My tongue to such a pace:—Look, sir; my wounds;—I got them in my country's service, when Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran From noise of their own drums.

*Men.* Oh me, the Gods!

You must not speak of that; you must desire them To think upon you.

*Cor.* Think upon me? Hang 'em!

I would they would forget me, like the virtues Which our divines lose by 'em.

*Men.* You'll mar all;

I'll leave you: Pray you, speak to 'em, I pray you, In wholesome manner. [*Exit.*

*Citizens approach.*

*Cor.* Bid them wash their faces, And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace. —You know the cause, sirs, of my standing here.

1 *Cit.* We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you to't.

(1) A fly satirical insinuation how small a capacity of wit is necessary for that purpose. But every day's experience of the sex's prudent disposal of themselves, may be sufficient to inform us how unjust it is. WARB.

*Cor.* Mine own desert.

*2 Cit.* Your own desert !

*Cor.* Ay, not mine own desire.

*1 Cit.* How ! not your own desire !

*Cor.* No, sir : 'Twas never my desire yet  
To trouble the poor with begging.

*1 Cit.* You must think, if we give you any thing, we  
hope to gain by you.

*Cor.* Well then, I pray, your price o'the consulship ?

*1 Cit.* The price is, to ask it kindly.

*Cor.* Kindly !

*Sir,* I pray, let me ha't : I have wounds to shew you,  
Which shall be your's in private.—Your good voice, sir ;  
What say you ?

*Both Cits.* You shall have it, worthy sir.

*Cor.* A match, sir :—There's in all two worthy voices  
begg'd ;—

I have your alms ; adieu.

*1 Cit.* But this is something odd.

*2 Cits.* An'twere to give again—but 'tis no matter. [*Exc.*

*Two other Citizens.*

*Cor.* Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of  
your voices, that I may be consul ? I have here the cus-  
tomary gown.

*1 Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your country, and  
you have not deserved nobly.

*Cor.* Your ænigma ?

*1 Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies, you  
have been a rod to her friends ; you have not, indeed,  
loved the common people.

*Cor.* You should account me the more virtuous, that I  
have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my  
sworn brother, the people, to earn a dearer estimation of  
them ; 'tis a condition they account gentle : and since the  
wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my  
heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to  
them most counterfeitly ; that is, sir, I will counterfeit  
the bewitchments of some popular man, and give it  
bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I  
may be consul.

*2 Cit.* We hope to find you our friend ; and therefore  
give you our voices heartily.

*1 Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

*Cor.* I will not seal your knowledge<sup>2</sup> with shewing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

*Both.* The Gods give you joy, sir, heartily ! [*Exeunt.*]

*Cor.* Most sweet voices !—

Better it is to die, better to starve,  
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.  
Why in this woolvish gown<sup>3</sup> should I stand here,  
To beg of Hob, and Dick, that do appear,  
Their needless vouches ? Custom calls me to't,  
What custom wills in all things, should we do't,  
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,  
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd  
For truth to o'er-peer.—Rather than fool it so,  
Let the high office and the honour go  
To one that would do thus.—I am half through ;  
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

*Three Citizens more.*

Here come more voices.

—Your voices : for your voices I have fought ;  
Watch'd for your voices ; for your voices, bear  
Of wounds two dozen odd ; battles thrice six  
I have seen, and heard of ; for your voices, have  
Done many things, some less, some more : your voices.  
Indeed, I would be consul.

*1 Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

*2 Cit.* Therefore, let him be consul : The Gods give him joy, and make him a good friend to the people !

*All.* Amen, amen ! God save thee, noble consul ! [*Exc.*]

*Cor.* Worthy voices !

*Enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS and SICINIUS.*

*Men.* You have stood your limitation ; and the tribunes  
Endue you with the people's voice : Remains,  
That, in the official marks invested, you  
Anon do meet the senate.

*Cor.* Is this done ?

*Sic.* The custom of request you have discharg'd :  
The people do admit you ; and are summon'd  
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

*Cor.* Where ? at the senate-house ?

(2) I will not strengthen or complete your knowledge. The seal is that which gives authenticity to a writing. JOHNS.

(3) This woolvish gown—signifies this rough hire-fate gown. JOHNS.

*Sic.* There, Coriolanus.

*Cor.* May I change these garments?

*Sic.* You may, sir.

*Cor.* That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself again,  
Repair to the senate-house.

*Men.* I'll keep you company.—Will you along?

*Bru.* We stay here for the people.

*Sic.* Fare you well. [*Exeunt COR. and MEN.*]

—He has it now; and, by his looks, methinks,  
'Tis warm at his heart.

*Bru.* With a proud heart he wore  
His humble weeds: Will you dismiss the people?

*Re-enter Plebeians.*

*Sic.* How now, my masters? have you chose this man?

1 *Cit.* He has our voices, sir.

*Bru.* We pray the Gods, he may deserve your loves:

2 *Cit.* Amen, sir: To my poor unworthy notice,  
He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.

3 *Cit.* Certainly, he flouted us down-right.

1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock us.

2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says  
He us'd us scornfully. He should have shew'd us  
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.

*Sic.* Why, so he did, I am sure.

*All.* No, no man saw 'em.

3 *Cit.* He said, he had wounds, which he could shew  
in private;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,  
*I would be consul*, says he: *aged custom*,  
*But by your voices, will not so permit me*;  
*Your voices therefore*: When we granted that,  
Here was,—*I thank you for your voices,—thank you,—*  
*Your most sweet voices*:—now you have left your voices,  
*I have nothing further with you*.—Was not this mockery?

*Sic.* Why, either were you ignorant to see't?<sup>6</sup>  
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness  
To yield your voices?

*Bru.* Could you not have told him,  
As you were lesson'd: When he had no power,  
But was a petty servant to the state,  
He was your enemy; ever spake against  
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear  
I'the body of the weal: and, now arriving

---

(6) Did you want knowledge to discern it?      JOHNS.

At place of potency, and sway o'the state,  
 If he should still malignantly remain  
 Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might  
 Be curses to yourselves : You should have said,  
 That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less  
 Than what he stood for ; so his gracious nature  
 Would think upon you for your voices, and  
 Translate his malice towards you into love,  
 Standing your friendly lord.

*Sic.* Thus to have said,  
 As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,  
 And try'd his inclination ; from him pluck'd  
 Either his gracious promise, which you might,  
 As cause had call'd you up, have held him to ;  
 Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,  
 Which easily endures not article,  
 Tying him to aught ; so, putting him to rage,  
 You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,  
 And pass'd him unelected.

*Bru.* Did you perceive,  
 He did solicit you in free contempt,<sup>7</sup>  
 When he did need your loves ; and do you think,  
 That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,  
 When he hath power to crush ? Why, had your bodies  
 No heart among you ? Or had you tongues, to cry  
 Against the rectorship of judgment ?

*Sic.* Have you,  
 Ere now, deny'd the asker ? and, now again,  
 On him that did not ask, but mock, bestow  
 Your su'd-for tongues ?

*3 Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

*2 Cit.* And will deny him :

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

*1 Cit.* I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.

*Bru.* Get you hence instantly ; and tell those friends,  
 They have chose a consul, that will from them take  
 Their liberties ; make them of no more voice  
 Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,  
 As therefore kept to do so.

*Sic.* Let them assemble ;  
 And, on a safer judgment, all revoke  
 Your ignorant election : Enforce his pride,<sup>8</sup>

(7) That is, with contempt free and unrestrained. JOHNS.

(8) Object his pride, and enforce the objection. JOHNS.

And his old hate unto you : besides, forget not  
 With what contempt he wore the humble weed ;  
 How in his suit he scorn'd you : but your loves,  
 Thinking upon his services, took from you  
 The apprehension of his present portance,  
 Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion  
 After the inveterate hate he bears you.

*Bru.* Lay

A fault on us, your tribunes ; that we labour'd  
 (No impediment between) but that you must  
 Cast your election on him.

*Sic.* Say, you chose him

More after our commandment, than as guided  
 By your own true affections : and that, your minds  
 Pre-occupy'd with what you rather must do,  
 Than what you should, made you against the grain  
 To voice him consul : Lay the fault on us.

*Bru.* Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to you,  
 How youngly he began to serve his country,  
 How long continued : and what stock he springs of,  
 The noble house o'the Marcians ; from whence came  
 That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,  
 Who, after great Hostilius, here was king :  
 Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,  
 That our best water brought by conduits hither ;  
 And Censorinus, darling of the people,  
 And nobly nam'd so, twice being censor,  
 Was his great ancestor.

*Sic.* One thus descended,

That hath beside well in his person wrought  
 To be set high in place, we did commend  
 To your remembrances : but you have found,  
 Scaling his present bearing with his past,<sup>1</sup>  
 That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke  
 Your sudden approbation.

*Bru.* Say, you ne'er had done't,  
 (Harp on that still) but by our putting on :  
 And presently, when you have drawn your number,  
 Repair to the Capitol.

*All.* We will so : almost all

Repent in their election.

[*Exeunt Plebeians.*]

*Bru.* Let them go on ;  
 This mutiny were better put in hazard,

(1) That is, weighing his past and present behaviour.      *JOHNS.*

Than stay, past doubt, for greater :  
 If as his nature is, he fall in rage  
 With their refusal, both observe and answer :  
 The vantage of his anger.

*Sic.* To the Capitol, come ;  
 We will be there before the stream o' the people ;  
 And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,  
 Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*]

### ACT III. SCENE I.

*A street. Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other Senators.*

*Coriolanus.*

TULLUS Aufidius then hath made new head ?

*Lart.* He had, my lord ; and that it was, which caus'd  
 Our swifter composition.

*Cor.* So then the Volscians stand but as at first ;  
 Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road  
 Upon us again.

*Com.* They are worn, lord consul, so,  
 That we shall hardly in our ages see  
 Their banners wave again.

*Cor.* Saw you Aufidius ?

*Lart.* On safeguard he came to me ; and did curse  
 Against the Volscians, for they had so vilely  
 Yielded the town : He is retir'd to Antium.

*Cor.* Spoke he of me ?

*Lart.* He did, my lord.

*Cor.* How ? what ?

*Lart.* How often he had met you sword to sword :  
 That, of all things upon the earth, he hated  
 Your person most : that he would pawn his fortunes  
 To hopeless restitution, so he might  
 Be call'd your vanquisher.

*Cor.* At Antium lives he ?

*Lart.* At Antium.

*Cor.* I wish I had a cause to seek him there,  
 To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home. [*To LART.*]

(2) Mark, catch, and improve the opportunity, which his hasty anger will afford us. JOHNS.

*Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.*

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,  
The tongues o'the common mouth. I do despise them;  
For they do prank them in authority,<sup>3</sup>  
Against all noble sufferance.

*Sic.* Pass no further.

*Cor.* Ha! what is that?

*Bru.* It will be dangerous to go on: no further.

*Cor.* What makes this change?

*Men.* The matter?

*Com.* Hath he not pass'd the nobles, and the commons?

*Bru.* Cominius, no.

*Cor.* Have I had children's voices?

*Sen.* Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.

*Bru.* The people are incens'd against him.

*Sic.* Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

*Cor.* Are these your herd?

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,  
And straight disclaim their tongues? What are your offices?  
You being their mouths, why rule you not, their teeth?<sup>4</sup>  
Have you not set them on?

*Men.* Be calm, be calm.

*Cor.* It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,  
To curb the will of the nobility:—  
Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,  
Nor ever will be rul'd.

*Bru.* Call't not a plot:

The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,  
When corn was given them *gratis*, you repin'd;  
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people; call'd them  
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

*Cor.* Why, this was known before.

*Bru.* Not to them all.

*Cor.* Have you inform'd them since?

*Bru.* How! I inform them!

*Cor.* You are like to do such business.

*Bru.* Not unlike,

Each way, to better yours.

*Cor.* Why then should I be consul? By yon' clouds,  
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me  
Your fellow-tribune.

(3) Plume, deck, dignify themselves. JOHNS.

(4) The metaphor is from men's setting a bull-dog or mastiff upon any one.  
WARB.

*Sic.* You shew too much of that,  
For which the people stir: If you will pass  
To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,  
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;  
Or never be so noble as a consul,  
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

*Men.* Let's be calm.

*Com.* The people are abus'd; set on.—This palt'ring  
Becomes not Rome;<sup>5</sup> nor has Coriolanus  
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely  
I'the plain way of his merit.

*Cor.* Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak't again;—

*Men.* Not now, not now.

*Sen.* Not in this heat, sir, now.

*Cor.* Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,  
I crave their pardons:—  
But for the mutable, rank-scented many, let them  
Regard me as I do not flatter, and  
Therein behold themselves:<sup>6</sup> I say again,  
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate  
The cockle of rebellion,<sup>7</sup> insolence, sedition,  
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd, and scatter'd,  
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;  
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that  
Which we have given to beggars.

*Men.* Well, no more.

*Sen.* No more words, we beseech you.

*Cor.* How!—no more?

As for my country I have shed my blood,  
Not fearing outward force; so shall my lungs  
Coin words till their decay, against those measles,  
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet seek  
The very way to catch them.

*Bru.* You speak o'the people,  
As if you were a God to punish, not  
A man of their infirmity.

*Sic.* 'Twere well, we let the people know't.

*Men.* What, what? his choler?

*Cor.* Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,

(5) That is, this trick of dissimulation, this shuffling. JOHNS.

(6) Let them look in the mirror which I hold up to them, a mirror which does not flatter, and see themselves. JOHNS.

(7) Cockle is a weed which grows up with the corn. STEEV.

By Jove, 'twould be my mind.

*Sic.* It is a mind  
That shall remain a poison where it is,  
Not poison any further.

*Cor.* Shall remain!—  
Hear you this Triton of the minnows?<sup>9</sup> mark you  
His absolute *shall*?

*Com.* 'Twas from the canon.<sup>1</sup>

*Cor.* *Shall*!

O Gods!—But most unwise patricians, why,  
You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus  
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,  
That with his peremptory *shall*, being but  
The horn and noise o'the monster,<sup>2</sup> wants not spirit  
To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,  
And make your channel his? If he have power,  
Then vail your ignorance: if none, awake  
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,  
Be not as common fools; if you are not,  
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,  
If they be senators: and they are no less,  
When both your voices blended, the greatest taste  
Most palates theirs.<sup>3</sup> They choose their magistrate;  
And such a one as he, who puts his *shall*,  
His popular *shall*, against a graver bench  
Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himself,  
It makes the consuls base: and my soul akes,  
To know, when two authorities are up,  
Neither supreme, how soon confusion  
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take  
The one by the other.<sup>4</sup>

*Com.* Well,—on to the market-place.

*Cor.* Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth  
The corn o'the store-house, *gratis*, as 'twas us'd  
Sometime in Greece,——

*Men.* Well, well, no more of that.

*Cor.* (Tho' there the people had more absolute power)  
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed  
The ruin of the state.

(9) I. e. Small fry. A minnow is the smallest river fish. JOHNS.

(1) Was contrary to the established rule; was a form of speech to which he has no right. JOHNS. (2) Alluding to his having called him Triton before.

(3) The plain meaning is, that senators and plebeians are equal, when the highest taste is best pleased with that which pleases the lowest. STEEV.

(4) The mischief and absurdity of what is called *imperium in imperio* is so finely expressed. WARB.

*Bru.* Why shall the people give  
One, that speaks thus, their voice?

*Cor.* I'll give my reasons,  
More worthy than their voices. They know, the corn  
Was not our recompence; resting well assur'd  
They ne'er did service for't: Being press'd to the war,  
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,  
They would not thread the gates:<sup>6</sup> this kind of service  
Did not deserve corn *gratis*: Being i'the war,  
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they shew'd  
Most valour, spoke not for them: The accusation  
Which they have often made against the senate,  
All cause unborn, could never be the native  
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?  
How shall this bosom multiplied, digest  
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express  
What's like to be their words:—*We did request it;—  
We are the greater poll, and in true fear  
They gave us our demands:—*Thus we debase  
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble  
Call our cares, fears: which will in time break ope  
The locks o'the senate, and bring in the crows  
To peck the eagles,——

*Men.* Come, enough.

*Bru.* Enough, with over-measure.

*Cor.* No, take more:

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,  
Seal what I end withal!—This double worship—  
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other  
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom  
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no  
Of general ignorance—it must omit  
Real necessities, and give way the while  
To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it follows,  
Nothing is done to purpose: Therefore, beseech you—  
You that will be less fearful than discreet;  
That love the fundamental part of state,  
More than you doubt the change of't; that prefer  
A noble life before a long, and wish  
To jump a body with a dangerous physic,<sup>7</sup>  
That's sure of death without it—at once pluck out

[6] That is, pass them. We yet say, to thread an alley. JOHNS.

[7] To jump—anciently signified to jolt, to give a rude concussion to any thing. To jump a body may therefore mean to put it into violent agitation or commotion. STEEV.

The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick  
 The sweet which is their poison: Your dishonour  
 Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state  
 Of that integrity which should become it;<sup>8</sup>  
 Not having power to do the good it would,  
 For the ill which doth control it.

*Bru.* He has said enough.

*Sic.* He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer  
 As traitors do.

*Cor.* Thou wretch! despight o'erwhelm thee!—  
 What should the people do with these bald tribunes?  
 On whom depending, their obedience fails  
 To the greater bench: In a rebellion,  
 When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,  
 Then were they chosen; in a better hour,  
 Let what is meet, be said, it must be meet,  
 And throw their power i'the dust.

*Bru.* Manifest treason.

*Sic.* This a consul? no.

*Bru.* The ædiles, ho!—Let him be apprehended.

*Sic.* Go, call the people: [*Exit BRUTUS.*—in whose  
 name, myself

Attach thee, as a traiterous innovator,  
 A foe to the public weal: Obey, I charge thee,  
 And follow to thine answer. [*Laying hold on CORIOL.*

*Cor.* Hence, old goat!

*All.* We'll surety him.

*Com.* Aged sir, hands off.

*Cor.* Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones  
 Out of thy garments.

*Sic.* Help me, citizens.

*Re-enter BRUTUS, with a rabble of Plebeians with the  
 Ædiles.*

*Men.* On both sides, more respect.

*Sic.* Here's he, that would  
 Take from you all your power.

*Bru.* Seize him, ædiles.

*All.* Down with him, down with him!

*2 Sen.* Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[*They all bustle about CORIOLANUS.*

Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what ho!—

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

*All.* Peace, peace, peace! stay, hold, peace!

[8] Integrity is in this place soundness, uniformity, consistency. JOHNS.

*Men.* What is about to be?—I am out of breath ;  
Confusion's near ; I cannot speak :—You, tribunes,  
To the people.—Coriolanus, patience :—  
Speak, good Sicinius.

*Sic.* Hear me, people ;—Peace.

*All.* Let's hear our tribune : peace. Speak, speak, speak !

*Sic.* You are at point to lose your liberties :  
Marcius would have all from you ; Marcius,  
Whom late you nam'd for consul.

*Men.* Fie, fie, fie !

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

*1 Sen.* To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

*Sic.* What is the city, but the people ?

*All.* True,

The people are the city.

*Bru.* By the consent of all, we were establish'd  
The people's magistrates.

*All.* You so remain.

*Men.* And so are like to do.

*Cor.* This is the way to lay the city flat ;  
To bring the roof to the foundation ;  
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,  
In heaps and piles of ruin.

*Sic.* This deserves death.

*Bru.* Or let us stand to our authority,  
Or let us lose it :—We do here pronounce,  
Upon the part o'the people, in whose power  
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy  
Of present death.

*Sic.* Therefore, lay hold on him ;  
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence  
Into destruction cast him,

*Bru.* Ædiles, seize him.

*All Pleb.* Yield, Marcius, yield.

*Men.* Hear me one word.

Beseech you tribunes, hear me but a word.

*Ædiles.* Peace, peace.

*Men.* Be that you seem, truly your country's friends,  
And temperately proceed to what you would  
Thus violently redress.

*Bru.* Sir, those cold ways,  
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous  
Where the disease is violent :—Lay hands on him,  
And bear him to the rock. [COR. draws his sword.

N VOL. VI.

*Cor.* No; I'll die here.

There's some among you have beheld me fighting;  
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

*Men.* Down with that sword;—Tribunes, withdraw

*Bru.* Lay hands upon him. [a while.

*Men.* Help, Marcius! help,

You that be young and noble; help him, young and old!

*All.* Down with him, down with him! [Exeunt.

[In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ediles, and  
the People, are beat in.

*Men.* Go, get you to your house; be gone, away,  
All will be naught else.

*2 Sen.* Get you gone.

*Cor.* Stand fast;

We have as many friends as enemies.

*Men.* Shall it put to that?

*1 Sen.* The Gods forbid!

I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house;

Leave us to cure this cause.

*Men.* For 'tis a sore upon us,

You cannot tent yourself: Be gone, 'beseech you.

*Com.* Come, sir, along with us.

*Cor.* I would they were barbarians (as they are,  
Though in Rome litter'd); not Romans, (as they are not,  
Though calv'd i'the porch o'the Capitol).—Be gone.

*Men.* Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;  
One time will owe another.

*Cor.* On fair ground,  
I could beat forty of them.

*Men.* I could myself

Take up a brace of the best; yea, the two tribunes.

*Cor.* But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;  
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands  
Against a falling fabric.—Will you hence,  
Before the tag return?<sup>3</sup> whose rage doth rend  
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear  
What they are us'd to bear.

*Men.* Pray you, be gone:

I'll try whether my old wit be in request  
With those that have but little; this must be patch'd  
With cloth of any colour.

*Com.* Nay, come away. [Exeunt *COR.* and *COM.*

(3) The lowest and most despicable of the populace are still denominated by those a little above them, "Tag, rag, and bobtail." JOHNS.

1 *Sen.* This man has marr'd his fortune.

*Men.* His nature is too noble for the world :  
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,  
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his mouth :  
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent ;  
And, being angry, does forget that ever  
He heard the name of death. [*A noise within.*]  
Here's goodly work !

2 *Sen.* I would they were a-bed.

*Men.* I would they were in Tiber ! What, the vengeance,  
Could he not speak 'em fair ?

*Enter BRUTUS and SICINIUS, with the Rabble again.*

*Sic.* Where is this viper,  
That will depopulate the city, and  
Be every man himself ?

*Men.* You worthy tribunes,—

*Sic.* He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock  
With rigorous hands ; he hath resisted law,  
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial  
Than the severity of public power,  
Which he so sets at nought.

1 *Cit.* He shall well know,  
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,  
And we their hands.

*All.* He shall, be sure on't.

*Men.* Sir, sir,—

*Sic.* Peace.

*Men.* Do not cry, *havock*, where you should but hunt  
With modest warrant.

*Sic.* Sir, how comes it, that you  
Have help to make this rescue ?

*Men.* Hear me speak :—  
As I do know the consul's worthiness,  
So can I name his faults :—

*Sic.* Consul !—what consul ?

*Men.* The consul Coriolanus.

*Bru.* He consul !

*All.* No, no, no, no, no.

*Men.* If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,  
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two ;  
The which shall turn you to no other harm,  
Than so much loss of time.

*Sic.* Speak briefly then :

For we are peremptory to dispatch  
This viperous traitor : to eject him hence  
Were but one danger ; and, to keep him here,  
Our certain death ; therefore, it is decreed,  
He dies to-night.

*Men.* Now the good Gods forbid,  
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude  
Towards her deserving children is enroll'd  
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam  
Should now eat up her own !

*Sic.* He's a disease, that must be cut away.

*Men.* O, he's a limb, that has but a disease ;  
Mortal, to cut it off ; to cure it, easy.  
What has he done to Rome, that's worthy death ?  
Killing our enemies ? The blood he hath lost  
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,  
By many an ounce), he dropp'd it for his country :  
And, what is left, to lose it by his country,  
Were to us all, that do't, and suffer it,  
A brand to the end o'the world.

*Sic.* This is clean kam.<sup>s</sup>

*Bru.* Merely awry : When he did love his country,  
It honour'd him.

*Sic.* The service of the foot,  
Being once gangren'd, it is not then respected  
For what before it was ?

*Bru.* We'll hear no more :—  
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence ;  
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,  
Spread further.

*Men.* One word more, one word.  
'This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find  
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,  
Tie leaden pounds to its heels. Proceed by process ;  
Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,  
And sack great Rome with Romans.

*Bru.* If 'twere so—

*Sic.* What do ye talk ?  
Have we not had a taste of his obedience ?  
Our ædiles smote ! ourselves resisted !—Come—

*Men.* Consider this ;—He hath been bred i'the wars

[s] i. e. Awry. So Cotgrave interprets "Tout va a contrepoll. All goes clean kam." Hence a kambrel for a crooked stick, or the bend in a horse's hinder leg. WARB.—The Welch word for crooked is kam. STEEV.

Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd  
In boulded language ; meal and bran together  
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,  
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him  
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form  
(In peace), to his utmost peril.

1 *Sen.* Noble tribunes,  
It is the humane way : the other course  
Will prove too bloody ; and the end of it  
Unknown to the beginning.

*Sic.* Noble Menenius,  
Be you then as the people's officer :  
—Masters, lay down your weapons.

*Bru.* Go not home.

*Sic.* Meet on the market-place : we'll attend you there :  
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed  
In our first way.

*Men.* I'll bring him to you :—  
Let me desire your company. [*To the Senators.*] He  
must come,  
Or what is worst will follow.

1 *Sen.* Pray, let's to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*CORIOLANUS's house. Enter CORIOLANUS with Nobles.*

*Cor.* Let them pull all about mine ears ; present me  
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels ;  
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpcian rock,  
That the precipitation might down stretch  
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still  
Be thus to them.

*Enter VOLUMNIA.*

*Nobl.* You do the nobler.

*Cor.* I muse,<sup>6</sup> my mother  
Does not approve me further, who was wont  
To call them woollen vassals, things created  
To buy or sell with groats ; to shew bare heads  
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,  
When one but of my ordinance stood up<sup>7</sup>  
To speak of peace, or war.—[*To Vol.*] I talk of you ;

[6] That is, I wonder, I am at a loss.

[7] My rank. JOHNS.

Why did you wish me milder ? Would you have me  
False to my nature ? Rather say, I play  
The man I am.

*Vol.* O, sir, sir, sir !

I would have had you put your power well on,  
Before you had worn it out.

*Cor.* Let it go.

*Vol.* You might have been enough the man you are,  
With striving less to be so : Lesser had been  
The thwartings of your dispositions, if  
You had not shew'd them how you were dispos'd  
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

*Cor.* Let them hang.

*Vol.* Ay, and burn too.

*Enter MENENIUS with the Senators.*

*Men.* Come, come, you've been too rough, some-  
thing too rough ;

You must return, and mend it.

*Sen.* There's no remedy ;

Unless, by not so doing, our good city  
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

*Vol.* Pray, be counsell'd :

I have a heart as little apt as your's,  
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger,  
To better 'vantage.

*Men.* Well said, noble woman ;

Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that  
The violent fit o'the times craves it as physic  
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,  
Which I can scarcely bear.

*Cor.* What must I do ?

*Men.* Return to the tribunes.

*Cor.* Well, what then ? what then ?

*Men.* Repent what you have spoke.

*Cor.* For them ?—I cannot do it for the Gods ;  
Must I then do't to them ?

*Vol.* You are too absolute ;

Though therein you can never be too noble,  
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,  
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,  
I'the war do grow together : Grant that, and tell me,  
In peace, what each of them by the other loses,  
That they combine not there ?

*Cor.* Tush, tush !

*Men.* A good demand.

*Vol.* If it be honour, in your wars, to seem  
The same you are not (which, for your best ends,  
You adopt your policy), how is it less, or worse,  
That it shall hold companionship in peace  
With honour, as in war; since that to both  
It stands in like request?

*Cor.* Why force you this?<sup>9</sup>

*Vol.* Because,

That now it lies on you to speak to the people:  
Not by your own instruction, nor by the matter  
Which your heart prompts you to; but with such words  
That are but rooted in your tongue, but bastards, and  
syllables

Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth:  
Now, this no more dishonours you at all,  
Than to take in a town with gentle words,  
Which else would put you to your fortune, and  
The hazard of much blood.—

I would dissemble with my nature, where  
My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, required,  
I should do so in honour: I am in this,  
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;<sup>1</sup>  
And you will rather shew our general lowts<sup>2</sup>  
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon 'em,  
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard  
Of what that want might ruin.<sup>3</sup>

*Men.* Noble lady!

—Come, go with us; speak fair: you may salve so,  
Not what is dangerous present,<sup>4</sup> but the loss  
Of what is past.

*Vol.* I pry thee now, my son,  
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;  
And thus far having stretch'd it (here be with them)  
Thy knee bussing the stones (for in such business  
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant  
More learned than the ears) waving thy head,  
With often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,  
Now humble as the ripest mulberry,<sup>5</sup>

(9) Why urge you? JOHNS.

(1) I think the meaning is, 'I am in their condition, I am at stake, together with your wife, your son.' JOHNS.

(2) Our common clowns. JOHNS.

(3) The want of their loves. (4) Not—seems to signify not only. JOHNS.

(5) This fruit, when thoroughly ripe, drops from the tree. STEEV.

That will not hold the handling : Or, say to them,  
 Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,  
 Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,  
 Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,  
 In asking their good loves ; but thou wilt frame  
 Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far  
 As thou hast power, and person.

*Men.* This but done,  
 Even as she speaks, why, all their hearts were your's ;  
 For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free  
 As words to little purpose.

*Vol.* Pr'ythee now,  
 Go, and be rul'd : although, I know, thou hadst rather  
 Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,  
 Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

*Enter COMINIUS.*

*Com.* I have been i'the market-place : and, sir, 'tis fit  
 You make strong party, or defend yourself  
 By calmness, or by absence ; all's in anger.

*Men.* Only fair speech.

*Com.* I think, 'twill serve, if he  
 Can thereto frame his spirit.

*Vol.* He must, and will :  
 Pr'ythee now, say you will, and go about it.

*Cor.* Must I go shew them my unbarb'd sconce ?<sup>6</sup>  
 Must I,

With my base tongue, give to my noble heart  
 A lie, that it must bear ? Well, I will do't :  
 Yet were there but this single plot to lose,<sup>7</sup>  
 This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,  
 And throw it against the wind.—To the market-place :  
 You have put me now to such a part, which never  
 I shall discharge to the life.

*Com.* Come, come, we'll prompt you.

*Vol.* I pr'ythee now, sweet son, as thou hast said,  
 My praises made thee first a soldier, so,  
 To have my praise for this, perform a part  
 Thou hast not done before.

*Cor.* Well, I must do't :—  
 Away, my disposition, and possess me

(6) The suppliants of the people used to present themselves to them in for-  
 did and neglected dresses. JOHNS.

(7) i. e. piece, portion ? applied to a piece of earth, and here elegantly  
 transferred to the body, carcass. WARB.

Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,  
 Which quired with my drum,<sup>8</sup> into a pipe  
 Small as an eunuch, or the virgin's voice  
 That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves  
 Tent in my cheeks;<sup>9</sup> and school-boys tears take up  
 The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue  
 Make motion through my lips: and my arm'd knees,  
 Which bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his  
 That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't;  
 Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,  
 And, by my body's action, teach my mind  
 A most inherent baseness.

*Vol.* At thy choice then:

To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,  
 Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let  
 Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear  
 Thy dangerous stoutness:<sup>1</sup> for I mock at death  
 With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.  
 Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me;  
 But own thy pride thyself.

*Cor.* Pray, be content;

Mother, I am going to the market-place;  
 Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,  
 Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd  
 Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:  
 Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul,  
 Or never trust to what my tongue can do  
 I'the way of flattery, further.

*Vol.* Do your will.

[*Exit VOLUMNIA.*

*Com.* Away, the tribunes do attend you: arm yourself  
 To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd  
 With accusations, as I hear, more strong  
 Than are upon you yet.

*Cor.* The word is, *mildly*:—Pray you, let us go:  
 Let them accuse me by invention, I  
 Will answer in mine honour.

*Men.* Ay, but mildly.

*Cor.* Well, mildly be it then; mildly— [*Exeunt.*

[8] Which played in concert with my drum. JOHNS.

[9] To tent, is to take up residence. *ib.*

[1] This is obscure. Perhaps, he means, 'Go, do thy worst; let me rather feel the utmost extremity that thy pride can bring upon us, than live thus in fear of thy dangerous obstinacy.' *ib.*

## SCENE III.

*The Forum. Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.*

**Bru.** In this point charge him home, that he affects  
Tyrannic power: If he evade us there,  
Enforce him with his envy to the people;  
And that the spoil, got on the Antiates,  
Was ne'er distributed.—What, will he come?

*Enter an Ædile.*

**Æd.** He's coming.

**Bru.** How accompanied?

**Æd.** With old Menenius, and those senators  
That always favour'd him.

**Sic.** Have you a catalogue  
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,  
Set down by the poll?

**Æd.** I have! 'tis ready.

**Sic.** Have you collected them by tribes?

**Æd.** I have.

**Sic.** Assemble presently the people hither:  
And when they hear me say, *It shall be so,*  
*I' the right and strength o' the commons,* be it either,  
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,  
If I say *Fine*, cry *Fine*; if *Death*, cry *Death*;  
Insisting on the old prerogative  
And power i' the truth o' the cause.

**Æd.** I shall inform them.

**Bru.** And when such time they have begun to cry,  
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd  
Enforce the present execution  
Of what we chance to sentence.

**Æd.** Very well.

**Sic.** Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,  
When we shall hap to giv't them.

**Bru.** Go about it.

*[Exit Ædile.]*

Put him to choler straight: He hath been us'd  
Ever to conquer, and to have his word  
Of contradiction: Being once chaf'd, he cannot  
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks  
What's in his heart; and that is there, which looks  
With us to break his neck.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, and COMINIUS,  
with others.*

*Sic.* Well, here he comes.

*Men.* Calmly, I do beseech you.

*Cor.* Ay, as an hostler, that for the poorest piece  
Will bear the knave by the volume.—The honour'd Gods  
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice  
Supply with worthy men! plant love amongst us!  
Throng our large temples with the shews of peace,  
And not our streets with war!

*1 Sen.* Amen, amen!

*Men.* A noble wish.

*Re-enter the Ædile, with the Plebeians.*

*Sic.* Draw near, ye people.

*Æd.* List to your tribunes. Audience; peace, I say.

*Cor.* First, hear me speak.

*Both Tri.* Well, say.—Peace, ho.

*Cor.* Shall I be charg'd no further than this present?  
Must all determine here?

*Sic.* I do demand,

If you submit you to the people's voices,  
Allow their officers, and are content  
To suffer lawful censure for such faults  
As shall be prov'd upon you?

*Cor.* I am content.

*Men.* Lo, citizens, he says, he is content:  
The warlike service he has done, consider: think  
Upon the wounds his body bears, which shew  
Like graves i'the holy church-yard.

*Cor.* Scratches with briars, scars to move laughter

*Men.* Consider further, [only.

That when he speaks not like a citizen,  
You find him like a soldier: Do not take  
His rougher accents for malicious sounds;  
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,  
Rather than envy you.<sup>2</sup>—

*Com.* Well, well, no more.

*Cor.* What is the matter,  
That being past for consul with full voice,  
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour  
You take it off again?

*Sic.* Answer to us.

---

[2] Envy—is here taken at large for malignity or ill intention.      JOHNS.

*Cor.* Say then. 'Tis true, I ought so.

*Sic.* We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take  
From Rome all season'd office,<sup>3</sup> and to wind  
Yourself unto a power tyrannical?

For which, you are a traitor to the people.

*Cor.* How! Traitor?

*Men.* Nay; temperately: Your promise.

*Cor.* The fires i'the lowest hell fold in the people!  
Call me their traitor!—Thou injurious tribune,  
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,  
In thine hands clutch'd as many millions, in  
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,  
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free  
As I do pray the Gods.

*Sic.* Mark you this, people?

*All.* To the rock with him!

*Sic.* Peace.

We need not lay new matter to his charge:  
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,  
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,  
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying  
Those whose great power must try him; even this,  
So criminal, and in such capital kind,  
Deserves the extremest death.

*Bru.* But since he hath  
Serv'd well for Rome—

*Cor.* What do you prate of service?

*Bru.* I talk of that, that know it.

*Cor.* You!

*Men.* Is this the promise that you made your mother?

*Com.* Know, I pray you—

*Cor.* I'll know no farther:

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,  
Vagabond exile, fleeing: Pent to linger  
But with a grain a day, I would not buy  
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;  
Nor check my courage for what they can give,  
To have't with saying, Good morrow!

*Sic.* For that he has

(As much as in him lies) from time to time  
Envy'd against the people, seeking means  
To pluck away their power; has now at last

---

[3] All office established and settled by time, and made familiar to the people  
by long use. JOHNS.

Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence<sup>5</sup>  
 Of dreaded justice but on the ministers  
 That do distribute it ; in the name o'the people,  
 And in the power of us the tribunes, we,  
 Even from this instant, banish him our city ;  
 In peril of precipitation  
 From off the rock Tarpeian, never more  
 To enter our Rome's gates : I'the people's name,  
 I say, it shall be so.

*All.* It shall be so ; it shall be so ; let him away :  
 He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

*Com.* Hear me, my masters, and my common friends—

*Sic.* He's sentenc'd : no more hearing.

*Com.* Let me speak :

I have been consul, and can shew from Rome,  
 Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love  
 My country's good, with a respect more tender,  
 More holy, and profound, than mine own life,  
 My dear wife's estimate,<sup>6</sup> her womb's increase,  
 And treasure of my loins : then if I would  
 Speak that—

*Sic.* We know your drift : Speak what ?

*Bru.* There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,  
 As enemy to the people, and his country :  
 It shall be so.

*All.* It shall be so, it shall be so.

*Cor.* You common cry of curs, whose breath I hate  
 As reek o'the rotten fens, whose love I prize  
 As the dead carcasses of unburied men  
 That do corrupt my air, I banish you ;  
 And here remain with your uncertainty !  
 Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts !  
 Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,  
 Fan you into despair ! Have the power still  
 To banish your defenders : till, at length,  
 Your ignorance (which finds not, till it feels ;<sup>7</sup>

[5] Not—stands again for 'not only.' JOHNS.

[6] I love my country beyond the rate at which I value my dear wife. *ib.*

[7] 'Still retain the power of banishing your defenders, till your undiscerning folly, which can foresee no consequences, leave none in the city but yourselves, who are always labouring your own destruction.'—It is remarkable, that, among the political maxims of the speculative Harrington, there is one which he might have borrowed from this speech. "The people (says he) cannot see, but they can feel." It is not much to the honour of the people, that they have the same character of stupidity from their enemy and their friend. Such was the power of our author's mind, that he looked through life in all its relations private and civil. *ib.*

Making but reservation of yourselves,  
 Still your own foes) deliver you, as most  
 Abated captives, to some nation  
 That won you without blows ! Despising,  
 For you, the city, thus I turn my back :  
 There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, and others. The  
 People shout, and throw up their caps.*

*Æd.* The people's enemy is gone, is gone !

*All.* Our enemy is banish'd ! he is gone ! Hoo ! hoo !

*Sic.* Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,  
 As he hath follow'd you, with all despight ;  
 Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard  
 Attend us through the city.

*All.* Come, come, let us see him out at gates ; come :  
 The Gods preserve our noble tribunes !—Come.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Before the gates of Rome. Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, with the young Nobility of Rome.*

*Coriolanus.*

Come, leave your tears. A brief farewell :—The beast  
 With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,  
 Where is your ancient courage ? You were us'd  
 To say, Extremity was the trier of spirits ;  
 That common chances common men could bear ;  
 That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike  
 Shew'd mastership in floating : Fortune's blows,  
 When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves  
 A noble cunning.<sup>8</sup> You were us'd to load me  
 With precepts, that would make invincible  
 The heart that conn'd them.

*Vir.* O heavens ! O heavens !

*Cor.* Nay, I pr'ythee, woman——

(8) The sense is, When Fortune strikes her hardest blows, to be wounded, and yet continue calm, requires a generous policy. He calls this calmness 'cunning,' because it is the effect of reflection and philosophy. Perhaps the first emotions of nature are nearly uniform, and one man differs from another in the powers of endurance, as he is better regulated by precept and instruction. —"They bore as heroes, but they felt as men." JOHNS.

*Vol.* Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,  
And occupations perish!

*Cor.* What, what, what!

I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,  
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,  
If you had been the wife of Hercules,  
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd  
Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,  
Droop not;—adieu:—Farewel, my wife! my mother!  
I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,  
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,  
And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime general,  
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld  
Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women  
'Tis fond<sup>9</sup> to wail inevitable strokes,  
As 'tis to laugh at 'em.—My mother, you wot well,  
My hazards still have been your solace: and  
Believ't not lightly (though I go alone,  
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen  
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen) your son  
Will, or exceed the common, or be caught  
With cautelous baits and practice.<sup>1</sup>

*Vol.* My first son,<sup>2</sup>

Where will you go? Take good Cominius  
With thee a while: Determine on some course,  
More than a wild exposure to each chance  
That starts i'the way before thee.

*Cor.* O the Gods!

*Com.* I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee  
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,  
And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth  
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send  
O'er the vast world, to seek a single man;  
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool  
I'the absence of the needer.

*Cor.* Fare ye well:—

Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full  
Of the war's surfeits, to go rove with one  
That's yet unbruised: bring me but out at gate.  
—Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and  
My friends of noble touch:<sup>3</sup> when I am forth,

[9] i. e. 'tis foolish.

[2] By artful and false tricks, and treason. JOHN.

[2] First—i. e. noblest, most eminent of men.

WARB.

[3] i. e. Of true metal unallay'd. Metaphor taken from trying gold on the touchstone.

ib.

Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.  
While I remain above the ground, you shall  
Hear from me still ; and never of me aught  
But what is like me formerly.

*Men.* That's worthily  
As any ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep.—  
If I could shake off but one seven years  
From these old arms and legs, by the good Gods,  
I'd with thee every foot.

*Cor.* Give me thy hand:—Come. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS, with the Ædile.*

*Sic.* Bid them all home:—He's gone, and we'll no  
further.

The nobility are vexed, who, we see, have sided  
In his behalf.

*Bru.* Now we have shewn our power,  
Let us seem humbler after it is done,  
Than when it was a-doing:

*Sic.* Bid them home:  
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they  
Stand in their ancient strength.

*Bru.* Dismiss them home. [*Exit Ædile.*]

*Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.*

Here comes his mother.

*Sic.* Let's not meet her.

*Bru.* Why?

*Sic.* They say, she's mad.

*Bru.* They have ta'en note of us:  
Keep on your way.

*Vol.* Oh, you are well met.

The hoarded plague o'the Gods requite your love!

*Men.* Peace, peace! be not so loud.

*Vol.* If that I could for weeping you should hear;—  
Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone?

[*To BRUTUS.*]  
*Vir.* [*To SICIN.*] You shall stay too: I would I had  
the power

To say so to my husband.

*Sic.* Are you mankind?<sup>4</sup>

*Vol.* Ay, fool; is that a shame?—Note but this fool.  
—Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship?<sup>5</sup>  
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome  
Than thou hast spoken words?

*Sic.* O blessed heavens!

*Vol.* More noble blows, than ever thou wise words;  
And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what;—Yet go;—  
Nay, but thou shalt stay too:—I would my son  
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,  
His good sword in his hand.

*Sic.* What then?

*Vir.* What then?

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

*Vol.* Bastards, and all.—

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

*Men.* Come, come, peace.

*Sic.* I would, he had continu'd to his country,  
As he began; and not unknit himself  
The noble knot he made.

*Bru.* I would, he had.

*Vol.* I would, he had!—'Twas you incens'd the rabble:  
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,  
As I can of those mysteries which heaven  
Will not have earth to know.

*Bru.* Pray, let us go.

*Vol.* Now, pray, sir, get you gone:  
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:—  
As far as doth the Capitol exceed  
The meanest house in Rome; so far, my son,  
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see)  
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

*Bru.* Well, well, we'll leave you.

*Sic.* Why stay you to be baited  
With one that wants her wits?

*Vol.* Take my prayers with you.—

I would, the Gods had nothing else to do, [*Ex. Tribunes.*]

(4) The word *mankind* is used maliciously by the first speaker, and taken perversely by the second. A *mankind* woman is a woman with the roughness of a man, and, in an aggravated sense, a woman ferocious, violent, and eager to shed blood. In this sense Sicinius asks Volumnia, if she be *mankind*. She takes '*mankind*' for a human creature, and accordingly cries out,

—Note but this fool.

Was not a man my father?

JOHNS.

(5) Hadst thou, fool as thou art, mean cunning enough to banish Coriolanus?  
JOHNS.

But to confirm my curses ! Could I meet 'em,  
But once a day, it would unlog my heart  
Of what lies heavy to't.

*Men.* You have told them home,  
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with me ?

*Vol.* Anger's my meat ; I sup upon myself,  
And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let's go :  
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,  
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

*Men.* Fie, fie, fie ! [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.

*Antium. Enter a Roman and a Volscian.*

*Rom.* I know you well, sir, and you know me : your name, I think, is Adrian.

*Vol.* It is so, sir : truly, I have forgot you.

*Rom.* I am a Roman ; but my services are, as you are, against 'em : Know you me yet ?

*Vol.* Nicanor ? No.

*Rom.* The same, sir.

*Vol.* You had more beard when I last saw you ; but your favour is well appear'd by your tongue.<sup>(6)</sup> What's the news in Rome ? I have a note from the Volscian state, to find you out there : You have well saved me a day's journey.

*Rom.* There have been in Rome strange insurrections : the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

*Vol.* Hath been ? Is it ended then ? Our state thinks not so ; they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

*Rom.* The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness, to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

*Vol.* Coriolanus banish'd !

*Rom.* Banish'd, sir.

*Vol.* You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

(6) I would read,—' Your favour is well approv'd by your tongue.' i. e. your tongue strengthens the evidence of your face. STANBY.

*Rom.* The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, The fittest time to corrupt a man's wife, is when she is fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer Coriolanus being now in no request of his country.

*Vol.* He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

*Rom.* I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

*Vol.* A most royal one. The centurions, and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment,<sup>7</sup> and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

*Rom.* I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

*Vol.* You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of your's.

*Rom.* Well, let us go together.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.

*Before AUFIDIUS' house. Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean apparel, disguis'd, and muffled.*

*Cor.* A goodly city is this Antium:—City,  
'Tis I that made thy widows; many an heir  
Of these fair edifices for my wars  
Have I heard groan, and drop: then know me not;  
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

*Enter a Citizen.*

In puny battle slay me.—Save you, sir.

*Cit.* And you.

*Cor.* Direct me, if it be your will,  
Where great Aufidius lies: Is he in Antium?

*Cit.* He is, and feasts the nobles of the state,  
At his house this night.

*Cor.* Which is his house, 'beseech you?

*Cit.* This, here, before you.

*Cor.* Thank you, sir. Farewel.

[*Exit Citizen.*]

(7) That is, though not actually encamped, yet already in pay. To entertain an army is to take them into pay. JOHNS.

O, world, thy slippery turns !<sup>8</sup> Friends now fast-sworn,  
 Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,  
 Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,  
 Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love  
 Unseparable, shall within this hour,  
 On a dissension of a doit, break out  
 To bitterest enmity : So fellest foes,  
 Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep  
 To take the one the other, by some chance,  
 Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,  
 And interjoin their issues. So with me :—  
 My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon  
 This enemy's town.—I'll enter : if he slay me,  
 He does fair justice ; if he give me way,  
 I'll do his country service. [Exit.

## SCENE V.

*A hall in AUFIDIUS' house. Music plays. Enter a Serving-Man.*

1 *Serv.* Wine, wine, wine ! What service is here ?  
 I think, our fellows are asleep. [Exit.

*Enter another Serving-Man.*

2 *Serv.* Where's COTUS ? my master calls for him.  
 COTUS. [Exit.

*Enter CORIOLANUS.*

*Cor.* A goodly house : The feast smells well : but I  
 Appear not like a guest.

*Re-enter the first Serving-Man.*

1 *Serv.* What would you have, friend ; Whence are  
 you ? Here's no place for you : Pray, go to the door. [Exit.

*Cor.* I have deserv'd no better entertainment,  
 In being Coriolanus. [Aside.

*Re-enter second Servant.*

2 *Serv.* Whence are you, sir ? Has the porter his eyes  
 in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions ?  
 Pray, get you out.

*Cor.* Away !——

2 *Serv.* Away ?——Get you away.

(8) This fine picture of common friendships, is an artful introduction to the sudden league which the poet makes him enter into with Aufidius : and no less artful an apology for his commencing enemy to Rome. WARB.

*Cor.* Now thou art troublesome.

*2 Serv.* Are you so brave: I'll have you talk'd with anon.

*Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.*

*3 Serv.* What fellow's this?

*1 Serv.* A strange one as ever I look'd on: I cannot get him out o'the house: Pr'ythee, call my master to him.

*3 Serv.* What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

*Cor.* Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

*3 Serv.* What are you?

*Cor.* A gentleman.

*3 Serv.* A marvellous poor one.

*Cor.* True, so I am.

*3 Serv.* Pray you, poore gentleman, take up some other station: here's no place for you. Pray you, avoid: come,

*Cor.* Follow your function; go,  
And batten on cold bits. [*Pushes him away from him.*]

*3 Serv.* What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

*2 Serv.* And I shall. [*Exit second Serving-Man.*]

*3 Serv.* Where dwell'st thou?

*Cor.* Under the canopy.

*3 Serv.* Under the canopy?

*Cor.* Ay.

*3 Serv.* Where's that?

*Cor.* I'the city of kites and crows.

*3 Serv.* I'the city of kites and crows?—What an ass it is!—then thou dwell'st with daws too?

*Cor.* No, I serve not thy master.

*3 Serv.* How, sir? do you meddle with my master?

*Cor.* Ay; 'tis an honestest service, than to meddle with thy mistress:

Thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy trencher, hence!  
[*Beats him away.*]

*Enter AUFIDIUS, with a Serving-Man.*

*Auf.* Where is this fellow?

*2 Serv.* Here, sir: I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

*Auf.* Whence comest you? what wouldest thou? Thy name?

Why speak'st not? Speak, man: What's thy name?

*Cor.* If, Tullus,  
Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not  
Take me to be the man I am, necessity  
Commands me name myself.

*Auf.* What is thy name?

*Cor.* A name unmusical to the Volscian ears,  
And harsh in sound to thine.

*Auf.* Say, what is thy name?  
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face  
Bears a command in't. Though thy tackle's torn,  
Thou shew'st a noble vessel. What's thy name?

*Cor.* Prepare thy brow to frown: know'st thou me yet?

*Auf.* I know thee not:—Thy name?

*Cor.* My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done  
To thee particularly, and to all the Volscians,  
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may  
My sirname Coriolanus. The painful service,  
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood  
Shed for my thankless country, are requited  
But with that sirname; a good memory,  
And witness of the malice and displeasure  
Which thou shouldst bear me; only that name remains:  
The cruelty and envy of the people,  
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who  
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;  
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be  
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity  
Hath brought me to thy hearth: not out of hope,  
Mistake me not, to save my life; for if  
I had fear'd death, of all men i'the world  
I'd have avoided thee: but in mere spite,  
To be full quit of those my banishers,  
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast  
A heart of wreak in thee,<sup>(9)</sup> that wilt revenge  
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims<sup>1</sup>  
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight  
And make my misery serve thy turn; so use it,  
That my revengeful services may prove  
As benefits to thee. For I will fight  
Against my canker'd country with the spleen  
Of all the under fiends. But if so be  
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes.

(9) A heart of resentment. JOHNS.

(1) That is, disgraceful diminutions of territory. JOHNS.

Thou art tir'd ; then, in a word, I also am  
Longer to live most weary, and present  
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice ;  
Which not to cut, would shew thee but a fool,  
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,  
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,  
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless  
It be to do thee service.

*Auf.* Oh Marcius, Marcius,  
Each word, thou hast spoke, hath weeded from my heart  
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter  
Should from yon cloud speak divine things, and say,  
'*Tis true* ; I'd not believe him more than thee,  
All noble Marcius.—Let me twine  
Mine arms about that body, where-against  
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,  
And scar'd the moon with splinters ! Here I clip  
The anvil of my sword ; and do contest  
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,  
As ever in ambitious strength I did  
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,  
I lov'd the maid I married ; never man  
Sigh'd truer breath ; but, that I see thee here,  
Thou noble thing ! more dances my rapt heart,  
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw  
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars ! I tell thee,  
We have a power on foot ; and I had purpose  
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,  
Or lose mine arm for't. Thou hast beat me out  
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since  
Dreamt of encounters, 'twixt thyself and me ;  
We have been down together in my sleep,  
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,  
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,  
Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that  
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all  
From twelve to seventy ; and, pouring war  
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,  
Like a bold flood o'er-bear. O, come, go in,  
And take our friendly senators by the hands ;  
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,  
Who am prepar'd against your territories,  
Though not for Rome itself.

*Cor.* You bless me, Gods !

*Auf.* Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have  
 The leading of thy own revenges, take  
 One half of my commission ; and set down,—  
 As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st  
 Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own ways :  
 Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,  
 Or rudely visit them in parts remote,  
 To fright them, ere destroy. But come in :  
 Let me commend thee first to those, that shall  
 Say *yea* to thy desires. A thousand welcomes !  
 And more a friend than e'er an enemy ;  
 Yet, *Marcus*, that was much.—Your hand :—most wel-  
 come ! *[Exeunt.]*

1 *Serv.* Here's a strange alteration !

2 *Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have stricken  
 him with a cudgel ; and yet my mind gave me, his clothes  
 made a false report of him.

1 *Serv.* What an arm he has ! He turn'd me about  
 with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

2 *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was some-  
 thing in him : He had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—  
 I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Serv.* He had so ; looking, as it were,—'Would I  
 were hang'd, but I thought there was more in him than  
 I could think.

2 *Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn : He is simply the  
 rarest man i'the world.

1 *Serv.* I think, he is : but a greater soldier than he,  
 you wot one.

2 *Serv.* Who ? my master ?

1 *Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Serv.* Worth six of him.

1 *Serv.* Nay, not so neither : but I take him to be  
 the greater soldier.

2 *Serv.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say  
 that : for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

*Enter a third Servant.*

3 *Serv.* O, slaves ! I can tell you news ; news, you rascals.

*Both.* What, what, what ? let's partake.

3 *Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations ; I had  
 as lieve be a condemn'd man.

*Both.* Wherefore ? wherefore ?

3 *Serv.* Why here's he that was wont to thwack our general, Caius Marcius.

1 *Serv.* Why do you say thwack our general?

3 *Serv.* I do not say thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Serv.* Come, we are fellows, and friends. He was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

1 *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the troth on't: Before Corioli, he scotcht him and notcht him like a carbonado.

2 *Serv.* And, had he been cannibally given, he might have broil'd and eaten him too.

1 *Serv.* But, more of thy news;—

3 *Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars: set at upper end o'the table: no question ask'd him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him: Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with's hands,<sup>2</sup> and turns up the white o'the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i'the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday: for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He will go, he says, and sowle the porter of Rome gates by the ears:<sup>3</sup> He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage poll'd.<sup>4</sup>

2 *Serv.* And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

3 *Serv.* Do't! he will do't: For, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, sir, (as it were) durst not (look you, sir) shew themselves (as we term it) his friends, whilst he's in directitude.

1 *Serv.* Directitude! what's that?

3 *Serv.* But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 *Serv.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'Tis, as it were a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world

(2) Alluding, improperly, to the act of crossing upon any strange event.

(3) That is, I suppose, drag him down by the ears into the dirt. JOHNS.

(4) i. e. Bared, cleared. ib.

again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Serv.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; its sprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent.<sup>5</sup> Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mull'd, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children, than war's a destroyer of men.

2 *Serv.* 'Tis so: and as war, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher; so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Serv.* Reason; because they then less need one another.<sup>6</sup> The wars, for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians.—They are rising, they are rising.

*All.* In, in, in, in. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE VI.

*A public place in Rome. Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.*

*Sic.* We hear not of him, neither need we fear him; His remedies are tame i'the present peace And quietness o'the people, which before Were in wild hurry.<sup>7</sup> Here he makes his friends Blush, that the world goes well; who rather had, Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold Dissention numbers pestering streets, than see Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going About their functions friendly.

*Enter MENENIUS.*

*Bru.* We stood to't in good time. Is this Menenius

*Sic.* 'Tis he, 'tis he! O, he is grown most kind Of late.—Hail, sir!

*Men.* Hail to you both!

*Sic.* Your Coriolanus is not much miss'd, But with his friends: The common-wealth doth stand; And so would do, were he more angry at it.

[5] Full of rumour, full of materials for discourse.   JOHNS.

[6] Shakespeare, when he chooses to give us some weighty observation upon human nature, not much to the credit of it, generally (as the intelligent reader may observe) puts it into the mouth of some low buffoon character.

WARD.

[7] i. e. Ineffectual in times of peace like these. When the people were in commotion, his friends might have strove to remedy his disgrace by tampering with them; but now, neither wanting to employ his bravery nor remembering his former actions, they are unfit subjects for the factious to work upon.

STEEV.

*Men.* All's well; and might have been much better, if He could have temporiz'd.

*Sic.* Where is he, hear you?

*Men.* Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his wife Hear nothing from him.

*Enter three or four Citizens.*

*All.* The Gods preserve you both!

*Sic.* Good-e'en, neighbours.

*Bru.* Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.

*1 Cit.* Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees, Are bound to pray for you both.

*Sic.* Live, and thrive!

*Bru.* Farewel, kind neighbours! We wish'd Coriolanus Had lov'd you as we did!

*All.* Now the Gods keep you!

*Both Tri.* Farewel, farewel. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

*Sic.* This is a happier and more comely time, Than when these fellows ran about the streets, Crying, Confusion.

*Bru.* Caius Marcius was A worthy officer i'the war; but insolent, O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking, Self-loving,—

*Sic.* And affecting one sole throne, Without assistance.

*Men.* I think not so.

*Sic.* We had by this, to all our lamentation, If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

*Bru.* The Gods have well prevented it, and Rome Sits safe and still without him.

*Enter Ædile.*

*Æd.* Worthy tribunes, There is a slave, whom we have put in prison, Reports,—The Volscians, with two several powers Are entered in the Roman territories; And with the deepest malice of the war Destroy what lies before 'em.

*Men.* 'Tis Aufidius, Who hearing of our Marcius' banishment, Thrusts forth his horns again into the world; Which were in-shell'd, when Marcius stood for Rome, And durst not once peep out.

*Sic.* Come, what talk you of Marcius!

*Bru.* Go, see this rumourer whipt.—It cannot be,  
The Volscians dare break with us.

*Men.* Cannot be!

We have record that very well it can ;  
And three examples of the like have been  
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,  
Before you punish him, where he heard this ;  
Lest you should chance to whip your information,  
And beat the messenger who bids beware  
Of what is to be dreaded.

*Sic.* Tell not me :—

I know, this cannot be.

*Bru.* Not possible.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* The nobles, in great earnestness, are going  
All to the senate-house : some news is come,  
That turns their countenances.

*Sic.* 'Tis this slave ;—

Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes :—his raising !  
Nothing but his report !

*Mes.* Yes, worthy sir,  
The slave's report is seconded ; and more,  
More fearful, is deliver'd.

*Sic.* What more fearful ?

*Mes.* It is spoke freely out of many mouths  
(How probable, I do not know) that Marcius,  
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome ;  
And vows revenge, as spacious, as between  
The young'st and oldest thing.

*Sic.* This is most likely !—

*Bru.* Rais'd only that the weaker sort may wish  
Good Marcius home again.

*Sic.* The very trick on't.

*Men.* This is unlikely :  
He and Aufidius can no more atone,<sup>9</sup>  
Than violentest contrariety.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mes.* You are sent for to the senate :  
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius  
Associated with Aufidius, rages  
Upon our territories ; and have already

[9] To atone, in the active sense, is to reconcile, and is so used by our author. To atone here is, in the neutral sense, to come to reconciliation. To atone is to unite. JOHN.

O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took  
What lay before them.

*Enter COMINIUS.*

*Com.* O, you have made good work!

*Men.* What news? What news?

*Com.* You have help to ravish your own daughters, and  
To melt the city-leads upon your pates;  
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses:—

*Men.* What's the news? what's the news?

*Com.* Your temples burned in their cement; and  
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd  
Into an auger's bore.

*Men.* Pray now, the news?—

You have made fair work, I fear me:—Pray, your news?  
If Marcius should be joined with the Volscians,——

*Com.* If? he is their god; he leads them like a thing  
Made by some other deity than Nature,  
That shapes man better; and they follow him,  
Against us brats, with no less confidence,  
Than boys pursuing summer butter-flies,  
Or butchers killing flies.

*Men.* You've made good work,  
You, and your apron-men; you that stood so much  
Upon the voice of occupation, and  
The breath of garlic-eaters!<sup>1</sup>

*Com.* He'll shake your Rome about your ears.

*Men.* As Hercules did shake down mellow fruit.<sup>2</sup>  
You have made fair work!

*Bru.* But is this true, sir?

*Com.* Ay; and you'll look pale  
Before you find it other. All the regions  
Do smilingly revolt; and, who resist,  
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,  
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him?  
Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

*Men.* We are all undone, unless  
The noble man have mercy.

*Com.* Who shall ask it?  
The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people

[1] To smell of garlick was once such a brand of vulgarity, that garlick was  
a food forbidden to an ancient order of Spanish knights, mentioned by Guevara.  
JOHNS.—To smell of leeks was no less a brand of vulgarity among the Roman  
people in the time of Juvenal. Sat. iii.

.....quis tecum scetile porum

Enter, et cixi vervecis labra comedit?

STEEV.

[2] An allusion to the apples of the Hesperides. ib.

Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf  
Does of the shepherds! for his best friends, if they  
Should say, *Be good to Rome*, they charg'd him even  
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,  
And therein shew'd like enemies.

*Men.* Tis true:

If he were putting to my house the brand  
That should consume it, I have not the face  
To say, *Beseech you, cease*.—You have made fair hands,  
You, and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

*Com.* You have brought  
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never  
So incapable of help.

*Tri.* Say not, we brought it.

*Men.* How! Was it we? We lov'd him, but, like beasts,  
And coward nobles, gave way to your clusters,  
Who did hoot him out o'the city.

*Com.* But, I fear,  
They'll roar him in again.<sup>3</sup> Tullus Aufidius,  
The second name of men, obeys his points  
As if he were his officer:—Desperation  
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,  
That Rome can make against them.

*Enter a troop of Citizens.*

*Men.* Here come the clusters!  
—And is Aufidius with him?—You are they  
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast  
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at  
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;  
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,  
Which will not prove a whip; as many coxcombs,  
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,  
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;  
If he should burn us all into one coal,  
We have deserv'd it.

*Omnes.* 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 *Cit.* For mine own part,  
When I said, *banish him*; I said, 'twas pity.

2 *Cit.* And so did I.

3 *Cit.* And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did  
very many of us. That we did, we did for the best;

(3) As they hooted at his departure, they will roar at his return; as he went out with scoffs, he will come back with lamentations. JOHNS.

and though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will.

*Com.* You are goodly things. You, voices !—

*Men.* You have made you good work,  
You and your cry !—Shall us to the Capitol ?

*Com.* O, ay ; what else ? [*Exe. COM. and MENEN.*]

*Sic.* Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd ;  
These are a side, that would be glad to have  
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,  
And shew no sign of fear.

*1 Cit.* The Gods be good to us ! Come, masters, let's home. I ever said, we were i'the wrong, when we banish'd him.

*2 Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home. [*Ex. Citizens.*]

*Bru.* I do not like this news.

*Sic.* Nor I.

*Bru.* Let's to the Capitol.—'Would, half my wealth  
Would buy this for a lie !

*Sic.* Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt Tribunes.*]

## SCENE VII.

*A camp, at a small distance from Rome. Enter AU-  
FIDIUS, with his Lieutenant.*

*Auf.* Do they still fly to the Roman ?

*Lieu.* I do not know what witchcraft's in him ; but  
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,  
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end ;  
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,  
Even by your own.

*Auf.* I cannot help it now ;  
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot  
Of our design. He bears himself more proudly  
Even to my person, than I thought he would,  
When first I did embrace him. Yet his nature  
In that's no changeling ; and I must excuse  
What cannot be amended.

*Lieu.* Yet I wish, sir,  
(I mean, for your particular), you had not  
Join'd in commission with him : but either borne  
The action of itself, or else to him  
Had left it solely.

*Auf.* I understand thee well ; and be thou sure,

When he shall come to his account, he knows not  
 What I can urge against him. Although it seems,  
 And so he thinks, and is no less apparent  
 To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,  
 And shews good husbandry for the Volscian state;  
 Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon  
 As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone  
 That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,  
 Whene'er we come to our account.

*Lieu.* Sir, I beseech you, think you, he'll carry Rome?

*Auf.* All places yield to him ere he sits down;  
 And the nobility of Rome are his:  
 The senators, and patricians, love him too:  
 The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people  
 Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty  
 To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to Rome  
 As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it  
 By sovereignty of nature.<sup>5</sup> First, he was  
 A noble servant to them; but he could not  
 Carry his honours even: whether pride,  
 Which out of daily fortune ever taints  
 The happy man; whether defect of judgment,<sup>6</sup>  
 To fail in the disposing of those chances  
 Which he was lord of; or whether nature,  
 Not to be other than one thing, not moving  
 From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace  
 Even with the same austerity and garb  
 As he control'd the war: but, one of these  
 (As he hath spices of them all, not all,  
 For I dare so far free him) made him fear'd,  
 So hated, and so banish'd. But he has a merit,  
 To choke it in the utterance.<sup>†</sup> So our virtues  
 Lie in the interpretation of the time:  
 And power, unto itself most commendable,  
 Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair  
 To extol what it hath done.<sup>7</sup>  
 One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;

(5) Osprey, the sea-eagle, *offisraga*. POPE.

(6) Aufidius assigns three probable reasons for the miscarriage of Coriolanus; pride, which easily follows an uninterrupted train of success; unskillfulness to regulate the consequences of his own victories; a stubborn uniformity of nature, which could not make the proper transition from the casque or helmet to the cushion or chair of civil authority; but acted with the same despotism in peace as in war. JOHNS.

† He has a merit, for no other purpose than to destroy it by boasting it. *ib.*

(7) The sense is, the virtue which delights to commend itself, will find the surest tomb in that chair wherein it holds forth its own commendations. JOHNS.

Right's by right fouler,<sup>8</sup> strengths by strengths do fail.  
Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine  
Thou art poor'st of all; then, shortly art thou mine.

[*Exeunt.*]

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ACT V. SCENE I.

*A public place in Rome. Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, with others.*

*Menenius.*

NO, I'll not go. You hear, what he hath said,  
Which was sometime his general; who lov'd him  
In a most dear particular. He call'd me, father:  
But what o'that? Go you, that banish'd him,  
A mile before his tent fall down, and knee  
The way into his mercy. Nay, if he coy'd  
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

*Com.* He would not seem to know me.

*Men.* Do you hear?

*Com.* Yet one time he did call me by my name:  
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops  
That we have bled together. Coriolanus  
He would not answer to: forbad all names;  
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,  
Till he had forg'd himself a name i'the fire  
Of burning Rome.

*Men.* Why, so; you have made good work:  
A pair of tribunes, that have rack'd for Rome,  
To make coals cheap. A noble memory!

*Com.* I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon  
When least it was expected: He reply'd,  
It was a bare petition of a state,  
To one whom they had punish'd.

*Men.* Very well:  
Could he say less?

*Com.* I offer'd to awaken his regard  
For his private friends: His answer to me was,  
He could not stay to pick them in a pile  
Of noisome, musty chaff. He said, 'twas folly,

---

[8] I. e. What is already right, and is received as such, becomes less clear when it is supported by supererogatory proofs. STEEV.

For one poor grain, or two, to leave unburnt,  
And still to nose the offence.

*Men.* For one poor grain or two?  
I am one of those ; his mother, wife, his child :  
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains :  
You are the musty chaff ; and you are smelt  
Above the moon. We must be burnt for you.

*Sic.* Nay, pray be patient : If you refuse your aid  
In this so never-needed help, yet do not  
Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you  
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,  
More than the instant army we can make,  
Might stop our countryman.

*Men.* No ; I'll not meddle.

*Sic.* Pray you, go to him,

*Men.* What should I do ?

*Bru.* Only make trial what your love can do  
For Rome, towards Marcius.

*Men.* Well, and say that Marcius  
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,  
Unheard ; what then ?—

But as a discontented friend, grief-shot  
With his unkindness. Say't be so ?

*Sic.* Yet your good will  
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure,  
As you intended well.

*Men.* I'll undertake it :  
I think he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,  
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.  
He was not taken well ; he had not din'd :  
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then  
We pout upon the morning, are unapt  
To give or to forgive ; but when we have stuff'd  
These pipes, and these conveyances of blood  
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls  
Than in our priest-like fasts. Therefore, I'll watch him  
Till he be dieted to my request,  
And then I'll set upon him.

*Bru.* You know the very road into his kindness,  
And cannot lose your way.

*Men.* Good faith, I'll prove him,  
Speed how it will. I shall, ere long, have knowledge  
Of my success. [Exit.]

*Com.* Hell never hear him.

*Sic.* Not?

*Com.* I tell you, he does sit in gold,<sup>1</sup> his eye  
Red, as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury  
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him:  
'Twas very faintly he said, *rise*; dismiss'd me  
Thus, with his speechless hand: What he would do,  
He sent in writing after me; what he would not,  
<sup>2</sup>Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions:  
So that all hope is vain;  
Unless his noble mother, and his wife,  
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him  
For mercy to his country—Therefore, let's hence,  
And with our fair entreaties haste them on. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*The Volscian camp. Enter MENENIUS to the Watch or Guard.*

*1 Watch.* Stay: Whence are you?

*2 Watch.* Stand, and go back.

*Men.* You guard like men; 'tis well: But, by your leave,  
I am an officer of state, and come  
To speak with Coriolanus.

*1 Watch.* Whence?

*Men.* From Rome.

*1 Wat.* You may not pass, you must return: our general  
Will no more hear from thence.

*2 Wat.* You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before  
You'll speak with Coriolanus.

*Men.* Good my friends,  
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,  
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,<sup>3</sup>  
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.

*1 Watch.* Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name  
Is not here passable.

*Men.* I tell thee, fellow,  
Thy general is my lover: I have been  
The book of his good acts, whence men have read  
His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified;

(1) He is enthroned in all the pomp and pride of imperial splendour. JOHNS.

(2) Here is, I think, a chafin. The speaker's purpose seems to be this: "To yield to his conditions is ruin, and better cannot be obtained, so that all hope is vain."

(3) A lot, is here a prize. JOHNS.

For I have ever verifi'd my friends†  
 (Of whom he's chief) with all the size that verity  
 Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,  
 Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,<sup>5</sup>  
 I have tumbled past the throw; and in his praise  
 Have almost stamp'd the leasing: Therefore, fellow,  
 I must have leave to pass.

*1 Watch.* 'Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf, as you have utter'd words in your own, you should not pass here: no, though it were as virtuous to lie, as to live chastely. Therefore, go back.

*Men.* Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary of the party of your general.

*2 Watch.* Howsoever you have been his liar, (as you say you have) I am one that, telling true under him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

*Men.* Has he din'd, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

*1 Watch.* You are a Roman, are you?

*Men.* I am as thy general is.

*1 Watch.* Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have push'd out of your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsy'd intercession of such a decay'd dotard as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceiv'd; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: You are condemned; our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

*Men.* Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

*2 Watch.* Come, my captain knows you not.

*Men.* I mean, thy general.

[4] Shakespeare's mighty talent in painting the manners is especially remarkable in this place. Menenius here, and Polonius in *Hamlet*, have much of the same natural character. The difference is only accidental. The one was a senator in a free state; and the other a courtier and minister to a king; which two circumstances afforded matter for that inimitable ridicule thrown over the character of Polonius. For the rest, there is an equal complaisance for those they follow; the same disposition to be a creature; the same love of prate; the same affectation of wisdom, and forwardness to be in business. WARB.

[5] Subtle, means smooth, level ground. STEEV.

1 *Watch.* My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go; lest I let forth your half pint of blood;—back, that's the utmost of your having:—back.

*Men.* Nay, but fellow, fellow,—

*Enter CORIOLANUS, with AUFIDIUS.*

*Cor.* What's the matter?

*Men.* Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you: You shall know now, that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack gardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, by my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not i'the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering: Behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious Gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! Oh, my son, my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly mov'd to come to thee: but being assured, none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of our gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good Gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee—

*Cor.* Away!

*Men.* How! away?

*Cor.* Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs Are servanted to others: Though I owe My revenge properly, remission lies In Volscian breasts.<sup>8</sup> That we have been familiar, Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather Than pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone. Mine ears against your suits are stronger, than Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee, Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,

[*Gives him a letter.*

And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius, I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius, Was my belov'd in Rome: yet thou behold'st—

*Auf.* You keep a constant temper. [*Exeunt.*

[8] Though I have a peculiar right in revenge, in the power of forgiveness the Volscians are conjoined. JOH.

*Manent the Guard, and MENENIUS.*

1 *Watch.* Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

2 *Watch.* 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power. You know the way home again.

1 *Watch.* Do you hear how we are shent for keeping your greatness back?<sup>9</sup>

2 *Watch.* What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

*Men.* I neither care for the world, nor your general: For such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, you are so slight. He, that hath a will to die by himself, fears it not from another; let your general do his worst. For you, be what you are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away!

[*Exit.*]

1 *Watch.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 *Watch.* The worthy fellow is our general: He is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [*Excunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*Re-enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*

*Cor.* We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow Set down our host.—My partner in this action, You must report to the Volscian lords, how plainly I have born this business.<sup>1</sup>

*Auf.* Only their ends You have respected; stopt your ears against The general suit of Rome; never admitted Private whisper, no, not with such friends That thought them sure of you.

*Cor.* This last old man, Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome, Lov'd me above the measure of a father; Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge Was to send him: for whose old love, I have (Though I shew'd sourly to him) once more offer'd The first conditions, which they did refuse, And cannot now accept: to grace him only, That thought he could do more; a very little I have yielded too. Fresh embassies, and suits,

[9] Shent—is brought to destruction.      JOHNS.

[1] i. e. How openly, how remotely from artifice or concealment.

Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter  
Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this?

[*Shout within.*]

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow  
In the same time 'tis made? I will not—

*Enter VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, VALERIA, young MARCIUS, with Attendants, all in mourning.*

My wife comes foremost: then the honour'd mould  
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand  
The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affection!  
All bond and privilege of nature, break!  
Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.—[*VIRG. courtesies.*]  
What is that curt'sy worth? or those dove's eyes,  
Which can make Gods forsworn?—I melt, and am not  
Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows;

[*VOLUMNIA bows.*]

As if Olympus to a mole-hill should  
In supplication nod: and my young boy  
Hath an aspect of intercession, which  
Great Nature cries, *Deny not*.—Let the Volscians  
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never  
Be such a goslin to obey instinct; but stand  
As if a man were author of himself,  
And knew no other kin.

*Vir.* My lord and husband!

*Cor.* These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

*Vir.* The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,  
Makes you think so.<sup>2</sup>

*Cor.* Like a dull actor now,  
I have forgot my part, and I am out,  
Even to a full disgrace.—Best of my flesh,  
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,  
For that, *Forgive our Romans*.—O, a kiss  
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!  
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven,<sup>3</sup> that kiss  
I carried from thee, dear, and my true lip  
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You Gods! I prate,

(2) Virgilia makes a voluntary misinterpretation of her husband's words. He says, 'These eyes are not the same,' meaning, that he saw things with other eyes, or other dispositions. She lays hold on the word eyes, to turn his attention on their present appearance. JOHNS.

(3) That is, by Juno, the guardian of marriage, and consequently the avenger of connubial perfidy.

And the most noble mother of the world  
 Leave unsaluted. Sink, my knee, i'the earth; [*Kneels.*  
 Of thy deep duty more impression shew  
 Than that of common sons.

*Vol.* O, stand up blest!

Whilst with no softer cushion than the flint,  
 I kneel before thee; and improperly  
 Shew duty, as mistaken all the while [*Kneels.*  
 Between the child and parent.

*Cor.* What is this?

Your knees to me? to your corrected son?  
 Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach  
 Fillop the stars: then let the mutinous winds  
 Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;  
 Murd'ring impossibility, to make  
 What cannot be, slight work.

*Vol.* Thou art my warrior;  
 I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

[*Pointing to VALERIA.*

*Cor.* The noble sister of Poplicola,  
 The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle  
 That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,  
 And hangs on Dian's temple. Dear Valeria!—

*Vol.* This is a poor epitome of your's,

[*Shewing young MARCIUS.*

Which by the interpretation of full time  
 May shew like all yourself.

*Cor.* The God of soldiers,  
 With the consent of supreme Jove,<sup>4</sup> inform  
 Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st prove  
 To shame invulnerable, and stick i'the wars  
 Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,<sup>5</sup>  
 And saving those that eye thee!

*Vol.* Your knee, sirrah.

*Cor.* That's my brave boy.

*Vol.* Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,  
 Are suitors to you.

*Cor.* I beseech you, peace:  
 Or, if you'd ask, remember this before;  
 The thing, I have forsworn to grant, may never  
 Be-held by you denial. Do not bid me

[4] This is inserted with great decorum. Jupiter was the tutelary God of Rome. WARB.

[5] That is, every gust, every storm. JOHNS.

Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate  
Again with Rome's mechanics:—Tell me not  
Wherein I seem unnatural: desire not  
To allay my rages and revenges, with  
Your colder reasons.

*Vol.* Oh, no more; no more!

You have said, you will not grant us any thing:  
For we have nothing else to ask, but that  
Which you deny already: Yet we will ask,  
That, if we fail in our request, the blame  
May hang upon your hardness:—Therefore, hear us.

*Cor.* Aufidius, and you Volscians, mark; for we'll  
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request?

*Vol.* Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment  
And state of bodies would bewray what life  
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,  
How more unfortunate than all living women  
Are we come hither: since thy sight, which should  
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,  
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow;<sup>6</sup>  
Making the mother, wife, and child, to see  
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing  
His country's bowels out. And to poor we,  
Thine enmity's most capital: thou barr'st us  
Our prayers to the Gods, which is a comfort  
That all but we enjoy: For how can we,  
Alas! how can we, for our country pray,  
Whereto we are bound; together with thy victory,  
Whereto we are bound? Alack! or we must lose  
The country, our dear nurse; or else thy person,  
Our comfort in the country. We must find  
An evident calamity, though we had  
Our wish, which side should win: For either thou  
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led  
With manacles through our streets; or else  
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin;  
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed  
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,  
I purpose not to wait on fortune, till  
These wars determine: If I cannot persuade thee  
Rather to shew a noble grace to both parts,  
Than seek the end of one; thou shalt no sooner  
March to assault thy country, than to tread

(6) That is, constrain the eye to weep, and the heart to shake. JOHNS.

(Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,  
That brought thee to this world.

*Vir.* Ay, and mine,  
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name  
Living to time.

*Boy.* He shall not tread on me ;  
I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

*Cor.* Not of a woman's tenderness to be,  
Requires, nor child, nor woman's face, to see.  
I have sat too long.—

*Vol.* Nay, go not from us thus.  
If it were so, that our request did tend  
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy  
The Volscians, whom you serve, you might condemn us,  
As poisonous of your honour: No; our suit  
Is, that you reconcile them; while the Volscians  
May say, *This mercy we have shew'd*; the Romans,  
*This we receiv'd*; and each in either side  
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, *Be blest  
For making up this peace!* Thou know'st, great son,  
The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,  
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit  
Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,  
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;  
Whose chronicle thus writ,—*The man was noble,  
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out;  
Destroy'd his country, and his name remains  
To the ensuing age abhorr'd.* Speak to me, son:  
'Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,<sup>7</sup>  
'To imitate the graces of the Gods;  
'To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,  
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt<sup>8</sup>  
'That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?  
'Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man  
Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, speak you:  
He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy;  
Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more  
'Than can our reasons.—There is no man in the world  
More bound to his mother; yet here he lets me prate,  
Like one i' the stocks.<sup>9</sup> Thou hast never in thy life

(7) The niceties, the refinements.      JOHNS.

(8) The meaning of the passage is, To threaten much, and yet be merciful.  
VARS.

9 Keeps me in a state of ignominy talking to no purpose.      JOHNS.

Shew'd thy dear mother any courtesy ;  
 When she, (poor hen) fond of no second brood,  
 Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,  
 Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,  
 And spurn me back ; but, if it be not so,  
 Thou art not honest, and the Gods will plague thee,  
 That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which  
 To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away :  
 Down, ladies ; let us shame him with our knees.  
 To his sirname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,  
 Than pity to our prayers. Down ; and end ;  
 This is the last :—So we will home to Rome,  
 And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us ;  
 This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,  
 But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,  
 Does reason our petition with more strength<sup>1</sup>  
 Than thou hast to deny't.—Come, let us go :  
 This fellow had a Volscian to his mother ;  
 His wife is in Corioli, and this child  
 Like him by chance :—Yet give us our dispatch :  
 I am hush'd, until our city be afire ;  
 And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. Mother, mother !——

[*Holds her by the hands, silent.*]

What have you done ? Behold, the heavens do ope,  
 The Gods look down, and this unnatural scene  
 They laugh at. Oh my mother, mother ! oh !  
 You have won a happy victory to Rome :  
 But for your son—believe it, oh, believe it——  
 Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,  
 If not most mortal to him. But, let it come :—  
 Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,  
 I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,  
 Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard  
 A mother less ? or granted less, Aufidius ?

Auf. I was mov'd withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn, you were :  
 And, sir, it is no little thing, to make  
 Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,  
 What peace you'll make, advise me : For my part,  
 I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you : and pray you,  
 Stand to me in this cause.—O mother ! wife !

(1) Does argue for us and our petition.      JOHNS.

*Auf.* I am glad, thou'st set thy mercy and thy honour  
At difference in thee ; out of that I'll work  
Myself a former fortune.<sup>2</sup> [*Aside.*

[*The Ladies make signs to CORIOLANUS.*

*Cor.* Ay, by and by ;  
But we will drink together ; and you shall bear  
[*To VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, &c.*

A better witness back than words, which we,  
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.  
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve  
To have a temple built you : all the swords  
In Italy, and her confederate arms,  
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.

*The Forum, in Rome. Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS.*

*Men.* See you yon' coign o'the Capitol ; yon' corner-stone ?

*Sic.* Why, what of that ?

*Men.* If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But, I say, there's no hope in't ; our throats are sentenc'd, and stay upon execution.

*Sic.* Is't possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man ?

*Men.* There is difference between a grub, and a butterfly ; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon : he has wings ; he's more than a creeping thing.

*Sic.* He lov'd his mother dearly.

*Men.* So did he me : and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight years old horse.<sup>3</sup> The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with his eye ; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in state,

(2) I will take advantage of this concession to restore myself to my former credit and power. JOHNS.

(3) Subintelligitur 'remembers his dam.' WARB.

as a thing made for Alexander.<sup>9</sup> What he bids be done, is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a God, but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

*Sic.* Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

*Mén.* I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him : there is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tyger ; and that shall our poor city find ; and all this is 'long of you.

*Sic.* The Gods be good unto us !

*Mén.* No, in such a case the Gods will not be good unto us. When we banish'd him, we respected not them : and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house : The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune, And hale him up and down ; all swearing, if The Roman ladies bring not comfort home, They'll give him death by inches.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Sic.* What's the news ?

*Mes.* Good news, good news ! The ladies have prevail'd. The Volscians are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone : A merrier day did never yet greet Rome, No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

*Sic.* Friend,  
Art certain this is true ? Is it most certain ?

*Mes.* As certain, as I know the sun is fire : Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it ? Ne'er through an arch so hurry'd the blown tide, As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you !

*[Trumpets, hautboys, drums beat, all together.]*

The trumpets, sacbuts, psalteries, and fifes,  
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,  
Make the sun dance. Hark you ! *[A shout within.]*

*Mén.* This is good news :  
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia  
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,

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(9) In a foregoing note he was said 'to fit in gold.' The phrase, 'as a thing made for Alexander,' means 'as one made to resemble Alexander.' JOHNS.

A city full ; of tribunes, such as you,  
 A sea and land full : You have pray'd well to-day ;  
 This morning, for ten thousand of your throats  
 I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they shout !  
 [*Sound still, with the shouts.*]

*Sic.* First, the Gods bless you for your tidings : next,  
 Accept my thankfulness.

*Mes.* Sir, we have all great cause to give great thanks.

*Sic.* They are near the city ?

*Mes.* Almost at point to enter.

*Sic.* We'll meet them, and help the joy. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter two Senators, with Ladies, passing over the stage, with other Lords.*

*Sen.* Behold our patroness, the life of Rome :  
 Call all our tribes together, praise the Gods,  
 And make triumphant fires ; strew flowers before them :  
 Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,  
 Repeal him with the welcome of his mother :  
 Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome !——

*All.* Welcome, ladies, welcome ! [*Exeunt.*]  
 [*A flourish with drums and trumpets.*]

## SCENE V.

*A public place in Antium. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.*

*Auf.* Go tell the lords of the city, I am here :  
 Deliver them this paper : having read it,  
 Bid them repair to the market-place ; where I,  
 Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,  
 Will vouch the truth of it. He, I accuse,  
 The city-ports by this hath enter'd, and  
 Intends to appear before the people, hoping  
 To purge himself with words : dispatch.—Most welcome !

*Enter three or four Conspirators of AUFIDIUS' faction.*

*1 Con.* How is it with our general ?

*Auf.* Even so,  
 As with a man by his own alms impoison'd,  
 And with his charity slain.

*2 Con.* Most noble sir,

If yet you hold the same intent wherein  
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you  
Of your great danger.

*Auf.* Sir, I cannot tell;

We must proceed, as we do find the people.

3 *Con.* The people will remain uncertain, whilst  
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either  
Makes the survivor heir of all.

*Auf.* I know it;

And my pretext to strike at him, admits  
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd  
Mine honour for his truth: who, being so heighten'd,  
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,  
Seducing so my friends: and, to this end,  
He bow'd his nature, never known before  
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3 *Con.* Sir, his stoutness,  
When he did stand for consul, which he lost  
By lack of stooping,—

*Auf.* That I would have spoke of:  
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth;  
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;  
Made him joint servant with me; gave him way  
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose  
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,  
My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments  
In mine own person; help to reap the fame,  
Which he did end all his; and took some pride  
To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,  
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and  
He wag'd me with his countenance,<sup>5</sup> as if  
I had been mercenary.

1 *Con.* So he did, my lord:  
The army marvell'd at it. And at last,  
When he had carried Rome; and that we look'd  
For no less spoil, than glory,—

*Auf.* There was it;—  
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.<sup>6</sup>

(5) This is obscure. The meaning, I think, is, he prescribed to me with an air of authority, and gave me his countenance for my wages; thought me sufficiently rewarded with good looks. JOHNS.

(6) This is the point on which I will attack him with my utmost abilities. JOHNS.

At a few drops of women's rheum, which are  
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour  
Of our great action ; therefore, shall he die,  
And I'll renew me in his fall. But hark !

*[Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of the People.]*

1 *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a post,  
And had no welcomes home ; but he returns,  
Splitting the air with noise.

2 *Con.* And patient fools,  
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear,  
With giving him glory.

3 *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,  
Ere he express himself, or move the people  
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,  
Which we will second. When he lies along,  
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury  
His reasons with his body.

*Auf.* Say no more ;  
Here come the lords.

*Enter the Lords of the city.*

*All Lords.* You are most welcome home.

*Auf.* I have not deserv'd it.  
But, worthy lords, you have with heed perus'd  
What I have written to you ?

*All.* We have.

1 *Lord.* And grieve to heart it.  
What faults he made before the last, I think,  
Might have found easy fines ; but there to end,  
Where he was to begin ; and give away  
The benefit of our levies, answering us<sup>(7)</sup>  
With our own charge ; making a treaty, where  
There was a yielding : This admits no excuse.

*Auf.* He approaches, you shall hear him.

*Enter CORIOLANUS marching, with drums and colours ; the Commons being with him.*

*Cor.* Hail, lords ! I am return'd your soldier ;  
No more infected with my country's love,  
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting

---

(7) That is, rewarding us with our own expences ; making the cost of the war its recompence. JOHNS.

Under your great command. You are to know,  
That prosperously I have attempted, and  
With bloody passage led your wars, even to  
The gates of Rome. Our spoils, we have brought home,  
Doth more than counterpoise, a full third part,  
The charges of the action. We have made peace,  
With no less honour to the Antiates,  
Than shame to the Romans: And we here deliver,  
Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,  
Together with the seal o'the senate, what  
We have compounded on.

*Auf.* Read it not, noble lords:  
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree,  
He hath abus'd your powers.

*Cor.* Traitor?—how now?—

*Auf.* Ay, traitor, Marcius.

*Cor.* Marcius!

*Auf.* Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius; dost thou think  
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name  
Coriolanus in Corioli?—

You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously  
He has betray'd your business, and given up,  
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome  
(I say, your city) to his wife and mother:  
Breaking his oath and resolution, like  
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting  
Counsel o'the war: but at his nurse's tears  
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory;  
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart  
Look'd wondering each at other.

*Cor.* Hear'st thou, Mars?—

*Auf.* Name not the God! thou boy of tears!—

*Cor.* Ha!

*Auf.* No more.

*Cor.* Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart  
Too great for what contains it. Boy? O slave!  
—Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever  
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,  
Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion  
(Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him; that  
Must bear my beating to his grave) shall join  
To thrust the lie unto him.

1 *Lord.* Peace, both, and hear me speak.

*Cor.* Cut me to pieces, Volscians, men and lads,

R VOL. VI.

Stain all your edges in me.—Boy ! False hound !  
 If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,  
 That, like an eagle on a dove-cote, I  
 Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli :  
 Alone I did it.—Boy !—

*Auf.* Why, noble lords,  
 Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,  
 Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,  
 'Fore your own eyes and ears ?

*All Con.* Let him die for't.

*All People.* Tear him to pieces, do it presently.

*[The Crowd speak promiscuously.]*

He kill'd my son,—my daughter,—he kill'd my cousin  
 Marcus.

He kill'd my father.—

*2 Lord.* Peace, ho !—no outrage ;—peace.—  
 The man is noble, and his fame folds in  
 This orb o'the earth :<sup>8</sup> His last offences to us  
 Shall have judicious hearing.—Stand, Aufidius,  
 And trouble not the peace.

*Cor.* O, that I had him,  
 With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,  
 To use my lawful sword,——

*Auf.* Insolent villain !

*All Con.* Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

*[AUFIDIUS and the Conspirators draw, and kill MARCIUS, who falls, and AUFIDIUS stands on him.]*

*Lords.* Hold, hold, hold, hold.

*Auf.* My noble masters, hear me speak.

*1 Lord.* O Tullus,—

*2 Lord.* Thou hast done a deed, whereat  
 Valour will weep.

*3 Lord.* Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be quiet ;  
 Put up your swords.

*Auf.* My lords, when you shall know (as in this rage,  
 Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger  
 Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice  
 That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours  
 To call me to your senate, I'll deliver  
 Myself your loyal servant, or endure  
 Your heaviest censure.

---

(8) His fame overspreads the world.    JOHNS.

1 *Lord.* Bear from hence his body,  
And mourn you for him : Let him be regarded  
As the most noble corse, that ever herald  
Did follow to his urn.

2 *Lord.* His own impatience  
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame,  
Let's make the best of it.

*Auf.* My rage is gone,  
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up :—  
Help three o'the chiefest soldiers ; I'll be one.—  
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully ;—  
Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he  
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,  
Which to this hour bewail the injury,  
Yet he shall have a noble memory.—

*Assist.*

*[Exeunt, bearing the body of MARCIUS. A dead  
march sounded.]*



# **JULIUS CÆSAR.**

**S** VOL. VI.



## OBSERVATIONS.

**O**F this tragedy many particular passages deserve regard, and the contention and reconciliation of Brutus and Cæsius, is universally celebrated ; but I have never been strongly agitated in perusing it, and think it somewhat cold and un-affecting, compared with some other of Shakespeare's plays ; his adherence to the real story, and to Roman manners, seems to have impeded the natural vigour of his genius.   JOHNSON.

The poet (as Voltaire has done since) confounds the characters of *Marcus* and *Decimus*. *Decimus Brutus* was the most cherished by *Cæsar* of all his friends, while *Marcus* kept aloof, and declined so large a share of his favours and honours as the other had constantly accepted. *Velleius Paterculus*, speaking of *Decimus Brutus*, says—ab iis quos miserat *Antonius*, jugulatus est, justissimasque optimè de se merito, C. Cæsari pœnas dedit, cujus cum primus omnium amicorum fuisset, interfector fuit, et fortunæ ex qua fructum tulerat, invidiam in auctorem relegabat, consebatque æquum quæ acceperat a Cæsare retinere, Cæsarem qui illa dederat perîisse.

Lib. ii. c. 64.

Jungitur his *Decimus* notissimus inter amicos  
Cæsaris, ingratus, cui trans-Alpina fuisset  
Gallia Cæsareo nuper commissâ favore  
Non illum conjuncta fides, non nomen amici  
Deterrere potest.

Ante alios *Decimus*, cui fallere, nomen amici  
Præcipue dederat, ductorem sæpe morantem  
Incitat.—*Supplem. Lucani.*

STEVENS.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,  
M. ANTONY,  
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS, } *triumvirs after the death of  
Julius Cæsar.*

CICERO,

BRUTUS,

CASSIUS,

CASCA,

TREBONIUS,

LIGARIUS,

DECIUS BRUTUS,

METELLUS CIMBER,

CINNA,

POPILIUS LENA, } *senators.*

PUBLIUS,

FLAVIUS,

MARULLUS, } *tribunes, and enemies to Cæsar.*

MESSALA,

TITINIUS, } *friends to Brutus and Cassius.*

ARTEMIDORUS, *a sophist of Cnidos.*

*A Soothsayer.*

*Young CATO.*

*CINNA, a poet.*

*Another Poet.*

LUCILIUS,

DARDANIUS,

VOLUMNIUS,

VARRO,

CRITUS,

CLAUDIUS,

STRATO,

LUCIUS,

PINDARUS, *servant of Cassius.*

*Ghost of Julius Cæsar.*

*Cobler. Carpenter.*

*Other Plebeians.*

CALPHURNIA, *wife to Cæsar.*

PORTIA, *wife to Brutus.*

*Guards and Attendants.*

*SCENE, for the first three acts, at Rome: afterwards,  
at an isle near Mutina; at Sardis; and Philippi.*

---

# JULIUS CÆSAR.

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

*A street in Rome. Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and certain Commoners.*

*Flavius.*

**H**ENCE ; home, you idle creatures, get you home.  
Is this a holiday ? What, know you not,  
Being mechanical, you ought not walk,  
Upon a labouring day, without the sign  
Of your profession ?—Speak, what trade art thou ?

*Car.* Why, sir, a carpenter.

*Mar.* Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule ?  
What dost thou with thy best apparel on ?

—You, sir ; what trade are you ?

*Cob.* Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am  
but, as you would say, a cobbler.

*Mar.* But what trade art thou ? Answer me directly.

*Cob.* A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe  
conscience : which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soals.

*Flav.* What trade, thou knave ? thou naughty knave,  
what trade ?

*Cob.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me :  
Yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

*Mar.* What meanest thou by that ? Mend me, thou  
saucy fellow ?

*Cob.* Why, sir, cobble you.

*Flav.* Thou art a cobbler, art thou ?

*Cob.* Truly, sir, all that I live by, is the awl : I  
meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor woman's  
matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to  
old shoes ; when they are in great danger, I re-cover  
them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather,  
have gone upon my handy-work.

*Flav.* But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day ?  
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets ?

*Cob.* Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

*Mar.* Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,  
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?  
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!  
O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,  
Knew ye not Pompey? Many a time and oft  
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,  
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,  
Your infants in your arms, and there have sate  
The live-long day, with patient expectation,  
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:  
And when you saw his chariot but appear,  
Have you not made an universal shout,  
That Tyber trembled underneath his banks,  
To hear the replication of your sounds  
Made in his concave shores?  
And do you now put on your best attire?  
And do you now cull out an holiday?  
And do you now strew flowers in his way,  
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?  
Be gone;

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,  
Pray to the Gods to intermit the plague  
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

*Flav.* Go, go, good countrymen; and, for this fault,  
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;  
Draw them to Tyber's banks, and weep your tears  
Into the channel, till the lowest stream  
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all. [*Ex. Commoners.*]  
See, wher their basest metal be not mov'd,  
They vanish tongue-ty'd in their guiltiness.  
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;  
This way will I: Disrobe the images,  
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.\*

*Mar.* May we do so?

You know, it is the feast of Lupercal.

*Flav.* It is no matter; let no images  
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,

---

(1) Ceremonies, for religious ornaments. Thus afterwards he explains them by 'Cæsar's trophies,' i.e. such as he had dedicated to the Gods. WARE.

And drive away the vulgar from the streets :  
 So do you too, where you perceive them thick.  
 These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,  
 Will make him fly an ordinary pitch ;  
 Who else would soar above the view of man,  
 And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Excunt severally.*]

## SCENE II.

*The same. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, for the course ; CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, a Soothsayer, &c.*

*Cæs.* Calphurnia,——

*Casca.* Peace, ho ! Cæsar speaks.

*Cæs.* Calphurnia,——

*Calph.* Here, my lord.

*Cæs.* Stand you directly in Antonius' way,  
 When he doth run his course.—Antonius !

*Ant.* Cæsar, my lord !

*Cæs.* Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,  
 To touch Calphurnia : for our elders say,  
 'The barren, touched in this holy chase,  
 Shake off their steril curse.

*Ant.* I shall remember :

When Cæsar says, *Do this*, it is perform'd.

*Cæs.* Set on, and leave no ceremony out.

*Sooth.* Cæsar !

*Cæs.* Ha ! who calls ?

*Casca.* Bid every noise be still :—Peace yet again.

*Cæs.* Who is it in the press, that calls on me ?

I heard a tongue, shriller than all the music,  
 Cry, Cæsar :—Speak ; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

*Sooth.* Beware the ides of March.

*Cæs.* What man is that ?

*Bru.* A soothsayer, bids you beware the ides of March.

*Cæs.* Set him before me ; let me see his face.

*Casca.* Fellow, come from the throng. Look upon Cæsar.

*Cæs.* What say'st thou to me now ? Speak once again.

*Sooth.* Beware the ides of March.

*Cæs.* He is a dreamer ; let us leave him :—pass.

[*Sennet.*<sup>2</sup> *Excunt CÆSAR and Train.*]

*Cæs.* Will you go see the order of the course ?

(2) Sennet appears to be a particular tune or mode of martial music. JOHNS.

*Bru.* Not I.

*Cas.* I pray you, do.

*Bru.* I am not gamesome : I do lack some part  
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.  
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires ;  
I'll leave you.

*Cas.* Brutus, I do observe you now of late :  
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,  
And shew of love, as I was wont to have :  
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand<sup>3</sup>  
Over your friend that loves you.

*Bru.* Cassius,  
Be not deceiv'd : If I have veil'd my look,  
I turn the trouble of my countenance  
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,  
Of late, with passions of some difference,<sup>4</sup>  
Conceptions only proper to myself,  
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours :  
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd  
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one) ;  
Nor construe any further my neglect,  
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,  
Forgets the shews of love to other men.

*Cas.* Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion ;  
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath bury'd  
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.  
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face ?

*Bru.* No, Cassius : for the eye sees not itself  
But by reflection, by some other things.

*Cas.* 'Tis just :  
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,  
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn  
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,  
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,  
Where many of the best respect in Rome  
(Except immortal Cæsar), speaking of Brutus,  
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,  
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

*Bru.* Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,  
That you would have me seek into myself  
For that which is not in me ?

*Cas.* Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear :  
And, since you know you cannot see yourself

(3) Strange—is alien, unfamiliar, such as might become a stranger. JOHNS.

(4) With a fluctuation of discordant opinions and desires. JOHNS.

So well as by reflexion ; I, your glass,  
 Will modestly discover to yourself,  
 That of yourself, which yet you know not of,  
 And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus :  
 Were I a common laughèr, or did use  
 To stale with ordinary oaths my love  
 To every new protestor ;<sup>5</sup> if you know  
 That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,  
 And after scandal them ; or if you know,  
 That I profess myself in banqueting  
 To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and shout.*]

*Bru.* What means this shouting ? I do fear, the people  
 Choose Cæsar for their king.

*Cas.* Ay, do you fear it ?

Then must I think, you would not have it so.

*Bru.* I would not, Cassius ; yet I love him well :—  
 But wherefore do you hold me here so long ?  
 What is it that you would impart to me ?  
 If it be ought toward the general good,  
 Set Honour in one eye, and Death i'the other,  
 And I will look on both indifferently :

For, let the Gods so speed me, as I love  
 The name of honour more than I fear death.

*Cas.* I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,  
 As well as I do know your outward favour.  
 Well, honour is the subject of my story.—

I cannot tell, what you and other men  
 Think of this life ; but, for my single self,  
 I had as lief not be, as live to be  
 In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Cæsar ; so were you :  
 We both have fed as well ; and we can both  
 Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.

For once, upon a raw and gusty day,  
 The troubled Tyber chafing with his shores,

Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now,  
 Leap in with me into this angry flood,  
 And swim to yonder point ?*—Upon the word,

Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,  
 And bade him follow : so, indeed, he did.

The torrent roar'd ; and we did buffet it  
 With lusty sinews ; throwing it aside,

(5) To invite every new protestor to my affection by the stale or alluring  
 merit of customary oaths.      JOHNS.

And stemming it with hearts of controversy :  
 But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,  
 Cæsar cry'd, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink.*  
 I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,  
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder  
 The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tyber,  
 Did I the tired Cæsar : And this man  
 Is now become a God ; and Cassius is  
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body,  
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.  
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,  
 And, when the fit was on him, I did mark  
 How he did shake : 'tis true, this God did shake :  
 His coward lips did from their colour fly ;  
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,  
 Did lose its lustre. I did hear him groan :  
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans  
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,  
 Alas ! it cry'd, *Give me some drink, Titinius,*  
 As a sick girl. Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,  
 A man of such a feeble temper should  
 So get the start of the majestic world,<sup>5</sup>  
 And bear the palm alone. *[Shout. Flourish.]*

*Bru.* Another general shout !

I do believe, that these applauses are  
 For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

*Cas.* Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world  
 Like a Colossus ; and we petty men  
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about  
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.  
 Men at some time are masters of their fates :  
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.  
 Brutus, and Cæsar ! What should be in that Cæsar ?  
 Why should that name be sounded more than your's ?  
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;  
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;  
 Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with them,  
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.

(5) This image is extremely noble ; it is taken from the Olympic games. 'The majestic world' is a fine periphrasis for the Roman Empire : their citizens set themselves on a footing with Kings, and they called their dominion Orbis Romanus. But the particular allusion seems to be to the known story of Cæsar's great pattern Alexander, who being asked, Whether he would run the course at the Olympic games, replied, " Yes, if the racers were kings." WARB.

Now, in the names of all the Gods at once,  
Upon what meat does this our Cæsar feed,  
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd!  
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!  
When went there by an age, since the great flood,  
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?  
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,  
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?  
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,  
When there is in it but one only man.  
Oh! you and I have heard our fathers say,  
There was a Brutus once,<sup>6</sup> that would have brook'd  
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,  
As easily as a king.

*Bru.* That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;  
What you would work me to, I have some aim:  
How I have thought of this, and of these times,  
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,  
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,  
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,  
I will consider; what you have to say,  
I will with patience hear; and find a time  
Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.  
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;  
Brutus had rather be a villager,  
Than to repute himself a son of Rome  
Under such hard conditions as this time  
Is like to lay upon us.

*Cas.* I am glad that my weak words  
Have struck but thus much shew of fire from Brutus.

*Re-enter CÆSAR, and his Train.*

*Bru.* The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

*Cas.* As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve:  
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you  
What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day.

*Bru.* I will do so:—But look you, Cassius,  
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,  
And all the rest look like a chidden train:  
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero  
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,<sup>7</sup>  
As we have seen him in the Capitol,  
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

---

(6) I.e. Lucius Junius Brutus.

(7) A ferret has red eyes.     JOHNS.

*Cas.* Casca will tell us what the matter is.

*Cæs.* Antonius,—

*Ant.* Cæsar!

*Cæs.* [*To ANTONY apart.*] Let me have men about me, that are fat;

Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o'night's:

Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look;

He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.

*Ant.* Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous;  
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

*Cæs.* 'Would he were fatter:—But I fear him not:

Yet if my name were liable to fear,

I do not know the man I should avoid

So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;

He is a great observer, and he looks

Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays;

As thou dost, Antony: he hears no music:

Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,

As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit

That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.

Such men as he be never at heart's ease,

Whilst they behold a greater than themselves;

And therefore are they very dangerous.

I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,

Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.

Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,

And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR, and his Train.*]

*Manent BRUTUS and CASSIUS: CASCA to them.*

*Casca.* You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

*Bru.* Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,  
That Cæsar looks so sad?

*Casca.* Why, you were with him, were you not?

*Bru.* I should not then ask Casca what hath chanc'd.

*Casca.* Why, there was a crown offer'd him: and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus: and then the people fell a-shouting.

*Bru.* What was the second noise for?

*Casca.* Why, for that too.

*Cas.* They shouted thrice; what was the last cry for?

*Casca.* Why, for that too.

*Bru.* Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

*Casca.* Ay, marry was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

*Cas.* Who offer'd him the crown?

*Casca.* Why, Antony.

*Bru.* Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

*Casca.* I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refus'd it, the rabblement hooted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and utter'd such a deal of stinking breath, because Cæsar refus'd the crown, that it had almost choaked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

*Cas.* But, soft, I pray you: What? did Cæsar swoon?

*Casca.* He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

*Bru.* 'Tis very like! he hath the falling sickness.

*Cas.* No, Cæsar hath it not; but you and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

*Casca.* I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleas'd, and displeas'd them, as they used to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

*Bru.* What said he when he came unto himself?

*Casca.* Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd the crown, he pluck'd me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation,<sup>8</sup> if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues: and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, *If he had done, or said, any thing amiss, he desir'd their worship to think it was*

(8) Had I been a mechanic, one of the plebeians to whom he offered his throat.

JOHNS.

*his infirmity.* Three or four wenches, where I stood, cry'd, *Alas, good soul!*—and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabb'd their mothers, they would have done no less.

*Bru.* And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

*Casca.* Ay.

*Cas.* Did Cicero say any thing?

*Casca.* Ay, he spoke Greek.

*Cas.* To what effect?

*Casca.* Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i'the face again: But those that understood him, smil'd at one another, and shook their heads: but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too; Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

*Cas.* Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

*Casca.* No, I am promis'd forth.

*Cas.* Will you dine with me to-morrow?

*Casca.* Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

*Cas.* Good; I will expect you.

*Casca.* Do so; farewell both.

[*Exit.*

*Bru.* What a blunt fellow is this grown to be? He was quick mettle, when he went to school.

*Cas.* So is he now, in execution Of any bold or noble enterprize, However he puts on this tardy form. This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit, Which gives men stomach to digest his words With better appetite.

*Bru.* And so it is. For this time I will leave you: To-morrow, if you please to speak with me, I will come home to you; or, if you will, Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

*Cas.* I will do so. Till then, think of the world. [*Ex. Bru.*  
—Well, Brutus, thou art noble: yet, I see, Thy honourable metal may be wrought<sup>9</sup> From that it is dispos'd: Therefore 'tis meet That noble minds keep ever with their likes: For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd? Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:

(9) The best metal or temper may be worked into qualities contrary to its original constitution. JOHNS.

If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,  
 He should not humour me.<sup>2</sup> I will this night,  
 In several hands, in at his windows throw,  
 As if they came from several citizens,  
 Writings, all tending to the great opinion  
 That Rome holds of his name ; wherein obscurely  
 Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at :  
 And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure ;  
 For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE III.

*A street. Thunder and lightning. Enter CASCA, his sword drawn ; and CICERO meeting him.*

*Cic.* Good even, Casca : Brought you Cæsar home ?<sup>3</sup>  
 Why are you breathless ? and why stare you so ?

*Casca.* Are you not mov'd when all the sway of  
 earth<sup>4</sup>

Shakes, like a thing unfirm ? O Cicero,  
 I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds  
 Have riv'd the knotty oaks ; and I have seen  
 The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,  
 To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds :  
 But never till to-night, never till now,  
 Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.  
 Either there is a civil strife in heaven ;  
 Or else the world, too saucy with the Gods,  
 Incensed them to send destruction.

*Cic.* Why, saw you any thing more wonderful ?

*Casca.* A common slave (you know him well by sight)  
 Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn,  
 Like twenty torches join'd ; and yet his hand,  
 Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.  
 Besides, (I have not since put up my sword)  
 Against the Capitol I met a lion,  
 Who glar'd upon me,<sup>5</sup> and went surly by,  
 Without annoying me : and there were drawn  
 Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,

(2) The meaning, I think, is this, "Cæsar loves Brutus, but if Brutus and I were to change places, his love should not humour me," should not take hold of my affection, so as to make me forget my principles. JOHNS.

(3) Did you attend Cæsar home ? JOHNS.

(4) The whole weight or momentum of this globe. JOHNS.

(5) Glar'd has a singular propriety, as it is highly expressive of the furious scintillation of a lion's eyes. SPEEV.

Transformed with their fear ; who swore, they saw  
 Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.  
 And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit  
 Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,  
 Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies  
 Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,  
*These are their reasons,—They are natural ;*  
 For, I believe, they are portentous things  
 Upon the climate that they point upon.

*Cic.* Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time :  
 But men may construe things after their fashion,  
 Clean from the purposes of the things themselves.  
 Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow ?

*Casca.* He doth ; for he did bid Antonius  
 Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

*Cic.* Good night then, Casca : this disturbed sky  
 Is not to walk in.

*Casca.* Farewel, Cicero.

[*Exit CICERO.*]

*Enter CASSIUS.*

*Cas.* Who's there ?

*Casca.* A Roman.

*Cas.* Casca, by your voice.

*Casca.* Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this ?

*Cas.* A very pleasing night to honest men.

*Casca.* Who ever knew the heavens menace so ?

*Cas.* Those that have known the earth so full of faults.  
 For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,  
 Submitting me unto the perilous night ;  
 And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,  
 Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone :  
 And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open  
 The breast of heaven, I did present myself  
 Even in the aim and very flash of it.

*Casc.* But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens ?  
 It is the part of men to fear and tremble,  
 When the most mighty Gods, by tokens, send  
 Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

*Cas.* You are dull, Casca ; and those sparks of life  
 That should be in a Roman, you do want  
 Or else you use not : You look pale, and gaze,  
 And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,  
 To see the strange impatience of the heavens :  
 But if you would consider the true cause,  
 Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts ;

Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind ;<sup>5</sup>  
 Why old men, fools, and children calculate ;<sup>6</sup>  
 Why all these things change from their ordinance,  
 Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,  
 To monstrous quality ; why, you shall find,  
 That heaven has infus'd them with these spirits,  
 To make them instruments of fear, and warning,  
 Unto some monstrous state.

Now, could I, Casca, name to thee a man  
 Most like this dreadful night,  
 That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars  
 As doth the lion in the Capitol :  
 A man no mightier than thyself, or me,  
 In personal action ; yet prodigious grown,  
 And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

*Casca.* 'Tis Cæsar that you mean : Is it not, Cassius ?

*Cas.* Let it be who it is : for Romans now  
 Have thewes and limbs like to their ancestors ;<sup>7</sup>  
 But, woe the while ! our fathers' minds are dead,  
 And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits ;  
 Our yoke and sufferance shews us womanish.

*Casca.* Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow,  
 Mean to establish Cæsar as a king :  
 And he shall wear his crown, by sea, and land,  
 In every place, save here in Italy.

*Cas.* I know where I will wear this dagger then ;  
 Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius :  
 Therein, ye Gods, you make the weak most strong ;  
 Therein, ye Gods, you tyrants do defeat :  
 Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,  
 Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,  
 Can be retentive to the strength of spirit ;  
 But life, being weary of these worldly bars,  
 Never lacks power to dismiss itself.  
 If I know this, know all the world besides,  
 That part of tyranny, that I do bear,  
 I can shake off at pleasure.

(5) That is, Why they deviate from quality and nature. This line might perhaps be more properly placed after the next line.

Why birds and beasts from quality and kind ;

Why all these things change from their ordinance.

JOHNS.

(6) Calculate—here signifies to foretel or prophecy : for the custom of foretelling fortunes by judicial astrology (which was at that time much in vogue) being performed by a long tedious calculation, Shakespeare employs the species [calculate] for the genus [foretel].

WARB.

(7) Thewes—is an old obsolete word implying nerves or muscular strength.

STEEV.

*Casca.* So can I :

So every bondman in his own hand bears  
The power to cancel his captivity.

*Cas.* And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then ?  
Poor man ! I know, he would not be a wolf,  
But that he sees, the Romans are but sheep :  
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.  
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,  
Begin it with weak straws. What trash is Rome,  
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves  
For the base matter to illuminate  
So vile a thing as Cæsar ? But, oh grief !  
Where hast thou led me ? I, perhaps, speak this  
Before a willing bondman : then I know  
My answer must be made :<sup>8</sup> But I am arm'd,  
And dangers are to me indifferent.

*Casca.* You speak to Casca ; and to such a man,  
That is no fearing tell-tale. Hold my hand ;<sup>9</sup>  
Be factious for redress of all these griefs ;<sup>1</sup>  
And I will set this foot of mine as far,  
As who goes farthest.

*Cas.* There's a bargain made.  
Now, know you, Casca, I have mov'd already  
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,  
To undergo, with me, an enterprize  
Of honourable dangerous consequence ;  
And I do know, by this, they stay for me  
In Pompey's porch. For now, this fearful night,  
There is no stir, or walking in the streets ;  
And the complexion of the element  
It favours, like the work we have in hand,<sup>2</sup>  
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

*Enter CINNA.*

*Casca.* Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

*Cas.* 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait ;  
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so ?

*Cin.* To find out you : Who's that ? Metellus Cimber ?

*Cas.* No, it is Casca ; one incorporate  
To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna ?

*Cin.* I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this ?  
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

[8] I shall be called to account, and must answer as for seditious words. JON.  
[9] Here's my hand. *ib.* [1] Factious, seems here to mean active. *ib.*  
[2] We should rather read 'is favour'd. Perhaps Shakespeare has made a  
verb from the substantive fav our, i. e. countenance. STEEV.

*Cas.* Am I not staid for? Tell me.

*Cin.* Yes,  
You are. O Cassius, if you could but win  
The noble Brutus to our party——

*Cas.* Be content: Good Cinna, take this paper,  
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,  
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this  
In at his window; set this up with wax  
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,  
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.  
Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?

*Cin.* All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone  
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,  
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

*Cas.* That done, repair to Pompey's theatre. [*Exit CIN.*]  
—Come, Casca, you and I will, yet, ere day,  
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him  
Is ours already; and the man entire  
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

*Casca.* O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:  
And that which would appear offence in us,  
His countenance, like richest alchymy,  
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

*Cas.* Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,  
You have right well conceited. Let us go,  
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,  
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II. SCENE I.

BRUTUS' garden. *Enter BRUTUS.*

*Brutus.*

WHAT, Lucius! ho!  
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,  
Give guess how near to-day.—Lucius, I say!—  
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—  
When, Lucius, when? awake, I say: what, Lucius!

*Enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Call'd you, my lord?

*Bru.* Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:

When it is lighted, come and call me here.

*Luc.* I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*

*Bru.* It must be by his death : and, for my part,  
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,  
But for the general: He would be crown'd :—  
How that might change his nature, there's the question.  
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder ;  
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—That ;—  
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,  
That at his will he may do danger with.  
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins  
Remorse from power :<sup>3</sup> And, to speak truth of Cæsar,  
I have not known when his affections sway'd  
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,<sup>4</sup>  
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,  
Whereto the climber upward turns his face :  
But when he once attains the utmost round,  
He then unto the ladder turns his back ;  
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees<sup>5</sup>  
By which he did ascend: So Cæsar may ;  
Then, lest he may, prevent. And since the quarrel  
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,  
Fashion it thus ; that what he is, augmented,  
Would run to these, and these extremities :  
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,  
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous ;<sup>6</sup>  
And kill him in the shell.

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* The taper burneth in your closet, sir.  
Searching the window for a flint, I found  
This paper, thus seal'd up ; and I am sure,  
It did not lie there, when I went to-bed.

*Bru.* Get you to bed again, it is not day.  
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March ?

*Luc.* I know not, sir.

*Bru.* Look in the kalendar, and bring me word.

*Luc.* I will, sir.

[*Exit.*

*Bru.* The exhalations, whizzing in the air,  
Give so much light, that I may read by them.

[*Opens the letter, and reads.*

*Brutus, thou sleep'st : awake, and see thyself :*

*Shall Rome—Speak, strike, redress !*

*Brutus, thou sleep'st : awake,—*

[3] Remorse—for mercy. WARB.

[4] Common experiment. JOHNS.

[5] I. e. Low steps. JOHNS.

[6] According to his nature. ib.

Such instigations have been often dropt,  
Where I have took them up.

*Shall Rome*—Thus must I piece it out ;

"Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What,  
Rome?"

"My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

"The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king."

*Speak, strike, redress!*—Am I entreated

To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,  
If the redress will follow, thou receivest

Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus.

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

[*Knocks within.*

*Bru.* 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.

[*Exit LUCIUS.*

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,  
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,

And the first motion, all the interim is

Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream :<sup>7</sup>

The genius, and the mortal instruments,

Are then in council; and the state of man,

Like to a little kingdom, suffers then

The nature of an insurrection.

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,<sup>8</sup>  
Who doth desire to see you.

[7] That nice critic, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, complains, that of all kind of beauties, those great strokes, which he calls the terrible graces, and which are so frequent in Homer, are the rarest to be found in the following writers. Amongst our countrymen, it seems to be as much confined to the British Homer. This description of the condition of conspirators, before the execution of their design, has a pomp and terror in it that perfectly astonishes. The excellent Mr. Addison, whose modesty made him sometimes diffident of his own genius, but whose true judgment always led him to the safest guides (as we may see by those fine strokes in his Cato borrowed from the Philippics of Cicero) has paraphrased this fine description; but we are no longer to expect those terrible graces which animate his original.

"I think, what anxious moments pass between

The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods.

Oh, 'tis a dreadful interval of time,

Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death." Cato.

WARB.

Shakespeare is describing what passes in a single bosom, the insurrection which a conspirator feels agitating the little kingdom of his own mind; when the Genius or power that watches for his protection, and the mortal instruments, the passions, which excite him to a deed of honour and danger, are in council and debate; when the desire of action and the care of safety keep the mind in continual fluctuation and disturbance.

JOHNS.

[8] Cassius married Junia, Brutus' sister. STEEV.

*Bru.* Is he alone?

*Luc.* No, sir, there are more with him.

*Bru.* Do you know them?

*Luc.* No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,  
And half their faces bury'd in their cloaks,  
That by no means I may discover them  
By any mark of favour.<sup>8</sup>

*Bru.* Let them enter.

[*Exit* LUCIUS.]

They are the faction. O Conspiracy!  
Sham'st thou to shew thy dangerous brow by night,  
When evils are most free? O then, by day,  
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough,  
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, Conspiracy;  
Hide it in smiles, and affability:  
For if thou path thy native semblance on,<sup>9</sup>  
Not Erebus itself were dim enough  
To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter* CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS,<sup>1</sup> CINNA, METELLUS, and  
TREBONIUS.

*Cas.* I think, we are too bold upon your rest:  
Good-morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

*Bru.* I have been up this hour; awake all night.  
Know I these men, that come along with you? [*Aside.*]

*Cas.* Yes, every man of them; and no man here  
But honours you; and every one doth wish,  
You had but that opinion of yourself,  
Which every noble Roman bears of you.  
This is Trebonius.

*Bru.* He is welcome hither.

*Cas.* This, Decius Brutus.

*Bru.* He is welcome too.

*Cas.* This, Casca; this, Cinna;  
And this, Metellus Cimber.

*Bru.* They are all welcome.  
What watchful cares do interpose themselves  
Betwixt your eyes and night?

*Cas.* Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.*]

*Dec.* Here lies the east: Doth not the day break here?

*Casca.* No.

*Cin.* O, pardon, sir, it doth: and yon grey lines,  
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

(8) Any distinction of countenance. JOHNS.

(9) If thou walk in thy true form. JOHNS.

(1) This person was not Decius, but Decimus Brutus. STEEV.

*Casca.* You shall confess, that you are both deceiv'd.  
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises ;  
Which is a great way growing to the south,  
Weighing the youthful season of the year.  
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north  
He first presents his fire ; and the high east  
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

*Bru.* Give me your hands all over, one by one.

*Cas.* And let us swear our resolution.

*Bru.* No, not an oath : If not the face of men,  
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abase—  
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,  
And every man hence to his idle bed ;  
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,  
Till each man drop by lottery.<sup>3</sup> But if these,  
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough  
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour  
The melting spirits of women ; then, countrymen,  
What need we any spur, but our own cause,  
To prick us to redress ? what other bond,  
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,  
And will not palter ? and what other oath,  
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,  
That this shall be, or we will fall for it ?  
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,  
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls  
That welcome wrongs ; unto bad causes swear  
Such creatures as men doubt : but do not stain  
The even virtue of our enterprize,  
Nor the insuppressible mettle of our spirits,  
To think, that, or our cause, or our performance,  
Did need an oath ; when every drop of blood,  
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,  
Is guilty of a several bastardy,  
If he doth break the smallest particle  
Of any promise that hath past from him.

*Cas.* But what of Cicero ? Shall we sound him ?  
I think, he will stand very strong with us.

*Casca.* Let us not leave him out.

*Cin.* No, by no means.

*Met.* O, let us have him ; for his silver hairs  
Will purchase us a good opinion,

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(3) Perhaps the poet alluded to the custom of decimation, i.e. the selection by lot of every tenth soldier, in a general mutiny, for punishment. STEEV.

And buy men's voices to commend our deeds :  
It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands ;  
Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,  
But all be bury'd in his gravity.

*Bru.* O, name him not : let us not break with him ;  
For he will never follow any thing  
That other men begin.

*Cas.* Then leave him out.

*Casca.* Indeed, he is not fit.

*Dec.* Shall no man else be touch'd, but only Cæsar?

*Cas.* Decius, well urg'd :—I think it is not meet,  
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,  
Should out-live Cæsar : We shall find of him  
A shrewd contriver ; and, you know, his means,  
If he improve them, may well stretch so far,  
As to annoy us all : which to prevent,  
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

*Bru.* Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,  
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs ;  
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards :  
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.  
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.  
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar ;  
And in the spirit of man, there is no blood :  
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,  
And not dismember Cæsar ! But, alas,  
Cæsar must bleed for it ! And, gentle friends,  
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully ;  
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the Gods,  
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds :  
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,  
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,  
And after seem to chide them. This shall make  
Our purpose necessary, and not envious :  
Which so appearing to the common eyes,  
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.  
And for Mark Antony, think not of him :  
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,  
When Cæsar's head is off.

*Cas.* Yet I fear him :

For, in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar,—

*Bru.* Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him :  
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do  
Is to himself ; take thought, and die for Cæsar :

And that were much he should ; for he is given  
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

*Treb.* There is no fear in him ; let him not die ;  
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter, [*Clock strikes.*]

*Bru.* Peace ; count the clock.

*Cas.* The clock hath stricken three.

*Treb.* 'Tis time to part.

*Cas.* But it is doubtful yet,

Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no :

For he is superstitious grown of late ;

Quite from the main opinion he held once

Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies :

It may be, these apparent prodigies,

The unaccustom'd terror of this night,

And the persuasion of his augurers,

May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

*Dec.* Never fear that : If he be so resolv'd,  
I can o'er-sway him : for he loves to hear,<sup>5</sup>

That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,

And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,<sup>6</sup>

Lions with toils, and men with flatterers :

But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,

He says, he does ; being then most flattered.

Let me work :

For I can give his humour the true bent ;

And I will bring him to the Capitol.

*Cas.* Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

*Bru.* By the eighth hour : Is that the uttermost ?

*Cin.* Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

*Met.* Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,  
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey ;  
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

*Bru.* Now, good Metellus, go along to him :  
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons ;  
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

(5) It was finely imagined by the poet, to make Cæsar delight in this sort of conversation. The author of St. Evremond's life tells us, that the great prince of Conde took much pleasure in remarking on the folie and ridicule of characters. WARB.

(6) Unicorns are said to have been taken by one, who running behind a tree, eluded the violent push the animal was making at him, so that his horn spent its force on the trunk, and stuck fast, detaining the beast till he was dispatched by the hunter. Bears are reported to have been surprised by means of a mirror, which they would gaze on, affording their pursuers an opportunity of taking the surer aim. This circumstance, I think, is mentioned by Claudian. Elephants were seduced into pit-falls, lightly covered with hurdles and turf, on which a proper bait to tempt them, was exposed. STEEV.

*Cas.* The morning comes upon us. We'll leave you, Brutus :

—And, friends! disperse yourselves: but all remember,  
What you have said, and shew yourselves true Romans.

*Bru.* Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;  
Let not our looks put on our purposes;<sup>7</sup>  
But bear it as our Roman actors do,  
With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy:  
And so, good-morrow to you every one. [Exeunt.

*Manent BRUTUS.*

Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep? It is no matter;  
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:  
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,  
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;  
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

*Enter PORTIA.*

*Por.* Brutus, my lord!

*Bru.* Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?  
It is not for your health, thus to commit  
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

*Por.* Nor for yours neither. You have ungently, Brutus,  
Stol'n from my bed: And, yesternight, at supper,  
You suddenly arose and walk'd about,  
Musing and sighing, with your arms across:  
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,  
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks;  
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,  
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot;  
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd me not,  
But with an angry wafture of your hand,  
Gave sign for me to leave you: So I did;  
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,  
Which seem'd too much enkindled; and withal,  
Hoping it was but effect of humour,  
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.  
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;  
And, could it work so much upon your shape,  
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,  
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,  
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

*Bru.* I am not well in health, and that is all.

(7) Let not our faces put on, that is, wear, or show our designs. JOHNS.

*Por.* Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,  
He would embrace the means to come by it.

*Bru.* Why, so I do :—Good Portia, go to bed.

*Por.* Is Brutus sick ? and is it physical  
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours  
Of the dank morning ? What, is Brutus sick ;  
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,  
To dare the vile contagion of the night ?  
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air  
To add unto his sickness ? No, my Brutus ;  
You have some sick offence within your mind,  
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,  
I ought to know of : And, upon my knees,  
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,  
By all your vows of love, and that great vow  
Which did incorporate and make us one,  
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,  
Why you are heavy : and what men to-night  
Have had resort to you : for here have been  
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces  
Even from darkness.

*Bru.* Kneel not, gentle Portia.

*Por.* I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.  
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,  
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets  
That appertain to you ! Am I yourself,  
But as it were, in sort, or limitation ;  
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,  
And talk to you sometimes ? Dwell I but in the suburbs  
Of your good pleasure ? If it be no more,  
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

*Bru.* You are my true and honourable wife ;  
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops  
That visit my sad heart.

*Por.* If this were true, then should I know this secret.  
I grant, I am a woman ; but, withal,  
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife :  
I grant, I am a woman ; but withal,  
A woman well-reputed Cato's daughter.  
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,  
Being so father'd, and so husbanded ?  
Tell me your counsels ; I will not disclose them :  
I have made strong proof of my constancy,  
Giving myself a voluntary wound

Here, in the thigh : Can I bear that with patience,  
And not my husband's secrets ?

*Bru.* O ye Gods !

Render me worthy of this noble wife ! [*Knock.*

Hark, hark ! one knocks : Portia, go in a while ;

And by and by thy bosom shall partake

The secrets of my heart.

All my engagements I will construe to thee,

All the charactery of my sad brows :—

Leave me with haste. [*Exit PORTIA.*

*Enter LUCIUS and LIGARIUS.*

Lucius, who is that knocks ?

*Luc.* Here is a sick man, that would speak with you.

*Bru.* Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spoke of.—

Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius ! how ?

*Lig.* Vouchsafe good-morrow from a feeble tongue.

*Bru.* O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,  
To wear a kerchief ? 'Would you were not sick !

*Lig.* I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand

An exploit worthy the name of honour.

*Bru.* Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,

Had you an healthful ear to hear of it.

*Lig.* By all the Gods the Romans bow before,

I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome !

Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins !

Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up

My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,

And I will strive with things impossible ;

Yea, get the better of them. What's to do ?

*Bru.* A piece of work, that will make sick men whole.

*Lig.* But are not some whole that we must make sick ?

*Bru.* That we must also. What it is, my Caius,

I shall unfold to thee, as we are going,

To whom it must be done.

*Lig.* Set on your foot ;

And with a heart new fir'd, I follow you,

To do I know not what : but it sufficeth,

That Brutus leads me on.

*Bru.* Follow me then.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

CÆSAR's palace. Thunder and lightning. Enter JULIUS CÆSAR.

Cæs. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to-night :

Thrice hath Calphurnia, in her sleep cry'd out,  
*Help, ho ! They murder Cæsar.*—Who's within ?

*Enter a Servant.*

Serv. My lord ?

Cæs. Go bid the priest do present sacrifice,  
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord. [Exit.

*Enter CALPURNIA.*

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar ? think you to walk forth ?  
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth : the things, that threaten'd me,  
Ne'er look'd but on my back ; when they shall see  
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies, <sup>7</sup>  
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,  
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,  
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.  
A lioness hath whelped in the streets ;  
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead ;  
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,  
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,  
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol :  
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,  
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan ;  
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.  
O Cæsar ! these things are beyond all use,  
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided,  
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods ?  
Yet Cæsar shall go forth : for these predictions  
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen ;  
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths ;  
The valiant never taste of death but once.  
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,

---

(7) i.e. I never paid a ceremonious regard to prodigies or omens. STEEV.

It seems to me most strange that men should fear;  
Seeing that death, a necessary end,  
Will come, when it will come.<sup>8</sup>

*Re-enter a Servant.*

What say the augurers?

*Serv.* They would not have you to stir forth to-day.  
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,  
They could not find a heart within the beast. [*Exit.*

*Cæs.* The Gods do this in shame of cowardice:<sup>9</sup>  
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,  
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.  
No, Cæsar shall not: Danger knows full well,  
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.  
We were two lions, litter'd in one day,  
And I the elder and more terrible;  
And Cæsar shall go forth.

*Cal.* Alas, my lord,  
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.  
Do not go forth to-day: Call it my fear,  
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.  
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;  
And he shall say, you are not well to-day:  
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

*Cæs.* Mark Antony shall say, I am not well;  
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

*Enter DECIVS.*

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

*Dec.* Cæsar, all hail! Good-morrow, worthy Cæsar:  
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

*Cæs.* And you are come in very happy time,  
To bear my greeting to the senators,  
And tell them, that I will not come to-day:  
Cannot is false; and that I dare not, falser;  
I will not come to-day: Tell them so, Decius.

*Cal.* Say, he is sick.

*Cæs.* Shall Cæsar send a lie?  
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,  
'To be afraid to tell grey-beards the truth?—  
Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come.

*Dec.* Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,  
Lest I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so.

[8] This is a sentence derived from the Stoical doctrine of predestination, and is therefore improper in the mouth of Cæsar. JOHNS.

[9] The ancients did not place courage, but wisdom in the heart. JOHNS.

*Cæs.* The cause is in my will ; I will not come :  
That is enough to satisfy the senate.  
But for your private satisfaction,  
Because I love you, I will let you know,  
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home :  
She dreamt, last night, she saw my statue,  
Which, like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,  
Did run pure blood ; and many lusty Romans  
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.  
And these she does apply for warnings, and portents,  
And evils imminent ; and on her knee  
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.

*Dec.* This dream is all amiss interpreted ;  
It was a vision, fair and fortunate :  
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,  
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,  
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck  
Reviving blood ; and that great men shall press  
For tinctures, stains, reliëks, and cognisance.<sup>1</sup>  
This by Calphurnia's dream is signify'd.

*Cæs.* And this way have you well expounded it.

*Dec.* I have, when you have heard what I can say :  
And know it now ; the senate have concluded  
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.  
If you shall send them word, you will not come,  
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock  
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,  
*Break up the senate till another time,*  
*When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.*  
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,  
*Lo, Cæsar is afraid ?*

Pardon me, Cæsar ; for my dear, dear love  
To your proceeding bids me tell you this ;  
And reason to my love is liable.<sup>2</sup>

*Cæs.* How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia ?  
I am ashamed I did yield to them.—  
Give me my robe, for I will go :

[1] This speech, which is intentionally pompous, is somewhat confused. There are two allusions : one to coats armorial, to which princes make additions, or give new tinctures, and new marks of cognisance ; the other to martyrs, whose reliques are preserved with veneration. The Romans, says Brutus, all come to you as to a saint, for reliques, as to a prince, for honours.

[2] And reason, or propriety of conduct and language, is subordinate to my love. JOHNS.

*Enter BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, CINNA, and PUBLIUS.*

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

*Pub.* Good-morrow, Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Welcome, Publius.—

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?

Good-morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,

Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,

As that same ague which hath made you lean.—

What is't o'clock?

*Bru.* Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.

*Cæs.* I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

*Enter ANTONY.*

See ! Antony, that revels long o' nights,

Is notwithstanding up :—Good-morrow, Antony.

*Ant.* So to most noble Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Bid them prepare within :—

I am to blame to be thus waited for.—

Now, Cinna :—Now, Metellus :—What, Trebonius !

I have an hour's talk in store for you ;

Remember that you call on me to-day :

Be near me, that I may remember you.

*Treb.* Cæsar, I will :—And so near will I be, [*Aside.*  
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

*Cæs.* Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me ;  
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

*Bru.* That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,  
The heart of Brutus yerns to think upon ! [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.

*A street near the Capitol. Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper.*

*CÆSAR*, beware of Brutus ; take heed of Cassius ;  
come not near Casca ; have an eye to Cinna ; trust not  
Trebonius ; mark well Metellus Cimber : Decius Bru-  
tus loves thee not ; thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius.  
There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent  
against Cæsar. If thou be'st not immortal, look about  
you : Security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty  
Gods defend thee !      *Thy lover,*

ARTEMIDORUS.

Here will I stand, till Cæsar pass along,  
 And as a suitor will I give him this.  
 My heart laments, that virtue cannot live  
 Out of the teeth of emulation.  
 If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live;  
 If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.<sup>3</sup> [Exit.

*Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.*

*Por.* I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house;  
 Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:  
 Why dost thou stay?

*Luc.* To know my errand, madam.

*Por.* I would have had thee there, and here again,  
 Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.—  
 O constancy! be strong upon my side!  
 Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!  
 I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.  
 How hard is it for women to keep counsel!  
 —Art thou here yet?

*Luc.* Madam, what should I do?  
 Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?  
 And so return to you, and nothing else?

*Por.* Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,  
 For he went sickly forth: And take good note,  
 What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.  
 Mark, boy! what noise is that?

*Luc.* I hear none, madam.

*Por.* Pr'ythee, listen well:  
 I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,  
 And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

*Luc.* Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

*Enter ARTEMIDORUS.*

*Por.* Come hither, fellow: Which way hast thou been?

*Art.* At mine own house, good lady.

*Por.* What is't o'clock?

*Art.* About the ninth hour, lady.

*Por.* Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

*Art.* Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,  
 To see him pass on to the Capitol.

*Por.* Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

*Art.* That I have, lady, if it will please Cæsar  
 To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me:

(3) The fates join with traitors in contriving thy destruction. JOHNS.

I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

*Por.* Why, know'st thou any harm intended towards him?

*Art.* None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.

Good-morrow to you. Here the street is narrow :

The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,

Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,

Will croud a feeble man almost to death :

I'll get me to a place more void, and there,

Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [Exit.

*Por.* I must go in.—Ah me ! how weak a thing

The heart of woman is ! O Brutus !

The heavens speed thee in thine enterprize !

—Sure, the boy heard me :—Brutus hath a suit,

That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint :—

Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord ;

Say, I am merry : come to me again,

And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[Excunt severally.]

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*The street. The Capitol ; the Senate sitting. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIVS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, ARTEMIDORUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and the Soothsayer.*

*Cæsar.*

THE ides of March are come.

*Sooth.* Ay, Cæsar ; but not gone.

*Art.* Hail, Cæsar ! Read this schedule.

*Dec.* Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,  
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

*Art.* O Cæsar, read mine first : for mine's a suit  
That touches Cæsar nearer : Read it, great Cæsar.

*Cæs.* What touches us ourself, shall be last serv'd.

*Art.* Delay not, Cæsar ; read it instantly.

*Cæs.* What, is the fellow mad ?

*Pub.* Sirrah, give place.

*Cæs.* What, urge you your petitions in the street ?  
Come to the Capitol.

*CÆSAR enters the Capitol, the rest following*

*Pop.* I wish your enterprize to-day may thrive.

*Cas.* What enterprize, Popilius?

*Pop.* Fare you well.

*Bru.* What said Popilius Lena?

*Cas.* He wish'd to-day our enterprize might thrive.  
I fear our purpose is discovered.

*Bru.* Look, how he makes to Cæsar: Mark him.

*Cas.* Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.

—Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,  
Cassius, or Cæsar, never shall turn back,  
For I will slay myself.

*Bru.* Cassius, be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;  
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

*Cas.* Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,  
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

*Dec.* Where is Metellus Cimber? let him go,  
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

*Bru.* He is address:<sup>4</sup> press near, and second him.

*Cin.* Casca, you are the first that rear your hand.

*Cas.* Are we all ready? What is now amiss,  
That Cæsar, and his senate, must redress?

*Met.* Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,  
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat [Kneeling].  
An humble heart:—

*Cas.* I must prevent thee, Cimber;  
These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,  
Might fire the blood of ordinary men;  
And turn pre-ordinance, and first decree,<sup>5</sup>  
Into the lane of children.<sup>6</sup> Be not fond,  
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel-blood,  
That will be thaw'd from the true quality  
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,  
Low-crooked-curt'sies, and base spaniel fawning.  
Thy brother by decree is banished;  
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,  
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

(4) i.e. He is ready. STEEV.

(5) Pre-ordinance, for ordinance already established. WARB.

(6) I do not well understand what is meant by the 'lane' of children. I should read, the 'law' of children. It was, 'change pre-ordinance and decree into the law of children;' into such slight determinations as every start of will would alter. 'Lane' and 'law' in some manuscripts are not easily distinguished.

JOHNS.

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong ; nor without cause  
Will he be satisfied.

*Met.* Is there no voice more worthy than my own,  
'To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,  
For the repealing of my banish'd brother ?

*Bru.* I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar ;  
Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may  
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

*Cæs.* What, Brutus !

*Cæs.* Pardon, Cæsar ; Cæsar, pardon :  
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,  
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

*Cæs.* I could be well mov'd, if I were as you ;  
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me :  
But I am constant as the northern star,  
Of whose true, fixt, and resting quality,  
There is no fellow in the firmament,  
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,  
They are all fire, and every one doth shine ;  
But there's but one in all doth hold his place ;  
So, in the world, 'tis furnish'd well with men,  
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive ;  
Yet, in the number, I do know but one<sup>8</sup>,  
That, unassailable, holds on his rank,<sup>9</sup>  
Unshak'd of motion : and, that I am he,  
Let me a little shew it, even in this ;  
That I was constant, Cimber should be banish'd,  
And constant do remain to keep him so !

*Cin.* O Cæsar,——

*Cæs.* Hence ! Wilt thou lift up Olympus ?

*Dec.* Great Cæsar,——

*Cæs.* Doth not Brutus bootless kneel ?

*Casca.* Speak, hands, for me. [*They stab CÆSAR.*]

*Cæs.* Et tu, Brute ?——Then fall, Cæsar. [*Dies.*]

*Cin.* Liberty ! Freedom ! Tyranny is dead !——

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

*Cæs.* Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,  
*Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement !*

*Bru.* People, and senators ! be not affrighted ;  
Fly not ; stand still :—ambition's debt is paid.

*Casca.* Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

(7) Susceptible of fear, or other passions. (8) One, and one only. JOHNS.

(9) Perhaps, 'holds on his race ;' continues his course. We commonly say,  
To hold a rank, and To hold on a course or way. JOHNS.

*Dec.* And Cassius too.

*Bru.* Where's Publius?

*Cin.* Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

*Met.* Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's  
Should chance——

*Bru.* Talk not of standing :—Publius, good cheer ;  
There is no harm intended to your person,  
Nor to no Roman else : so tell them, Publius.

*Casca.* And leave us, Publius ; lest that the people,  
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

*Bru.* Do so ; and let no man abide this deed,  
But we the doers.

*Re-enter TREBONIUS.*

*Cas.* Where is Antony?

*Treb.* Fled to his house amaz'd :  
Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,  
As it were dooms-day.

*Bru.* Fates ! we will know your pleasures :—  
That we shall die, we know ; 'tis but the time,  
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

*Cas.* Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,  
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

*Bru.* Grant that, and then is death a benefit :  
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd  
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,  
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood  
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords :  
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place ;  
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,  
Let's all cry, " Peace ! Freedom ! and Liberty !"

*Cas.* Stoop then, and wash.—How many ages hence  
[*Dipping their swords in CÆSAR'S blood.*]  
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,  
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown ?

*Bru.* How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,  
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,  
No worthier than the dust ?

*Cas.* So oft as that shall be,  
So often shall the knot of us be call'd  
The men that gave their country liberty.

*Dec.* What, shall we forth ?

*Cas.* Ay, every man away :  
Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels  
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

W 2

*Enter a Servant.*

*Bru.* Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

*Serv.* Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;  
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down; [*Kneeling.*  
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:  
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;  
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving;  
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;  
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.  
If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony  
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd  
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,  
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead  
So well as Brutus living; but will follow  
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,  
Through the hazards of this untrod state,  
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

*Bru.* Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;  
I never thought him worse.  
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,  
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,  
Depart untouch'd.

*Serv.* I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit.*

*Bru.* I know, that we shall have him well to friend.

*Cas.* I wish, we may: but yet have I a mind,  
That fears him much; and my misgiving still  
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

*Enter ANTONY.*

*Bru.* But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?  
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,  
Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee well.—  
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,  
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:<sup>1</sup>  
If I myself, there is no hour so fit  
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument  
Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich  
With the most noble blood of all this world.  
I do beseech ye, if ye bear me hard,  
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,  
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,  
I shall not find myself so apt to die:

(1) Who else may be supposed to have overtopped his equals, and grown too high for the public safety. JOHNS.

No place will please me so, no mean of death,  
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,  
The choice and master spirits of this age.

*Bru.* O Antony ! beg not your death of us.  
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,  
As by our hands, and this our present act,  
You see we do ; yet see you but our hands,  
And this the bleeding business they have done :  
Our hearts you see not ; they are pitiful ;  
And pity to the general wrong of Rome  
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity)  
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,  
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony :  
Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts,  
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in  
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

*Cas.* Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,  
In the disposing of new dignities.

*Bru.* Only be patient, till we have appeas'd  
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,  
And then we will deliver you the cause,  
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I strook him,  
Proceeded thus.

*Ant.* I doubt-not of your wisdom.  
Let each man render me his bloody hand :  
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you ;—  
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand ;—  
Now, Decius Brutus, your's ;—now your's, Metellus ;—  
Your's, Cinna ;—and, my valiant Casca, your's ;—  
Though last, not least in love, your's, good Trebonius.  
Gentlemen all,—alas ! what shall I say ?  
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,  
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,  
Either a coward, or a flatterer.—  
That I did love thee, Cæsar, oh, 'tis true :  
If then thy spirit look upon us now,  
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,  
To see thy Antony making his peace,  
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,  
Most noble ! in the presence of thy corse ?  
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,  
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,  
It would become me better, than to close  
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.

Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;  
 Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,  
 Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.<sup>2</sup>  
 O world! thou wast the forest to this hart!  
 And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—  
 How like a deer, stricken by many princes,  
 Dost thou here lie?

*Cas.* Mark Antony,——

*Ant.* Pardon me, Caius Cassius:  
 The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;  
 Then in a friend, it is cold modesty.

*Cas.* I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;  
 But what compact mean you to have with us?  
 Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;  
 Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

*Ant.* Therefore I took your hands; but was indeed  
 Sway'd from the point by looking down on Cæsar.  
 Friends am I with you all, and love you all;  
 Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,  
 Why and wherein Cæsar were dangerous.

*Bru.* Or else this were a savage spectacle:  
 Our reasons are so full of good regard,  
 That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,  
 You should be satisfied.

*Ant.* That's all I seek:  
 And am moreover suitor, that I may  
 Produce his body to the market-place;  
 And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,  
 Speak in the order of his funeral.

*Bru.* You shall, Mark Antony.

*Cas.* Brutus, a word with you.——  
 You know not what you do; do not consent, [*Aside.*  
 That Antony speak in his funeral:  
 Know you how much the people may be mov'd  
 By that which he will utter?

*Bru.* By your pardon;—  
 I will myself into the pulpit first,  
 And shew the reason of our Cæsar's death:  
 What Antony shall speak, I will protest  
 He speaks by leave and by permission;  
 And that we are contented, Cæsar shall  
 Have all true rites, and lawful ceremonies:  
 It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

(2) Lethe is used by many of the old translators of novels, for death, STEEV.

*Cas.* I know not what may fall ; I like it not.

*Bru.* Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body:  
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,  
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar ;  
And say, you do't by our permission ;  
Else shall you not have any hand at all  
About his funeral : And you shall speak  
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,  
After my speech is ended.

*Ant.* Be it so ;

I do desire no more.

*Bru.* Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exc. Conspirators.*]

*Manent ANTONY.*

*Ant.* O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,  
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers !  
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,  
That ever lived in the tide of times.<sup>3</sup>  
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood !  
Over thy wounds now do I prophecy,—  
Which, like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips,  
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue ;—  
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ;  
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,  
Shall cumber all the various parts of Italy ;  
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,  
And dreadful objects so familiar,  
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold  
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war ;  
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds ;  
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,  
With Atë by his side, come hot from hell,  
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,  
Cry *Havock*, and let slip the dogs of war ;<sup>4</sup>  
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth  
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

(3) That is, in the course of times. JOHNS.

(4) A learned correspondent has informed me, that, in the military operations of old times, 'havock' was the word by which declaration was made that no quarter should be given.—In a tract intitled, "The Office of the Constable & Marechal in the Time of Warre," there is the following :—"Also that no man be so hardy to crye Havok upon payne that he that is begyaner shall be deede therefore : & the remanent that doo the same or folow shall lose their horse & harness : and the perones of such as foloweth & escrien shall be under arrest of the Constable & Marechal warde unto tyme that they have made syn ; & founde suretie no more to offende ; & his body in prison at the King wylls.—" JOHNS.

*Enter a Servant.*

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

*Serv.* I do, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

*Serv.* He did receive his letters, and is coming:  
And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—  
O Cæsar!— [*Seeing the body.*]

*Ant.* Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.  
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,  
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,  
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

*Serv.* He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

*Ant.* Post back with speed, and tell him what hath  
chanc'd:

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,  
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;  
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a while;  
Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this corse  
Into the market-place: there shall I try,  
In my oration, how the people take  
The cruel issue of these bloody men;  
According to the which, thou shalt discourse  
To young Octavius of the state of things.  
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt with CÆSAR's body.*]

## SCENE II.

*The Forum. Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, with the  
Plebeians.*

*Pleb.* We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

*Bru.* Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—  
Cassius, go you into the other street,  
And part the numbers.—  
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;  
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;  
And public reasons shall be rendered  
Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Pleb.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Pleb.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,  
When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit CASSIUS with some of the Plebeians. BRU-  
TUS goes into the rostrum.*]

3 *Pleb.* The noble Brutus is ascended: Silence!

*Bru.* Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer:—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but as he was ambitious, I slew him: There are tears for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bond man? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended.—I pause for a reply.

*All.* None, Brutus, none.

*Bru.* Then none have I offended.—I have done no more to Cæsar, than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

*Enter MARK ANTONY with CÆSAR's body.*

Here comes his body mourn'd by Mark Antony: who though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart; that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

*All.* Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 *Pleb.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Pleb.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Pleb.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Pleb.* Cæsar's better parts

Shall be crowned in Brutus.

1 *Pleb.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

*Bru.* My countrymen,——

2 *Pleb.* Peace ; silence ! Brutus speaks.

1 *Pleb.* Peace, ho !

*Bru.* Good countrymen, let me depart alone,  
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony :  
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech  
Tending to Cæsar's glories ; which Mark Antony  
By our permission is allow'd to make.  
I do intreat you, not a man depart,  
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [Exit.]

1 *Pleb.* Stay, ho ! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Pleb.* Let him go up into the public chair ;  
We'll hear him :—Noble Antony, go up.

*Ant.* For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.

4 *Pleb.* What does he say of Brutus ?

3 *Pleb.* He says, for Brutus' sake,  
He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 *Pleb.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Pleb.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Pleb.* Nay, that's certain.

We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Pleb.* Peace ; let us hear what Antony can say.

*Ant.* You gentle Romans,——

*All.* Peace, ho ! let us hear him.

*Ant.* Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears ;  
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.  
The evil, that men do, lives after them ;  
The good is oft interred with their bones ;  
So let it be with Cæsar ! The noble Brutus  
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious :  
If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;  
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.  
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest  
(For Brutus is an honourable man ;  
So are they all, all honourable men)  
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.  
He was my friend, faithful and just to me :  
But Brutus says, he was ambitious ;  
And Brutus is an honourable man.  
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,  
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :  
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?

When that the poor have cry'd, Cæsar hath wept :  
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff ;  
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;  
And Brutus is an honourable man.  
You all did see, that on the Lupercal,  
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
Which he did thrice refuse : Was this ambition ?  
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;  
And sure he is an honourable man.  
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,  
But here I am to speak what I do know.  
You all did love him once, not without cause ;  
What cause with-holds you then to mourn for him ?—  
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
And men have lost their reason !—Bear with me ;  
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,  
And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Pleb.* Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings ;  
If thou consider rightly of the matter,  
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Pleb.* Has he, masters ?  
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Pleb.* Mark'd ye his words ? He would not take the  
crown ;

Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Pleb.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Pleb.* Poor soul ! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Pleb.* There's not a nobler man in Rome, than Antony.

4 *Pleb.* Now mark him ; he begins to speak.

*Ant.* But yesterday the word of Cæsar might  
Have stood against the world : now lies he there,  
And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters ! if I were dispos'd to stir  
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,  
Who, you all know, are honourable men :  
I will do them no wrong ; I rather choose  
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,  
Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar ;

I found it in his closet ; 'tis his will :

Let but the commons hear this testament  
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)

And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,

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And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;  
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,  
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,  
 Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,  
 Unto their issue.

*4 Pleb.* We'll hear the will :—Read it, Mark Antony.

*All.* The will, the will ; we will hear Cæsar's will.

*Ant.* Have patience, gentle friends ; I must not read it :  
 It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men ;

And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad.

'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs ;

For if you should, O, what would come of it !

*4 Pleb.* Read the will ; we will hear it, Antony ;  
 You shall read us the will ; Cæsar's will.

*Ant.* Will you be patient ? will you stay a while ?  
 I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.

I fear, I wrong the honourable men,

Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar : I do fear it.

*4 Pleb.* They were traitors : Honourable men !

*All.* The will ! the testament !

*2 Pleb.* They were villains, murderers : the will ! read  
 the will !

*Ant.* You will compel me then to read the will ?—  
 Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,  
 And let me shew you him that made the will.  
 Shall I descend ? And will you give me leave ?

*All.* Come down.

*2 Pleb.* Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

*3 Pleb.* You shall have leave.

*4 Pleb.* A ring ; stand round.

*1 Pleb.* Stand from the hearse ; stand from the body.

*2 Pleb.* Room for Antony ;—most noble Antony.

*Ant.* Nay, press not so upon me ; stand far off.

*All.* Stand back ! room ! bear back !

*Ant.* If you have tears, prepare to shed them now,  
 You all do know this mantle : I remember  
 The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;  
 'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent ;  
 That day he overcame the Nervii.—  
 Look ! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through :  
 See, what a rent the envious Casca made :  
 Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd ;

And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,  
 Mark, how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it ;  
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd,  
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no ;  
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :  
 Judge, O you Gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him !  
 This was the most unkindest cut of all :  
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,  
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,  
 Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty heart ;  
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,  
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,  
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.<sup>a</sup>  
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !  
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,  
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.  
 O now you weep, and I perceive, you feel  
 The dint of pity :<sup>7</sup> these are gracious drops.  
 Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold  
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here !  
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, by traitors.

1 *Pleb.* O piteous spectacle !

2 *Pleb.* O noble Cæsar !

3 *Pleb.* O woeful day !

4 *Pleb.* O traitors, villains !

1 *Pleb.* O most bloody sight !

2 *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd : Revenge : About,—  
 Seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay !—let not a traitor live.

*Ant.* Stay, countrymen,—

1 *Pleb.* Peace there ! Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Pleb.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die  
 with him.

*Ant.* Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up  
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They, that have done this deed, are honourable ;  
 What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

(6) Perhaps Shakespeare meant that the very statue of Pompey lamented the fate of Cæsar in tears of blood. Such poetical hyperboles are not uncommon. Pope, in his *Eloisa*, talks of

——“ pitying fairs, whose statues learn to weep.”  
 Shakespeare has enumerated “dews of blood” among the prodigies on the preceding day, and, as I have since discovered, took these very words from Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch :—“——against the very base whereon  
 “Pompey's image stood, which ran all a gore blood, till he was slain.” STEEV.

(7) The dint of pity—is the impression of pity.      JOHNS.

That made them do it ; they are wise, and honourable,  
 And will no doubt, with reasons answer you.  
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts ;  
 I am no orator, as Brutus is :  
 But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,  
 That love my friend ; and that they know full well,  
 That give me public leave to speak of him.  
 For I have neither writ, nor words,<sup>a</sup> nor worth,  
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,  
 To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;  
 I tell you that, which you yourselves do know ;  
 Shew you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb  
 mouths !

And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,  
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony  
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue  
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move  
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

*All.* We'll mutiny.

1 *Pleb.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

2 *Pleb.* Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

*Ant.* Yet hear me, countrymen ; yet hear me speak.

*All.* Peace, ho ! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

*Ant.* Why, friends, you go to do you know not what :  
 Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves ?

Alas, you know not :—I must tell you then :—  
 You have forgot the will I told you of.

*All.* Most true ;—the will,—let's stay, and hear the will.

*Ant.* Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.  
 To every Roman citizen he gives,  
 To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2 *Pleb.* Most noble Cæsar !—We'll revenge his death.

3 *Pleb.* O royal Cæsar !

*Ant.* Hear me with patience.

*All.* Peace, ho !

*Ant.* Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,  
 His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,  
 On this side Tyber ; he hath left them you,  
 And to your heirs for ever ; common pleasures,  
 To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.  
 Here was a Cæsar : When comes such another ?

1 *Pleb.* Never, never :—come, away, away :  
 We'll burn his body in the holy place,

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(8) I have no penned and premeditated oration.      JOHNS.

And with the brands fire all the traitors' houses.  
Take up the body.

2 *Pleb.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Pleb.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Pleb.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Plebeians, with the body.*]

*Ant.* Now let it work : Mischief, thou art afoot,  
Take thou what course thou wilt !—How now, fellow ?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Octavius is already come to Rome.

*Ant.* Where is he ?

*Serv.* He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

*Ant.* And thither will I straight to visit him :  
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,  
And in this mood will give us any thing.

*Serv.* I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius  
Are rid, like madmen, through the gates of Rome.

*Ant.* Belike, they had some notice of the people,  
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.º

*Enter CINNA the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.*

*Cin.* I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with Cæsar,  
And things unluckily charge my fantasy :  
I have no will to wander forth of doors,  
Yet something leads me forth.

1 *Pleb.* What is your name ?

2 *Pleb.* Whither are you going ?

3 *Pleb.* Where do you dwell ?

4 *Pleb.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor ?

2 *Pleb.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Pleb.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Pleb.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Pleb.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

*Cin.* What is, my name ? Whither am I going ?  
Where do I dwell ? Am I a married man, or a bachelor ?  
Then to answer every man directly, and briefly,  
wisely, and truly. Wisely, I say, I am a bachelor.

2 *Pleb.* That's as much as to say, they are fools that  
marry :—You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Pro-  
ceed ; directly.

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(9) The subject of this scene is taken from Plutarch. STEEV.

*Cin.* Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

*1 Pleb.* As a friend, or an enemy?

*Cin.* As a friend.

*2 Pleb.* That matter is answer'd directly.

*4 Pleb.* For your dwelling:—Briefly.

*Cin.* Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

*3 Pleb.* Your name, sir, truly.

*Cin.* Truly, my name is Cinna.

*1 Pleb.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

*Cin.* I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

*4 Pleb.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

*Cin.* I am not Cinna the conspirator.

*4 Pleb.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck out his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

*3 Pleb.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho! fire-brands.

To Brutus', to Cassius', burn all. Some to Decius' house, And some to Casca's; some to Ligarius's:—Away; go.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*On a small island near Mytina. Enter ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS.*

*Antony.*

THESE many then shall die: Their names are prick'd.

*Octa.* Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

*Lep.* I do consent.

*Octa.* Prick him down, Antony.

*Lep.* Upon condition Publius shall not live,<sup>1</sup>

Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;

Fetch the will hither; and we shall determine

How to cut off some charge in legacies.

*Lep.* What, shall I find you here?

*Octa.* Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit LEPIDUS.*]

(1) Lucius, not Publius, was the person here meant, who was the uncle by the mother's side to Mark Antony. This mistake, however, is more like the mistake of the author, who has already substituted Decius in the room of Decimus, than of his transcriber or printer. STEEV.

*Ant.* This is a slight unmeritable man,  
Meet to be sent on errands : Is it fit,  
The three-fold world divided, he should stand  
One of the three to share it ?

*Octa.* So you thought him ;  
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,  
In our black sentence and proscription.

*Ant.* Octavius, I have seen more days than you :  
And though we lay these honours on this man,  
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,  
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,  
To groan and sweat under the business,  
Either led or driven, as we point the way ;  
And having brought our treasure where we will,  
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,  
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,  
And graze in commons.

*Octa.* You may do your will ;  
But he's a try'd and valiant soldier.

*Ant.* So is my horse, Octavius : and, for that,  
I do appoint him store of provender.  
It is a creature that I teach to fight,  
To wind, to stop, to run directly on ;  
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.  
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so ;  
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth :  
A barren-spirited fellow ; one, that feeds  
On objects, arts, and imitations ;  
Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,  
Begin his fashion : do not talk of him,  
But as a property. And now, Octavius,  
Listen great things.—Brutus and Cassius  
Are levying powers : we must straight make head :  
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,  
Our best friends made, our best means stretcht ;  
And let us presently go sit in council,  
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,  
And open perils surest answer'd.

*Octa.* Let us do so ; for we are at the stake,  
And bay'd about with many enemies :  
And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,  
Millions of mischiefs. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE II.

*Before BRUTUS' tent, in the camp of Sardis. Drum.  
Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, and Soldiers: TITINIUS and PINDARUS meeting them.*

*Bru.* Stand, ho!

*Luc.* Give the word, ho! and stand!

*Bru.* What now, Lucilius? is Cassius near?

*Luc.* He is at hand; and Pindarus is come  
To do you salutation from his master.

*Bru.* He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,  
In his own change, or by ill officers,  
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish  
Things done, undone: but if he be at hand,  
I shall be satisfied.

*Pin.* I do not doubt,  
But that my noble master will appear  
Such as he is, full of regard, and honour.

*Bru.* He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius;—  
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

*Luc.* With courtesy, and with respect enough;  
But not with such familiar instances,  
Nor with such free and friendly conference,  
As he hath us'd of old.

*Bru.* Thou hast describ'd  
A hot friend cooling: Ever note, Lucilius,  
When love begins to sicken and decay,  
It useth an enforced ceremony.  
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:  
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,  
Make gallant shew and promise of their mettle;  
But when they should endure the bloody spur,  
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,  
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

*Luc.* They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;  
The greater part, the horse in general,  
Are come with Cassius. *[March within.]*

*Enter CASSIUS, and Soldiers.*

*Bru.* Hark, he is arriv'd:  
March gently on to meet him.

*Cas.* Stand, ho!

*Bru.* Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

*Within.* Stand!

*Within.* Stand!

*Within.* Stand !

*Cas.* Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

*Bru.* Judge me, you Gods ! Wrong I mine enemies ?  
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother ?

*Cas.* Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs ;  
And when you do them——

*Bru.* Cassius, be content,  
Speak your griefs softly.—I do know you well :—  
Before the eyes of both our armies here,  
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,  
Let us not wrangle : Bid them move away ;  
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,  
And I will give you audience.

*Cas.* Pindarus,  
Bid our commanders lead their charges off  
A little from this ground.

*Bru.* Lucilius, do the like ; and let no man  
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.  
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*The inside of BRUTUS' tent. Enter BRUTUS and-  
CASSIUS.*

*Cas.* That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this :  
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,  
For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;  
Wherein my letter, praying on his side,  
Because I knew the man, was slighted off.

*Bru.* You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a case.

*Cas.* In such a time as this, it is not meet  
That every nice offence should bear its comment.<sup>2</sup>

*Bru.* Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself  
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm ;  
To sell and mart your offices for gold,  
To undeservers.

*Cas.* I an itching palm ?  
You know, that you are Brutus that speak this,  
Or, by the Gods, this speech were else your last.

*Bru.* The name of Cassius honours this corruption,  
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.

*Cas.* Chastisement !

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(2) i.e. Every small trifling offence.      WARB.

*Bru.* Remember March, the Ides of March, remember !  
 Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?  
 What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,  
 And not for justice ? What, shall one of us,  
 That struck the foremost man of all this world,  
 But for supporting robbers ; shall we now  
 Contaminate our fingers with base bribes ?  
 And sell the mighty space of our large honours,  
 For so much trash, as may be grasped thus ?—  
 I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,<sup>3</sup>  
 Than such a Roman.

*Cas.* Brutus, bay not me ;  
 I'll not endure it : you forget yourself,  
 To hedge me in ;<sup>4</sup> I am a soldier ; ay,  
 Older in practice, abler than yourself  
 To make conditions.<sup>5</sup>

*Bru.* Go to ; you are not, Cassius.

*Cas.* I am.

*Bru.* I say, you are not.

*Cas.* Urge me no more ; I shall forget myself ;  
 Have mind upon your health,—tempt me no further ;

*Bru.* Away, slight man !

*Cas.* Is't possible ?—

*Bru.* Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?  
 Shall I be frightened, when a madman stares ?

*Cas.* O Gods ! ye Gods ! Must I endure all this ?

*Bru.* All this ? ay, more : Fret, till your proud heart  
 break ;

Go, shew your slaves how choleric you are,  
 And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge ?  
 Must I observe you ? Must I stand and crouch  
 Under your testy humour ? By the Gods,  
 You shall digest the venom of your spleen,  
 Though it do split you : for, from this day forth,

(3) The poets and common people, who generally think and speak alike, suppose the dog bays the moon out of envy to its brightness ; an allusion to this notion makes the beauty of the passage in question. Brutus hereby insinuates a covert accusation against his friend, that it was only envy at Cæsar's glory which set Cassius on conspiring against him ; and ancient history seems to countenance such a charge. Cassius understood him in this sense, and with much conscious pride retorts the charge by a like insinuation,

—" Brutus, bay not me."

WARB.

(4) That is, to limit my authority by your direction or censure. JOHNS.

(5) That is, to know on what terms it is fit to confer the offices which are at my disposal. JOHNS.

I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,  
When you are waspish.

*Cas.* Is it come to this?

*Bru.* You say, you are a better soldier :  
Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,  
And it shall please me well : For mine own part,  
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

*Cas.* You wrong me every way ; you wrong me, Brutus ;  
I said an elder soldier, not a better :  
Did I say, better ?

*Bru.* If you did, I care not.

*Cas.* When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.

*Bru.* Peace, peace ; you durst not so have tempted him.

*Cas.* I durst not !—

*Bru.* No.

*Cas.* What ! durst not tempt him ?

*Bru.* For your life, you durst not.

*Cas.* Do not presume too much upon my love ;  
I may do that, I shall be sorry for.

*Bru.* You have done that, you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;

For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,

That they pass by me, as the idle wind,

Which I respect not. I did send to you

For certain sums of gold, which you deny'd me ;—

For I can raise no money by vile means :

By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,

And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring  
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,\*

By any indirection. I did send

To you for gold to pay my legions,

Which you deny'd me : Was that done like Cassius ?

Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so ?

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,

To lock such rascal counters from his friends,

Be ready, Gods, with all your thunderbolts,

Dash him to pieces !

*Cas.* I deny'd you not.

*Bru.* You did.

*Cas.* I did not :—he was but a fool,

---

(6) This is a noble sentiment, altogether in character, and expressed in a manner imitatively happy. For to wring, implies both to get unjustly, and to use force in getting : and hard hands signify both the peasant's great labour and pains in acquiring, and his great unwillingness to quit his hold. WARB.

That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd my heart :

A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,  
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

*Bru.* I do not, till you practise them on me.<sup>7</sup>

*Cas.* You love me not.

*Bru.* I do not like your faults.

*Cas.* A friendly eye could never see such faults.

*Bru.* A flatterer's would not, though they do appear  
As huge as high Olympus.

*Cas.* Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,  
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,  
For Cassius is a-weary of the world ;  
Hated by one he loves ; brav'd by his brother ;  
Check'd like a bondman ; all his faults observ'd,  
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,  
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep  
My spirit from mine eyes !—There is my dagger,  
And here my naked breast ; within, a heart  
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :  
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth.  
I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart :  
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar ; for, I know,  
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'st him better  
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

*Bru.* Sheath your dagger :  
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;  
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.  
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,  
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire,  
Who, much enforced, shews a hasty spark,  
And straight is cold again.

*Cas.* Hath Cassius liv'd  
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,  
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him ?

*Bru.* When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

*Cas.* Do you confess so much ? Give me your hand.

*Bru.* And my heart too. [*Embracing.*]

*Cas.* O Brutus !—

*Bru.* What's the matter ?

*Cas.* Have you not love enough to bear with me,  
When that rash humour, which my mother gave me,  
Makes me forgetful ?

(7) The meaning is this ; I do not look for your faults, I only see them, and mention them with vehemence, when you force them into my notice, 'by practising them on me.' JOHN8.

**Bru.** Yes, Cassius ; and, from henceforth,  
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,  
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[*A noise within.*]

**Poet.** [*within.*] Let me go in to see the generals ;  
There is some grudge between 'em ; 'tis not meet  
They be alone.

**Luc.** [*within.*] You shall not come to them.

**Poet.** [*within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

*Enter Poet.*

**Cas.** How now ? What's the matter ?

**Poet.** For shame, you generals ; what do you mean ?  
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be ;  
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.

**Cas.** Ha, ha ;—how vilely doth this cynick rhyme !

**Bru.** Get you hence, sirrah ; saucy fellow, hence.

**Cas.** Bear with him, Brutus ; 'tis his fashion.

**Bru.** I'll know his humour, when he knows his time :  
What should the wars do with these jingling fools ?  
—Companion, hence.

**Cas.** Away, away, be gone.

[*Exit Poet.*]

*Enter LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.*

**Bru.** Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders  
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

**Cas.** And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you,  
Immediately to us. [*Exe. LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.*]

**Bru.** Lucius, a bowl of wine.

**Cas.** I did not think, you could have been so angry.

**Bru.** O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

**Cas.** Of your philosophy you make no use,  
If you give place to accidental evils.

**Bru.** No man bears sorrow better :—Portia's dead.

**Cas.** Ha ! Portia !—

**Bru.** She is dead.

**Cas.** How scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so ?—  
O insupportable and touching loss !—  
Upon what sickness ?

**Bru.** Impatient of my absence,  
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony  
Have made themselves so strong ; (for with her death  
That tidings came)—with this she fell distract,  
And her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

**Cas.** And dy'd so ?

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*Bru.* Even so.

*Cas.* O ye immortal Gods!

*Re-enter LUCIUS, with wine and tapers.*

*Bru.* Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine:  
—In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*]

*Cas.* My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge :—  
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'er-swell the cup;  
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

*Bru.* Come in, Titinius :—Welcome, good Messala.—

*Re-enter TITINIUS and MESSALA.*

Now sit we close about this taper here,  
And call in question our necessities.

*Cas.* Portia! art thou gone?

*Bru.* No more, I pray you.—  
Messala, I have here received letters,  
'That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,  
Come down upon us with a mighty power,  
Bending their expedition towards Philippi.

*Mes.* Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.

*Brn.* With what addition?

*Mes.* That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,  
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,  
Have put to death an hundred senators.

*Bru.* Therein our letters do not well agree;  
Mine speak of seventy senators, that dy'd  
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

*Cas.* Cicero one?

*Mes.* Cicero is dead,  
And by that order of proscription.—  
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

*Bru.* No, Messala.

*Mes.* Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

*Bru.* Nothing, Messala.

*Mes.* That, methinks, is strange.

*Bru.* Why ask you? Hear you ought of her in yours?

*Mes.* No, my lord.

*Bru.* Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

*Mes.* Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:  
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

*Bru.* Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Messala:  
With meditating that she must die once,  
I have the patience to endure it now.

*Mes.* Even so great men great losses should endure.

*Cas.* I have as much of this in art as you,  
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

*Bru.* Well, to our work alive. What you do think  
Of marching to Philippi presently?

*Cas.* I do not think it good.

*Bru.* Your reason?

*Cas.* This it is:

'Tis better that the enemy seek us:  
So shall we waste his means, weary his soldiers,  
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,  
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

*Bru.* Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.  
The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,  
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;  
For they have grudg'd us contribution:  
The enemy, marching along by them,  
By them shall make a fuller number up,  
Come on refresh'd, new added, and encourag'd;  
From which advantage shall we cut him off,  
If at Philippi we do face him there,  
These people at our back.

*Cas.* Hear me, good brother——

*Bru.* Under your pardon.—You must note beside,  
That we have try'd the utmost of our friends,  
Our legions are brim full, our cause is ripe;  
The enemy increaseth every day,  
We at the height are ready to decline:  
There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.  
On such a full sea are we now afloat;  
And we must take the current when it serves,  
Or lose our ventures.

*Cas.* Then, with your will, go on; we will along  
Ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

*Bru.* The deep of night is crept upon our talk,  
And nature must obey necessity;  
Which we will niggard with a little rest.  
There is no more to say?

*Cas.* No more. Good night:  
Early to-morrow will we rise and hence.

*Bru.* Lucius, my gown. [*Exit LUC.*] Farewel, good  
Messala;—

Good night, Titinius.—Noble, noble Cassius,  
Good night, and good repose.

*Cas.* O my dear brother !

There was an ill beginning of the night :  
Never come such division 'tween our souls,  
Let it not, Brutus !

*Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown.*

*Bru.* Every thing is well.

*Tit. Mes.* Good night, lord Brutus.

*Bru.* Farewel, every one. *[Exeunt.]*

—Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument ?

*Luc.* Here in the tent.

*Bru.* What, thou speak'st drowsily ?

Poor knave, I blame thee not ; thou art o'er-watch'd.  
Call Claudius, and some other of my men ;  
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

*Luc.* Varro, and Claudius !——

*Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.*

*Var.* Calls my lord ?

*Bru.* I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep ;  
It may be, I shall raise you by and by  
On business to my brother Cassius.

*Var.* So please you, we will stand and watch your  
pleasure.

*Bru.* I will not have it so : lie down, good sirs ;  
It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.  
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so ;  
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

*Luc.* I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

*Bru.* Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.  
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while,  
And touch thy instrument a strain or two ?

*Luc.* Ay, my lord, an't please you.

*Bru.* It does, my boy :

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

*Luc.* It is my duty, sir.

*Bru.* I should not urge thy duty past thy might ;  
I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

*Luc.* I have slept, my lord, already.

*Bru.* It was well done ; and thou shalt sleep again :  
I will not hold thee long : if I do live,  
I will be good to thee. *[Music and a song.]*

This is a sleepy tune:—O murd'rous slumber!  
 Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,  
 That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good night,  
 I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.—  
 If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;  
 I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.  
 —Let me see, let me see,—Is not the leaf turn'd down,  
 Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

[*He sits down to read.*]

*Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.*

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?  
 I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes,  
 That shapes this monstrous apparition:  
 It comes upon me:—Art thou any thing?  
 Art thou some God, some angel, or some devil,  
 That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?  
 Speak to me, what thou art.

*Ghost.* Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

*Bru.* Why com'st thou?

*Ghost.* To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi,

*Bru.* Well: then I shall see thee again?<sup>8</sup>

*Ghost.* Ay, at Philippi.

[*Exit Ghost.*]

*Bru.* Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—

Boy! Lucius! Varro! Claudius! sirs! awake!—  
 Claudius!

*Luc.* The strings, my lord, are false.

*Bru.* He thinks, he is still at his instrument.—

Lucius! awake.

*Luc.* My lord!

*Bru.* Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criest  
 out?

*Luc.* My lord, I did not know that I did cry.

*Bru.* Yes, that thou didst: Didst thou see any thing?

*Luc.* Nothing, my lord.

*Bru.* Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!

Fellow! thou! awake!

*Var.* My lord!

*Clau.* My lord!

*Bru.* Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

*Both.* Did we, my lord?

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[8] This reply is taken exactly from the old translation of Plutarch. STEEV.

*Bru.* Ay, saw you any thing?

*Var.* No, my lord, I saw nothing.

*Clau.* Nor I, my lord.

*Bru.* Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius;  
Bid him set on his pow'rs betimes before,  
And we will follow.

*Both.* It shall be done, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*The fields of Philippi. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY,  
and their Army.*

*Octavius.*

NOW, Antony, our hopes are answer'd:  
You said, the enemy would not come down,  
But keep the hills and upper regions:  
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;  
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,<sup>1</sup>  
Answering before we do demand of them.

*Ant.* Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know  
Wherefore they do it: they could be content  
To visit other places; and come down  
With fearful bravery, thinking, by this face,  
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage:  
But 'tis not so.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Prepare you, generals:  
The enemy comes on in gallant shew:  
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,  
And something's to be done immediately.

*Ant.* Octavius, lead your battle softly on,  
Upon the left hand of the even field.

*Octa.* Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

*Ant.* Why do you cross me in this exigent?

*Octa.* I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.*]

*Drum.* *Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army.*

*Bru.* They stand, and would have parley.

*Cas.* Stand fast, Titinius: We must out and talk.

*Octa.* Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

[1] To warn, seems to mean here the same as to alarm.      *JOHNS.*

*Ant.* No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.  
Make forth ; the generals would have some words.

*Octa.* Stir not until the signal.

*Bru.* Words before blows. Is it so, countrymen ?

*Octa.* Not that we love words better, as you do.

*Bru.* Good words are better than bad words, Octavius.

*Ant.* In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words ;  
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,  
Crying, *Long live ! hail, Cæsar !*

*Cas.* Antony,  
The posture of your blows are yet unknown ;  
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,  
And leave them honeyless.

*Ant.* Not stingless too.

*Bru.* O yes, and soundless too ;  
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,  
And, very wisely, threat before you sting.

*Ant.* Villains ! you did not so, when your vile daggers  
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar :  
You shew'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,  
And bow'd like bond-men, kissing Cæsar's feet ;  
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur behind,  
Struck Cæsar on the neck. Oh, you flatterers !

*Cas.* Flatterers !—Now, Brutus, thank yourself :  
This tongue had not offended so to-day,  
If Cassius might have rul'd.

*Octa.* Come, come, the cause : If arguing make us sweat,  
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.  
Look, I draw a sword against conspirators ;  
When think you that the sword goes up again ?—  
Never, till Cæsar's three and twenty wounds  
Be well aveng'd ; or till another Cæsar  
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

*Bru.* Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,  
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

*Octa.* So I hope :  
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

*Bru.* O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,  
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

*Cas.* A peevish school-boy, worthless of such honour,  
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

*Ant.* Old Cassius still !

*Octa.* Come, Antony ; away.  
—Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth :

If you dare fight to-day, come to the field ;  
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exit. OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and Army.*]

*Cas.* Why now, blow, wind ; swell, billow ; and  
swim, bark !

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

*Bru.* Lucilius ; hark, a word with you.

[*LUCILIUS and MESSALA stand forth.*]

*Luc.* My lord. [*BRUTUS speaks apart to LUCILIUS.*]

*Cas.* Messala.

*Mes.* What says my general ?

*Cas.* Messala,

This is my birth-day ; as this very day  
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala :  
Be thou my witness, that, against my will,  
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set  
Upon one battle all our liberties.  
You know, that I held Epicurus strong,  
And his opinion : now I change my mind,  
And partly credit things that do presage.  
Coming from Sardis, on our foremost ensign  
Two mighty eagles fell ; and there they perch'd,  
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands,  
Who to Philippi here consorted us :  
This morning are they fled away and gone ;  
And, in their steads, do ravens, crows, and kites,  
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,  
As we were sickly prey ; their shadows seem  
A canopy most fatal, under which  
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

*Mes.* Believe not so.

*Cas.* I but believe it partly ;

For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd  
To meet all perils very constantly.

*Bru.* Even so, Lucilius.

*Cas.* Now, most noble Brutus,

The Gods to-day stand friendly ; that we may,  
Lovers, in peace, lead on our days to age !  
But since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,  
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.  
If we do lose this battle, then is this  
The very last time we shall speak together :  
What are you then determin'd to do ?<sup>3</sup>

[3] That is, I am resolv'd in such a case to kill myself. What are you determined of? WARB.

**Bru.** Even by the rule of that philosophy,<sup>4</sup>  
By which I did blame Cato for the death  
Which he did give himself;—(I know not how,  
But I do find it cowardly and vile,  
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent  
The time of life:—)—arming myself with patience,  
To stay the providence of some high powers,  
That govern us below.

**Cas.** Then, if we lose this battle,  
You are contented to be led in triumph  
Thorough the streets of Rome?

**Bru.** No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,  
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;  
He bears too great a mind. But this same day  
Must end that work, the Ides of March begun:  
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.  
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:—  
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!  
If we do meet again, why we shall smile;  
If not, why, then this parting was well made.

**Cas.** For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!  
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;  
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

**Bru.** Why then, lead on.—O, that a man might know  
The end of this day's business, ere it come!  
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,  
And then the end is known.—Come, ho. Away!

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Alarm. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.*

**Bru.** Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills  
Unto the legions on the other side: [*Loud alarm.*]  
Let them set on at once; for I perceive  
But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing;  
And sudden push gives them the overthrow:  
Ride, ride, Messala; let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*]

[4] There is an apparent contradiction between the sentiments contained in this and the following speech of Brutus. In this, Brutus declares his resolution to wait patiently for the determinations of Providence; and in the next, he intimates, that though he should survive the battle, he would never submit to be led in chains to Rome. This sentence, in sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch is perplexed, and might be easily misunderstood. Shakespeare, in the first speech, makes that to be the present opinion of Brutus, which, in Plutarch, is mentioned only as one he formerly entertained, though at that time he condemned it. STEEV.

## SCENE III.

*Alarm. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.*

*Cas.* O, look, T'itinius, look, the villains fly !  
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy :  
This ensign here of mine was turning back ;  
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

*Tit.* O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early :  
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,  
Took it too eagerly ; his soldiers fell to spoil,  
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

*Enter PINDARUS.*

*Pin.* Fly further off, my lord :—fly further off.  
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord :  
Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

*Cas.* This hill is far enough.—Look, look, Titinius ;  
Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire ?

*Tit.* They are, my lord.

*Cas.* Titinius, if thou lov'st me,  
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,  
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,  
And here again ; that I may rest assur'd,  
Whether yon' troops are friend or enemy.

*Tit.* I will be here again ; even with a thought. [*Exit.*

*Cas.* Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill :  
My sight was ever thick :—Regard Titinius,  
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.  
—This day I breathed first : time is come round,  
And, where I did begin, there shall I end ;  
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news ?

*Pin.* [*abovc.*] Oh, my lord !

*Cas.* What news ?

*Pin.* Titinius is enclosed round about  
With horsemen that make to him on the spur ;—  
Yet he spurs on.—Now, they are almost on him ; now,  
Titinius !—Now, some 'light :—oh, he 'lights too :—  
He's ta'en :—and hark, they shout for joy. [*Shout.*

*Cas.* Come down ; behold no more.—  
Oh, coward that I am, to live so long,  
To see my best friend ta'en before my face !—

*Re-enter PINDARUS.*

Come hither, sirrah :  
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner ;

And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,  
 That whatsoever I did bid thee do,  
 Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath;  
 Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,  
 That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.  
 Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the hilt;  
 And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,  
 Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,  
 Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Kills himself.*]

*Pin.* So, I am free; yet would not so have been,  
 Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!  
 Far from this country Pindarus shall run,  
 Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*]

*Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.*

*Mes.* It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius  
 Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,  
 As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

*Tit.* These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

*Mes.* Where did you leave him?

*Tit.* All-disconsolate,  
 With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

*Mes.* Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?

*Tit.* He lies not like the living. O my heart!

*Mes.* Is not that he?

*Tit.* No, this was he, Messala,  
 But Cassius is no more. Oh setting sun!  
 As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,  
 So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;  
 The sun of Rome is set! our day is gone;  
 Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!  
 Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

*Mes.* Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.  
 Oh hateful Error, Melancholy's child!  
 Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men  
 The things that are not? O Error, soon conceiv'd,  
 Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,  
 But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

*Tit.* What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pindarus?

*Mes.* Seek him, Titinius; whilst I go to meet  
 The noble Brutus, thrusting this report  
 Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;  
 For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,

Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,  
As tidings of this sight.

*Tit.* Hie you, Messala,  
And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [*Exit Mrs.*  
—Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?  
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they  
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,  
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their  
shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.  
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;  
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I  
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace;  
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—  
By your leave, Gods: This is a Roman's part;  
[*Stabs himself.*  
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [*Dies.*

*Alarm.* Enter BRUTUS, MESSALA, young CATO,  
STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS.

*Bru.* Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

*Mes.* Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.

*Bru.* Titinius' face is upward.

*Cato.* He is slain.

*Bru.* Oh Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!  
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords  
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarms.*

*Cato.* Brave Titinius!—

Look, whether he have not crown'd dead Cassius!—

*Bru.* Are yet two Romans living such as these?

Thou last of all the Romans! fare thee well!

It is impossible, that ever Rome

Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears

To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.—

I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—

Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body;

His funeral shall not be in our camp,

Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—

And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—

Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on:—

'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night

We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

*Alarm. Enter BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and others.*

*Bru.* Yet, countrymen, oh yet, hold up your heads!

*Cato.* What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?  
I will proclaim my name about the field:—  
I am the son of Marcus Cato,—ho!  
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;  
I am the son of Marcus Cato,—ho!

*Enter Soldiers, and fight.*

*Bru.* And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;  
Brutus, my country's friend: Know me for Brutus. [*Ex.*

*Luc.* O young and noble Cato, art thou down?  
Why, now thou dy'st as bravely as Titinius;  
And may'st be honour'd being Cato's son.

*Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.

*Luc.* Only I yield to die:  
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;  
[*Offering money.*  
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

*Sold.* We must not.—A noble prisoner!

*Enter ANTONY.*

*2 Sold.* Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

*1 Sold.* I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general:  
Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

*Ant.* Where is he?

*Luc.* Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:  
I dare assure thee, that no enemy  
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:  
The Gods defend him from so great a shame!  
When you do find him, or alive, or dead,  
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

*Ant.* This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,  
A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,  
Give him all kindness: I had rather have  
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,  
And see if Brutus be alive, or dead:  
And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,  
How every thing is chang'd.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.

*Another part of the field. Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS.*

*Bru.* Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

*Cli.* Statilius shew'd the torch-light ; but, my lord,  
He came not back, he is or ta'en, or slain.

*Bru.* Sit thee down, Clitus : Slaying is the word ;  
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—

*[ Whispering.*

*Cli.* What I, my lord ? No, not for all the world.

*Bru.* Peace then, no words.

*Cli.* I'll rather kill myself.

*Bru.* Hark thee, Dardanius !

*Dar.* Shall I do such a deed ?

*Cli.* Oh, Dardanius !

*Dar.* Oh, Clitus !

*Cli.* What ill request did Brutus make to thee ?

*Dar.* To kill him, Clitus : Look, he meditates.

*Cli.* Now is that noble vessel full of grief,  
That it runs over even at his eyes.

*Bru.* Come hither, good Volumnius ; list a word.

*Vol.* What says my lord ?

*Bru.* Why this, Volumnius ;

The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me  
Two several times by night : at Sardis, once ;  
And, this last night, here in Philippi' fields.  
I know, my hour is come.

*Vol.* Not so, my lord.

*Bru.* Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes ;  
Our enemies have beat us to the pit ; *[Alarm.*  
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,  
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,  
Thou know'st, that we two went to school together ;  
Even for that, our love of old, I pray thee,  
Hold thou my sword's hilt, while I run on it.

*Vol.* That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

*[Alarm still.*

*Cli.* Fly, fly, my lord ; there is no tarrying here.

*Bru.* Farewel to you ;—and you ;—and you, Volumnius.—

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep ;

Farewel to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,  
 My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,  
 I found no man, but he was true to me.  
 I shall have glory by this losing day,  
 More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,  
 By this vile conquest shall attain unto.  
 So, fare you well at once ; for Brutus' tongue  
 Hath almost ended his life's history :  
 Night hangs upon mine eyes ; my bones would rest,  
 That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarm. Cry within. Fly, fly, fly.*

*Cl.* Fly, my lord, fly.—

*Bru.* Hence ; I will follow.

—I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord :  
 Thou art a fellow of a good respect ;  
 Thy life hath had some smack of honour in it :  
 Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,  
 While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato ?

*Stra.* Give me your hand first : Fare you well, my lord.

*Bru.* Farewel, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still ;  
 I kill not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his sword, and dies.*

*Alarm. Retreat. Enter ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and the Army.*

*Octa.* What man is that ?

*Mes.* My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master ?

*Stra.* Free from the bondage you are in, Messala ;  
 The conquerors can but make a fire of him :  
 For Brutus only overcame himself,  
 And no one else hath honour by his death.

*Luc.* So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,  
 That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

*Octa.* All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.  
 —Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me ?

*Stra.* Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

*Octa.* Do so, good Messala.

*Mes.* How died my master, Strato ?

*Stra.* I held the sword, and he did run on it.

*Mes.* Octavius, then take him to follow thee,  
 That did the latest service to my master.

*Ant.* This was the noblest Roman of them all :  
 All the conspirators, save only he,

Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar ;  
He, only, in a general, honest thought,  
And common good to all, made one of them.  
His life was gentle, and the elements  
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,  
And say to all the world, *This was a man !*

*Octa.* According to his virtue, let us use him,  
With all respect, and rites of burial.  
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,  
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—  
So, call the field to rest : and let's away,  
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Excunt omnes.*]

# **ANTONY & CLEOPATRA.**

**Z 2**



## OBSERVATIONS.

**T**HIS play keeps curiosity always busy, and the passions always interested. The continual hurry of the action, the variety of incidents, and the quick succession of one personage to another, call the mind forward without intermission from the first act to the last. But the power of delighting is derived principally from the frequent changes of the scene ; for, except the feminine arts, some of which are too low, which distinguish Cleopatra, no character is very strongly discriminated. Upton, who did not easily miss what he desired to find, has discovered that the language of Antony is, with great skill and learning, made pompous and superb, according to his real practice. But I think his diction not distinguishable from that of others : the most tumid speech in the play is that which Cæsar makes to Octavia.

The events, of which the principal are described according to history, are produced without any art of connexion or care of disposition.

JOHNSON.

It is observable with what judgment Shakespeare draws the character of Octavius. Antony was his hero ; so the other was not to shine : yet being an historical character, there was a necessity to draw him *like*. But the ancient historians, his flatterers, had delivered him down so fair, that he seems ready cut and dried for a hero. Amidst these difficulties Shakespeare has extricated himself with great address. He has admitted all those great strokes of his character as he found them, and yet has made him a very unamiable character, deceitful, mean-spirited, narrow-minded, proud, and revengeful.

WARBURTON.

This play is not divided into acts by the author or first editors, and therefore the present division may be altered at pleasure. I think the first act may be commodiously continued to the end of the first scene of the succeeding act, and the second act opened with the interview of the chief persons, and a change of the state of action. Yet it must be confessed, that it is of small importance, where these unconnected and desultory scenes are interrupted.

JOHNSON.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

M. ANTONY,  
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, } *triumvirs.*  
ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS, }

SEX. POMPEIUS.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,  
VENTIDIUS,  
CANIDIUS,  
EROS,  
SCARUS,  
DERCETAS,  
DEMETRIUS,  
PHILO, } *friends of Antony.*

MECÆNAS,  
AGRIPPA,  
DOLABELLA,  
PROCULEIUS, } *friends of Cæsar.*

THYREUS,  
GALLUS,  
MENAS,  
MENECRATES, } *friends of Pompey.*  
VARRIUS,

SILIUS, *an officer in Ventidius' army.*

TAURUS, *lieutenant-general to Cæsar.*

ALEXAS,  
MARDIAN, } *servants to Cleopatra.*  
DIOMEDES,

*A Soothsayer. Clown.*

CLEOPATRA, *queen of Egypt.*

OCTAVIA, *sister to Cæsar, and wife to Antony.*

CHARMIAN, } *ladies attending on Cleopatra.*  
IRAS,

*Ambassadors from Antony to Cæsar, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.*

*The SCENE is dispersed in several parts of the Roman empire.*

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# ANTONY & CLEOPATRA.

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

CLEOPATRA's palace at Alexandria. Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.

*Philo.*

NAY, but this dotage of our general's  
O'erflows the measure : those his goodly eyes,  
That o'er the files and musters of the war  
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,  
The office and devotion of their view  
Upon a tawny front ; his captain's heart,  
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst  
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper ;<sup>1</sup>  
And is become the bellows and the fan<sup>2</sup>  
To cool a gypsy's lust.<sup>3</sup> Look, where they come !

*Flourish.* Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, and  
their Trains ; Eunuchs fanning her.

Take but good note, and you shall see in him  
The triple pillar of the world<sup>4</sup> transform'd  
Into a strumpet's fool : behold, and see.

*Cleo.* If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

*Ant.* There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

*Cleo.* I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.<sup>5</sup>

*Ant.* Then must thou needs find out new heaven,  
new earth.<sup>6</sup>

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[1] Reneges—renounces. POPE.

[2] In this passage something seems to be wanting. The bellows and fan being commonly used for contrary purposes, were probably opposed by the author, who might perhaps have written,

....is become the bellows, and the fan,  
To kindle and to cool a gypsy's lust

JOHNS.

[3] Gypsy—is here used both in the original meaning for an Egyptian, and in its accidental sense for a bad woman. JOHNS.

[4] Triple—is here used improperly for third, or one of three. One of the Triumvirs, one of the three masters of the world. WARB.

[5] Bourn—bound or limit. POPE.

[6] Thou must set the boundary of my love at a greater distance than the present visible universe affords. JOHNS.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* News, my good lord, from Rome.

*Ant.* Grates me. The sum?<sup>7</sup>

*Cleo.* Nay, hear them, Antony :

Fulvia, perchance, is angry ; or who knows,  
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent  
His powerful mandate to you, *Do this, or this ;*  
*Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that ;*  
*Perform't, or else we damn thee.*

*Ant.* How, my love ?

*Cleo.* Perchance, nay, and most like,  
You must not stay here longer, your dismissal  
Is come from Cæsar ; therefore hear it, Antony.—  
Where's Fulvia's process ? Cæsar's, I would say ?—Both ?  
—Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,  
Thou blushest, Antony ; and that blood of thine  
Is Cæsar's homager : else so thy cheek pays shame,  
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds.—The messengers.

*Ant.* Let Rome in Tyber melt ! and the wide arch  
Of the rang'd empire fall ! Here is my space ;  
Kingdoms are clay : our dungy earth alike  
Feeds beast as man : the nobleness of life  
Is, to do thus ; when such a mutual pair, [*Embracing.*  
And such a twain can do't ; in which, I bind,  
On pain of punishment, the world to weet,<sup>8</sup>  
We stand up peerless.

*Cleo.* [*Aside.*] Excellent falsehood !  
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her ?—  
I'll seem the fool I am not. Antony  
Will be himself.

*Ant.* But stirr'd by Cleopatra.<sup>9</sup>—  
Now, for the love of love, and his soft hours,  
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh :  
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch  
Without some pleasure now : What sport to-night ?

*Cleo.* Hear the ambassadors.

*Ant.* Fye, wrangling queen !  
Whom every thing becomes ; to chide, to laugh,  
To weep : whose every passion fully strives

[7] Be brief, sum thy business in a few words.   JOHNS.

[8] To weet—to know.   POPE.

[9] 'But, in this passage, seems to have the old Saxon signification of with-  
out, unless, except. 'Antony,' says the queen, will reflect his thoughts.  
'Unless kept,' he replies, 'in commotion by Cleopatra.'   JOHNS.

To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd !  
 No messenger, but thine ;—and all alone,  
 To-night, we'll wander through the streets, and note  
 The qualities of people. Come, my queen ;  
 Last night you did desire it :—Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt, with their train*]

*Dem.* Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight ?

*Phil.* Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,  
 He comes too short of that great property  
 Which still should go with Antony.

*Dem.* I am full sorry,  
 That he approves the common liar, who  
 Thus speaks of him at Rome : But I will hope  
 Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy ! [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Another part of the palace. Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS,  
 and a Soothsayer.*

*Char.* Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas,  
 almost most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer,  
 that you prais'd so to the queen ? Oh ! that I knew this  
 husband, which, you say, must change his horns with  
 garlands.<sup>1</sup>

*Alex.* Soothsayer,——

*Sooth.* Your will ?

*Char.* Is this the man ?—Is't you, sir, that know things ?

*Sooth.* In Nature's infinite book of secrecy,  
 A little I can read.

*Alex.* Shew him your hand.

*Enter ENOBARBUS.*

*Eno.* Bring in the banquet quickly ; wine enough,  
 Cleopatra's health to drink.

*Char.* Good sir, give me good fortune.

*Sooth.* I make not, but foresee.

*Char.* Nay then, foresee me one.

*Sooth.* You shall be yet fairer than you are.

*Char.* He means, in flesh.

*Irás.* No, you shall paint, when you are old.

*Char.* Wrinkles forbid !

*Alex.* Vex not his prescience ; be attentive.

(1) I am in doubt, whether To change is not merely To dress, or To dress  
 with changes of garlands.      JOHNS.

*Char.* Hush !

*Sooth.* You shall be more believing, than beloved.

*Char.* I had rather heat my liver with drinking.<sup>2</sup>

*Alex.* Nay, hear him.

*Char.* Good now, some excellent fortune ! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all ; let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage !<sup>3</sup> find me, to marry with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress !

*Sooth.* You shall out-live the lady whom you serve.

*Char.* O excellent ! I love long life better than figs.

*Sooth.* You have seen and prov'd a fairer former fortune Than that which is to approach.

*Char.* Then, belike, my children shall have no names :<sup>4</sup> Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have ?

*Sooth.* If every of your wishes had a womb, And foretel every wish, a million.

*Char.* Out, fool ! I forgive thee for a witch.

*Alex.* You think, none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

*Char.* Nay, come, tell Iras her's.

*Alex.* We'll know all our fortunes.

*Eno.* Mine, and most of our fortunes to-night, shall be,—drunk to bed.

*Iras.* There's a palm presageth chastity, if nothing else.

*Char.* Even as the o'erflowing Nile presageth famine.

*Iras.* Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

*Char.* Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.—Pr'ythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

*Sooth.* Your fortunes are alike.

*Iras.* But how, but how ? give me particulars.

*Sooth.* I have said.

*Iras.* Am I not an inch of fortune better than she ?

*Char.* Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it ?

*Iras.* Not in my husband's nose.

*Char.* Our worsèr thoughts heaven mend ! Alexas,—

[2] To know why the lady is so averse from heating her liver, it must be remembered, that a heated liver is supposed to make a pimpled face. JOHNS.

[3] Herod paid homage to the Romans, to procure the grant of the kingdom of Judea. STEEV.

[4] A fairer fortune, I believe, means a more reputable one. Her answer then implies, that belike all her children will be bastards, and have no right to the name of their father's family. STEEV.

come, his fortune ; his fortune.—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee ! And let her die too, and give him a worse ! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold ! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight ; good Isis, I beseech thee.

*Iras.* Amen, dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people ! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wiv'd, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded ; therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly !

*Char.* Amen !

*Alex.* Lo, now ! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do't.

*Enter CLEOPATRA.*

*Eno.* Hush ! here comes Antony.

*Char.* Not he, the queen.

*Cleo.* Saw you my lord ?

*Eno.* No, lady.

*Cleo.* Was he not here ?

*Char.* No, madam.

*Cleo.* He was dispos'd to mirth ; but on the sudden  
A Roman thought hath struck him.—*Enobarbus,*—

*Eno.* Madam.

*Cleo.* Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's *Alexas* ?

*Alex.* Here, at your service.—My lord approaches.

*Enter ANTONY, with a Messenger, and Attendants.*

*Cleo.* We will not look upon him : Go with us. [*Exeunt.*

*Mes.* Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

*Ant.* Against my brother Lucius ?

*Mes.* Ay :

But soon that war had end, and the time's state  
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst *Cæsar* ;  
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,  
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

*Ant.* Well, what worst ?

*Mes.* The nature of bad news infects the teller.

*Ant.* When it concerns the fool, or coward.—On :  
Things, that are past, are done, with me.—'Tis thus ;  
Who tells me true, though in the tale lie death,  
I hear him, as he flatter'd.

Aa VOL. VI.

*Mes.* Labienus (this is stiff news)  
Hath, with his Parthian force, extended Asia;<sup>5</sup>  
From Euphrates his conquering banner shook,  
From Syria, to Lydia, and to Ionia;  
Whilst—

*Ant.* Antony, thou wouldst say,—

*Mes.* Oh, my lord.

*Ant.* Speak to me home; mince not the general tongue;  
Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome:  
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults  
With such full licence, as both truth and malice  
Have power to utter. Oh, then we bring forth weeds,  
When our quick winds lie still;<sup>6</sup> and our ill, told us,  
Is as our earring. Fare thee well a while.

*Mes.* At your noble pleasure.

*Ant.* From Sicyon, how the news? Speak there.

*Mes.* The man from Sicyon.—Is there such an one?

*Attend.* He stays upon your will. [Exit *Mes.*

*Ant.* Let him appear.—

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

*Enter another Messenger.*

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you?

*2 Mes.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.

*Ant.* Where died she?

*2 Mes.* In Sicyon:

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious  
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [Gives a letter.

*Ant.* Forbear me.— [Exit Messenger.

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:  
What our contempts do often hurl from us,  
We wish it our's again; the present pleasure,  
By revolution lowering, does become  
The opposite of itself:<sup>7</sup> she's good, being gone;  
The hand could pluck her back, that shov'd her on.<sup>8</sup>  
I must from this enchanting queen break off;

(5) To extend—is a term used for To seize; I know not whether that be not the sense here. JOHNS.

(6) The sense is, that man, not agitated by censure, like soil not ventilated by quick winds, produces more evil than good. JOHNS.

(7) The allusion is to the sun's diurnal course; which rising in the east, and by revolution lowering, or setting in the west, becomes the opposite of itself. WARB.—Perhaps Shakespeare meant only, that our pleasures, as they are revolved in the mind, turn to pain. JOHNS.

(8) The verb 'could' has a peculiar signification in this place; it does not denote power but inclination. The sense is, 'the hand that drove her off would now willingly pluck her back again.' REV/SAL.

Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,  
My idleness doth hatch.—How now! Enobarbus!

*Enter ENOBARBUS.*

*Eno.* What's your pleasure, sir?

*Ant.* I must with haste from hence.

*Eno.* Why, then we kill all our women: We see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

*Ant.* I must be gone.

*Eno.* Under a compelling occasion, let women die: It were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteem'd nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment:<sup>9</sup> I do think, there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

*Ant.* She is cunning past man's thought.

*Eno.* Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears: they are greater storms and tempests than almanacks can report: This cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

*Ant.* 'Would I had never seen her!

*Eno.* Oh, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which, not to have been blest withal, would have discredited your travel.

*Ant.* Fulvia is dead.

*Eno.* Sir!

*Ant.* Fulvia is dead.

*Eno.* Fulvia!

*Ant.* Dead.

*Eno.* Why, sir, give the Gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shews to man the tailors of the earth;<sup>1</sup> comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the

(9) For less reason; upon meaner motives.      JOHNS.

(1) The meaning is this: 'As the Gods have been pleased to take away your wife Fulvia, so they have provided you with a new one in Cleopatra; in like manner as the tailors of the earth, when your old garments are worn out, accommodate you with new ones.'      ANONYMOUS.

case were to be lamented : this grief is crowned with consolation ; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat : And, indeed, the tears live in an onion, that should water this sorrow.

*Ant.* The business she hath broached in the state,  
Cannot endure my absence.

*Eno.* And the business you have broached here, cannot be without you ; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

*Ant.* No more light answers. Let our officers  
Have notice what we purpose : I shall break  
The cause of our expedience to the queen,<sup>1</sup>  
And get her leave to part. For not alone  
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,<sup>2</sup>  
Do strongly speak to us ; but the letters too  
Of many our contriving friends in Rome  
Petition us at home :<sup>3</sup> Sextus Pompeius  
Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands  
The empire of the sea : Our slippery people  
(Whose love is never link'd to the deserver,  
Till his deserts are past) begin to throw  
Pompey the Great, and all his dignities,  
Upon his son ; who, high in name and power,  
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up  
For the main soldier ; whose quality, going on,  
The sides o'the world may danger : Much is breeding,  
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,  
And not a serpent's poison.<sup>4</sup> Say, our pleasure,  
To such whose place is under us, requires  
Our quick remove from hence.<sup>5</sup>

*Eno.* I shall do't.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.*

*Cleo.* Where is he ?

*Char.* I did not see him since.

*Cleo.* See where he is, who's with him, what he does :—

- (1) Expedience—for expedition. WARB.  
(2) Things that touch me more sensibly, more pressing motives. JOHNS.  
(3) With us at home ; call for us to reside at home. JOHNS.  
(4) Alludes to an old idle notion that the hair of a horse dropt into corrupted water, will turn to an animal. POPE.  
(5) I believe we should read,—“Their quick remove from hence.” Tell our design of going away to those, who being by their places obliged to attend us, must remove in haste. JOHNS.

I did not send you.<sup>6</sup>—If you find him sad,  
Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report  
That I am sudden sick: Quick, and return.

*Char.* Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,  
You do not hold the method to enforce  
The like from him.

*Cleo.* What should I do, I do not?

*Char.* In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

*Cleo.* Thou teachest, like a fool, the way to lose him.

*Char.* Tempt him not so too far: I wish, forbear;  
In time we hate that which we often fear.

*Enter ANTONY.*

But here comes Antony.

*Cleo.* I am sick, and sullen.

*Ant.* I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose.

*Cleo.* Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall;  
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature  
Will not sustain it.

*Ant.* Now, my dearest queen,—

*Cleo.* Pray you, stand farther from me.

*Ant.* What's the matter?

*Cleo.* I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.  
What says the marry'd woman?—You may go;  
'Would she had never given you leave to come!  
Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here;  
I have no power upon you:—Her's you are.

*Ant.* The Gods best know,—

*Cleo.* O, never was there queen  
So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the first,  
I saw the treasons planted.

*Ant.* Cleopatra,—

*Cleo.* Why should I think, you can be mine, and true,  
Though you with swearing shake the throned Gods,  
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,  
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,  
Which break themselves in swearing!

*Ant.* Most sweet queen,—

*Cleo.* Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,  
But bid farewell, and go: when you su'd staying,  
Then was the time for words: No going then;—  
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes;  
Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor,

---

(9) You must go as if you came without my order or knowledge. JOHNS.

But was a race of heaven :<sup>5</sup> They are so still,  
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,  
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

*Ant.* How now, lady ?

*Cleo.* I would I had thy inches ; thou shouldst know,  
There were a heart in Egypt.

*Ant.* Hear me, queen :

The strong necessity of time commands  
Our services a-while ; but my full heart  
Remains in use with you.<sup>6</sup> Our Italy  
Shines o'er with civil swords : Sextus Pompeius,  
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome :  
Equality of two domestic powers  
Breeds scrupulous faction : the hated, grown to strength,  
Are newly grown to love : the condemn'd Pompey,  
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace  
Into the hearts of such as have not thriven  
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten ;  
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge  
By any desperate change. My more particular,  
And that which most with you should safe my going,  
Is Fulvia's death.

*Cleo.* Though age from folly could not give me freedom,  
It does from childishness :—Can Fulvia die ?

*Ant.* She's dead, my queen :

Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read  
The garboils she awak'd ; at the last, best :  
See, when, and where she died.

*Cleo.* O most false love !

Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill  
With sorrowful water ?<sup>7</sup> Now I see, I see,  
In Fulvia's death, how mine shall be receiv'd.

*Ant.* Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know  
The purposes I bear ; which are, or cease,  
As you shall give the advices : By the fire,  
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,  
Thy soldier, servant ; making peace, or war,  
As thou affect'st.

*Cleo.* Cut my lace. Charmian, come ;—

(5) i.e. Had a smack or flavour of heaven. *WARB.*—This word is well explained by Dr. Warburton ; the 'race' of wine is the taste of the foil *JOHNS.*

(6) The poet seems to allude to the legal distinction between the use and absolute possession. *JOHNS.*

(7) Alluding to the lachrymatory vials, or bottles of tears, which the Romans sometimes put into the urn of a friend. *JOHNS.*

But let it be, I am quickly ill, and well :

—So Antony loves.

*Ant.* My precious queen, forbear ;  
And give true evidence to his love, which stands  
An honourable trial.

*Cleo.* So Fulvia told me.

I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her ;  
Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears  
Belong to Egypt :<sup>8</sup> Good now, play one scene  
Of excellent dissembling ; and let it look  
Like perfect honour.

*Ant.* You'll heat my blood : no more.

*Cleo.* You can do better yet ; but this is meetly.

*Ant.* Now by my sword,—

*Cleo.* And target—Still he mends ;  
But this is not the best. Look, pr'ythee, Charmian,  
How this Herculean Roman does become  
The carriage of his chafe.

*Ant.* I'll leave you, lady.

*Cleo.* Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it ;  
Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it ;  
That you know well ; something it is, I would :—  
Oh, my oblivion is a very Antony,  
And I am all forgotten.<sup>9</sup>

*Ant.* But that your royalty  
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you  
For idleness itself.<sup>1</sup>

*Cleo.* 'Tis sweating labour,  
To bear such idleness so near the heart  
As Cleopatra, this. But, sir, forgive me ;  
Since my becoming kill me, when they do not  
Eye well to you : Your honour calls you hence ;  
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,  
And all the Gods go with you ! Upon your sword

(8) To me, the queen of Egypt. JOHNS.

(9) Cleopatra has something to say, which seems to be suppress'd by sorrow, and after many attempts to produce her meaning, she cries out, 'This quality I have of forgetting what concerns me nearly, too much resembles Antony, or is an Antony, and my welfare is alike forgotten by him and by myself.' STEEV.

(1) I.e. 'But that your charms hold me, who am the greatest fool on earth, in chains, I should have adjudged you to be the greatest.' That this is the sense is shewn by her answer,

'Tis sweating labour,  
To bear such idleness so near the heart,  
As Cleopatra, this. —

WARB.

Sit laurell'd victory ! and smooth success  
Be strew'd before your feet !

*Ant.* Let us go. Come ;  
Our separation so abides, and flies,  
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,  
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.  
Away. [*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.

*CÆSAR's palace in Rome. Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,  
LEPIDUS, and Attendants.*

*Cæs.* You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,  
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate  
One great competitor.<sup>9</sup> From Alexandria  
This is the news ; he fishes, drinks, and wastes  
The lamps of night in revel : is not more manly  
Than Cleopatra ; nor the queen of Ptolemy  
More womanly than he : Hardly gave audience, or  
Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners : you shall find there  
A man, who is the abstract of all faults  
That all men follow.

*Lep.* I must not think, there are  
Evils enough to darken all his goodness :  
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,  
More fiery by night's blackness ;<sup>1</sup> hereditary,  
Rather than purchas'd ;<sup>2</sup> what he cannot change,  
Than what he chooses.

*Cæs.* You are too indulgent : Let us grant, it is not  
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy ;  
To give a kingdom for a mirth ; to sit  
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave ;  
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet  
With knaves that smell of sweat ; say, this becomes him,  
(And his composure must be rare indeed,  
Whom these things cannot blemish) yet must Antony  
No way excuse his foils, when we do bear

(9) Perhaps, Our great competitor. JOHNS.

(1) If by spots are meant stars, as night has no other fiery spots, the comparison is forced and harsh, stars having been always supposed to beautify the night ; nor do I comprehend what there is in the counter-part of this simile, which answers to night's blackness. Hammer reads,

spots on crimine,

Or fires, by night's blackness.

(2) Procured by his own fault or endeavour. JOHNS.

JOHNS.

So great weight in his lightness :<sup>3</sup> If he fil'd  
 His vacancy with his voluptuousness,  
 Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,  
 Call on him for't :<sup>4</sup> but, to confound such time,—  
 That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud  
 As his own state and ours,—'tis to be chid,  
 As we rate boys ; who, being mature in knowledge,<sup>5</sup>  
 Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,  
 And so rebel to judgment.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Lep.* Here's more news.

*Mes.* Thy biddings have been done ; and every hour,  
 Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report  
 How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea ;  
 And it appears, he is belov'd of those  
 That only have fear'd Cæsar :<sup>6</sup> 'to the ports  
 The discontents repair, and men's reports  
 Give him much wrong'd.

*Cæs.* I should have known no less :  
 It hath been taught us from the primal state,  
 That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were ;  
 And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,  
 Comes dear'd, by being lack'd. This common body,  
 Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,  
 Goes to, and back, lackying the varying tide,  
 To rot itself with motion.

*Mes.* Cæsar, I bring thee word,  
 Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,  
 Make the sea serve them ; which they ear and wound  
 With keels of every kind :<sup>7</sup> Many hot inroads  
 They make in Italy : The borders maritime  
 Lack blood to think on't,<sup>8</sup> and flush youth revolt :<sup>9</sup>  
 No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon  
 Taken as seen ; for Pompey's name strikes more,  
 Than could his war resisted.

[3] The word light is one of Shakespeare's favourite play-things. The sense is, His trifling levity throws so much burden upon us. JOHNS

[4] Call on him,—is, visit him. Says Cæsar, 'If Antony followed his debaucheries at a time of leisure, I should leave him to be punished by their natural consequences, by surfeits and dry bones.' JOHNS.

[5] By boys mature in knowledge, are meant, boys old enough to know their duty. JOHNS.

[6] Those, whom not love but fear made adherents to Cæsar, now shew their affection for Pompey. JOHNS.

[7] To ear—is to plough ; a common metaphor. JOHNS.

[8] Turn pale at the thought of it. JOHNS.

[9] Flush youth—is youth ripened to manhood ; youth whose blood is at the bow. STEEV.

**Cæs.** Antony,  
 Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once  
 Wert beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st  
 Hirtius and Pansa consuls, at thy heel  
 Did famine follow ; whom thou fought'st against,  
 Though daintily brought up, with patience more  
 Than savages could suffer: Thou didst drink  
 The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle  
 Which beasts would cough at: Thy palate then did deign  
 The roughest berry on the rudest hedge ;  
 Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,  
 The barks of trees thou browsed'st:—On the Alps,  
 It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,  
 Which some did die to look on: And all this  
 (It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now)  
 Was bore so like a soldier, that thy cheek  
 So much as lank'd not.

**Lep.** It is pity of him.

**Cæs.** Let his shames quickly  
 Drive him to Rome: Time is it, that we twain  
 Did shew ourselves i'the field ; and, to that end,  
 Assemble we immediate council: Pompey  
 Thrives in our idleness.

**Lep.** To-morrow, Cæsar,  
 I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly,  
 Both what by sea and land I can be able,  
 To 'front this present time.

**Cæs.** Till which encounter,  
 It is my business too. Farewel.

**Lep.** Farewel, my lord:  
 What you shall know mean time of stirs abroad,  
 I shall beseech you, let me be partaker.

**Cæs.** Doubt it not, sir ; I knew it for my bond. [*Exe.*]

### SCENE V.

*The palace in Alexandria. Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN,  
 IRAS, and MARDIAN.*

**Cleo.** Charmian,—

**Char.** Madam?

**Cleo.** Ha, ha—give me to drink mandragora.<sup>1</sup>

[1] Mandragora—a plant of which the infusion was supposed to procure sleep. Shakespeare mentions it in Othello:

Not poppy, nor mandragora,  
 Can ever med'cine thee to that sweet sleep.

JOHNS.

*Char.* Why, madam?

*Cleo.* That I might sleep out this great gap of time,  
My Antony is away.

*Char.* You think of him too much.

*Cleo.* O, 'tis treason.—

*Char.* Madam, I trust not so.

*Cleo.* Thou! eunuch! Mardian!

*Mar.* What's your highness' pleasure?

*Cleo.* Not now to hear thee sing: I take no pleasure  
In aught an eunuch has: 'tis well for thee,  
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts  
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

*Mar.* Yes, gracious madam.

*Cleo.* Indeed?

*Mar.* Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing  
But what in deed is honest to be done:  
Yet have I fierce affections, and think,  
What Venus did with Mars.

*Cleo.* O Charmian!

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?  
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?

O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!

Do bravely, horse! for, wot'st thou, whom thou mov'st!

The demy Atlas of this earth, the arm

And burgonet of man.<sup>2</sup>—He's speaking now,

Or murmuring, *Where's my serpent of old Nile?*

For so he calls me;—Now I feed myself

With most delicious poison.—Think on me,

That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,

And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,

When thou wast here above the ground, I was

A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey

Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;

There would he anchor his respect, and die

With looking on his life.

*Enter ALEXAS.*

*Alex.* Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

*Cleo.* How much art thou unlike Mark Antony!  
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath  
With his tinct gilded thee.<sup>3</sup>—

[1] A burgonet—is a kind of helmet. STEEV.

[3] Alluding to the philosopher's stone, which, by its touch, converts base metal into gold. The alchemists call the matter, whatever it be, by which they perform transmutation, a 'medicine.' JOHNS.

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

*Alex.* Last thing he did, dear queen,  
He kiss'd, the last of many doubled kisses,  
This orient pearl;—His speech sticks in my heart.

*Cleo.* Mine ear must pluck it thence.

*Alex.* Good friend, quoth he,  
Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends  
This treasure of an oyster: at whose foot,  
To mend the petty present, I will piece  
Her opulent throne with kingdoms: All the east,  
Say thou, shall call her mistress. So he nodded,  
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,<sup>4</sup>  
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke  
Was beastly dumb'd by him.

*Cleo.* What, was he sad, or merry?

*Alex.* Like to the time o'the year between the extremes  
Of hot and cold: he was nor sad, nor merry.

*Cleo.* O well-divided disposition!—Note him,  
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him:  
He was not sad; for he would not shine on those  
That make their looks by his: he was not merry;  
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay  
In Egypt with his joy: but between both:  
O heavenly mingle!—Be'st thou sad, or merry,  
The violence of either thee becomes,  
So does it no man else.—Met'st thou my posts?

*Alex.* Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:  
Why do you send so thick?

*Cleo.* Who's born that day  
When I forget to send to Antony,  
Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, Charmian,—  
Welcome, my good Alexas. Did I, Charmian,  
Ever love Cæsar so?

*Char.* Oh, that brave Cæsar!

*Cleo.* Be choak'd with such another emphasis!  
Say, the brave Antony.

*Char.* The valiant Cæsar!

*Cleo.* By Isis I will give thee bloody teeth,  
If thou with Cæsar paragon again  
My man of men.

*Char.* By your most-gracious pardon,  
I sing but after you.

[4] Arm-gaunt steed—i.e. his steed worn lean and thin by much service in war. WARB.

*Cleo.* My sallad days !  
 When I was green in judgment. Cold in blood !  
 To say, as I said then.—But come away ;  
 Get me ink and paper ; he shall have every day  
 A several greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt.<sup>5</sup> [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT. II. SCENE I.

*Messina.* POMPEY's house. Enter POMPEY, MENE-  
 CRATES, and MENAS.

*Pompey.*

IF the great Gods be just, they shall assist  
 The deeds of justest men.

*Men.* Know, worthy Pompey,  
 Than what they do delay, they not deny.

*Pomp.* While we are suitors to their throne, decays  
 The thing we sue for.<sup>6</sup>

*Men.* We, ignorant of ourselves,  
 Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers  
 Deny us for our good : so find we profit  
 By losing of our prayers.

*Pomp.* I shall do well :  
 The people love me, and the sea is mine ;  
 My power's a crescent, and my auguring hope  
 Says, it will come to the full.<sup>7</sup> Mark Antony  
 In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make  
 No wars without doors : Cæsar gets money, where  
 He loses hearts : Lepidus flatters both,  
 Of both is flatter'd ; but he neither loves,  
 Nor either cares for him.

*Men.* Cæsar and Lepidus are in the field ;  
 A mighty strength they carry.

*Pomp.* Where have you this ? 'tis false.

*Men.* From Silvius, sir.

*Pomp.* He dreams ; I know they are in Rome together,  
 Looking for Antony : but all the charms of love,

[5] By sending out messengers. JOHNS.

[6] The meaning is, While we are praying, the thing for which we pray is losing its value. lb.

[7] The poet's allusion is to the moon ; and Pompey would say, he is yet but a half moon, or crescent ; but his hopes tell him, that crescent will come to a full orb. THEO.

Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan lip !<sup>8</sup>  
 Let witchcraft join with beauty ; lust with both !  
 Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,  
 Keep his brain fuming ; Epicurean cooks,  
 Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite ;  
 That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,  
 Even till a Lethe'd dulness.—How now, Varrius?

*Enter VARRIUS.*

*Var.* This is most certain, that I shall deliver :  
 Mark Antony is every hour in Rome  
 Expected ; since he went from Egypt, 'tis  
 A space for farther travel.

*Pomp.* I could have given less matter  
 A better ear.—Menas, I did not think,  
 This amorous surfeiter would have don'd his helm  
 For such a petty war : his soldiership  
 Is twice the other twain : But let us rear  
 The higher our opinion, that our stirring  
 Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck  
 The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.

*Men.* I cannot hope,  
 Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together.  
 His wife, who's dead, did trespasses to Cæsar ;  
 His brother warr'd upon him ; although, I think,  
 Not mov'd by Antony.

*Pomp.* I know not, Menas,  
 How lesser enmities may give way to greater.  
 Were't not that we stand up against them all,  
 'Twere pregnant they should square between them-  
 selves ;<sup>9</sup>

For they have entertained cause enough  
 To draw their swords : but how the fear of us  
 May cement their divisions, and bind up  
 The petty difference, we yet not know.  
 Be't as our Gods will have it ! It only stands  
 Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.  
 Come, Menas.

[*Exeunt.*

(8) In the old edition it is,—'thy wand lip !' Perhaps, for fond lip, or warm lip, says Dr. Johnson. Yet this expression of Pompey's, perhaps, implies a wish only, that every charm of love may confer additional softness on the lips of Cleopatra : i. e. that her beauty may improve to the ruin of her lover. The epithet 'wan' might have been added, only to shew the speaker's private contempt of it. It may be remarked, that the lips of Africans and Asiatics are paler than those of European nations. STEEV.

(9) Square—that is, quarrel. JOHNS.

## SCENE II.

*Rome. Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.*

*Lep.* Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,  
And shall become you well, to intreat your captain  
To soft and gentle speech.

*Eno.* I shall entreat him  
To answer, like himself: if Cæsar move him,  
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,  
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,  
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,  
I would not shav't to-day.

*Lep.* 'Tis not a time for private stomaching.

*Eno.* Every time  
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.

*Lep.* But small to greater matters must give way.

*Eno.* Not if the small come first.

*Lep.* Your speech is passion:  
But pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes  
The noble Antony.

*Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.*

*Eno.* And yonder, Cæsar.

*Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.*

*Ant.* If we compose well here, to Parthia:  
—Hark, Ventidius.

*Cæs.* I do not know,  
Mecænas; ask Agrippa.

*Lep.* Noble friends,  
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not  
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,  
May it be gently heard: When we debate  
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit  
Murder in healing wounds: Then, noble partners,  
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech)  
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,  
Nor curstness grow to the matter.<sup>2</sup>

*Ant.* 'Tis spoken well:  
Were we before our armies, and to fight,  
I should do thus.

*Cæs.* Welcome to Rome.

*Ant.* Thank you.

(2) Let not ill-humour be added to the real subject of our difference. JOH.

*Cæs.* Sit.

*Ant.* Sit, sir!<sup>3</sup>

*Cæs.* Nay, then——

*Ant.* I learn, you take things ill, which are not so ;  
Or, being, concern you not.

*Cæs.* I must be laugh'd at,  
If, or for nothing, or a little, I  
Should say myself offended ; and with you  
Chiefly i'the world: more laugh'd at, that I should  
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name  
It not concern'd me.

*Ant.* My being in Egypt, Cæsar,  
What was't to you ?

*Cæs.* No more than my residing here at Rome  
Might be to you in Egypt: Yet, if you there  
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt  
Might be my question.

*Ant.* How intend you, practis'd ?

*Cæs.* You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,  
By what did here befall. Your wife, and brother,  
Made wars upon me ; and their contestation  
Was theam for you—you were the word of war.<sup>4</sup>

*Ant.* You do mistake your business ; my brother never  
Did urge me in his act :<sup>5</sup> I did inquire it ;  
And have my learning from some true reports,<sup>6</sup>  
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather  
Discredit my authority with yours ;  
And make the wars alike against my stomach,  
Having alike your cause ?<sup>7</sup> Of this, my letters  
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,  
As matter whole you have not to make it with,  
It must not be with this.

*Cæs.* You praise yourself,  
By laying defects of judgment to me ; but  
You patch'd up your excuses.

[3] Antony appears to be jealous of a circumstance which seemed to indicate a consciousness of superiority in his too successful partner in power ; and accordingly resents the invitation of Cæsar to be seated: Cæsar answers, 'Nay then——' i. e. 'If you are so ready to resent what I meant an act of civility, there can be no reason to suppose you have temper enough for the business on which at present we are met.' STEEV.

[4] Was theam for you,—I believe means only, 'was proposed as an example for you to follow on a yet more extensive plan ;' as themes are given for a writer to dilate upon. ib.

[5] i. e. Never did make use of my name as a pretence for the war. WARB.

[6] Reports—for reporters. STEEV.

[7] May it not be read—Hating alike our cause ? JOHNS.

*Ant.* Not so, not so :

I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,  
Very necessity of this thought, that I,  
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,  
Could not with grateful eyes attend those wars  
Which fronted mine own peace.<sup>8</sup> As for my wife,  
I would you had her spirit in such another ;  
The third o' the world is yours ; which with a snaffle  
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

*Eno.* 'Would we had all such wives, that the men  
Might go to wars with the women !

*Ant.* So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,<sup>\*</sup>  
Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted  
Shrewdness of policy too) I grieving grant,  
Did you too much disquiet : for that, you must  
But say, I could not help it.

*Cæs.* I wrote to you,  
When rioting in Alexandria ; you  
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts  
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

*Ant.* Sir, he fell on me, ere admitted ; then  
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want  
Of what I was i'the morning : but, next day,  
I told him of myself ;<sup>†</sup> which was as much  
As to have ask'd him pardon : Let this fellow  
Be nothing of our strife ; if we contend,  
Out of our question wipe him.

*Cæs.* You have broken  
The article of your oath, which you shall never  
Have tongue to charge me with.

*Lep.* Soft, Cæsar.—

*Ant.* No, Lepidus, let him speak ;  
The honour's sacred which he talks on now,<sup>2</sup>  
Supposing that I lack'd it :—But, on, Cæsar ;—  
The article of my oath,—

*Cæs.* To lend me arms, and aid, when I requir'd them ;  
The which you both deny'd.

*Ant.* Neglected, rather ;  
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up  
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,

(8) Fronted—i. e. opposed.      JOHNS.

(9) Her garboils—i. e. the disturbance she made.      STEEV.

(1) i. e. Told him the condition I was in, when he had his last audience.      WARB.

(2) Sacred—for unbroken, unviolated.      WARB.

I'll play the penitent to you : but mine honesty  
 Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power  
 Work without it : Truth is, that Fulvia,  
 To have me out of Egypt, made wars here ;  
 For which myself, the ignorant motive, do  
 So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour,  
 To stoop in such a case.

*Lep.* 'Tis nobly spoken.

*Mec.* If it might please you, to enforce no further  
 The griefs between you : to forget them quite,  
 Were to remember that the present need  
 Speaks to atone you.

*Lep.* Worthily spoken, Mecænas.

*Eno.* Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again : you shall have time to wrangle in, when you have nothing else to do.

*Ant.* Thou art a soldier only ; speak no more.

*Eno.* That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

*Ant.* You wrong this presence, therefore speak no more.

*Eno.* Go to then ; your considerate stone——

*Cæs.* I do not much dislike the matter, but  
 The manner of his speech ;<sup>3</sup> for it cannot be,  
 We shall remain in friendship, our conditions  
 So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew  
 What hoop would hold us staunch, from edge to edge  
 O'the world I would pursue it.

*Agr.* Give me leave, Cæsar——

*Cæs.* Speak, Agrippa.

*Agr.* Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,  
 Admir'd Octavia ; great Mark Antony  
 Is now a widower.

*Cæs.* Say not so, Agrippa ;  
 If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof  
 Were well deserv'd of rashness.<sup>4</sup>

*Ant.* I am not married, Cæsar : let me hear  
 Agrippa further speak.

*Agr.* To hold you in perpetual amity,  
 To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts  
 With an unslipping knot, take Antony

[3] I do not, says Cæsar, think the man wrong, but too free of his interposition ; for't cannot be, we shall remain in friendship : yet if it were possible, I would endeavour it. JOHNS.

[4] The expression means the same as 'a reproof of your rashness.' T. T.

Octavia to his wife : whose beauty claims  
 No worse a husband than the best of men ;  
 Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak  
 That which none else can utter. By this marriage,  
 All little jealousies, which now seem great,  
 And all great fears, which now import their dangers,  
 Would then be nothing : truths would be tales,  
 Where now half tales be truths : her love to both,  
 Would, each to other, and all loves to both,  
 Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke ;  
 For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,  
 By duty ruminated.

*Ant.* Will Cæsar speak ?

*Cæs.* Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd  
 With what is spoke already.

*Ant.* What power is in Agrippa,  
 If I would say, *Agrippa, be it so,*  
 To make this good ?

*Cæs.* The power of Cæsar, and  
 His power unto Octavia.

*Ant.* May I never  
 To this good purpose, that so fairly shews,  
 Dream of impediment !—Let me have thy hand :  
 Further this act of grace ; and, from this hour,  
 The heart of brothers govern in our loves,  
 And sway our great designs !

*Cæs.* There is my hand.  
 A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother  
 Did ever love so dearly : Let her live  
 To join our kingdoms, and our hearts ; and never  
 Fly off our loves again !

*Lep.* Happily, amen !

*Ant.* I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey ;  
 For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,  
 Of late upon me : I must thank him only,  
 Lest my remembrance suffer ill report ;  
 At heel of that, defy him.

*Lep.* Time calls upon us :  
 Of us must Pompey presently be sought,  
 Or else he seeks out us.

*Ant.* Where lies he ?

*Cæs.* About the mount Misenum.

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(5) Left I be thought too willing to forget benefits, I must barely return him thanks, and then I will defy him.      JOHNS.

*Ant.* What is his strength by land?

*Cas.* Great, and increasing : but by sea  
He is an absolute master.

*Ant.* So is the fame.

'Would, we had spoke together ! Haste we for it ?  
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we  
The business we have talk'd of.

*Cas.* With most gladness ;  
And do invite you to my sister's view,  
Whither straight I will lead you.

*Ant.* Let us, Lepidus,  
Not lack your company.

*Lep.* Noble Antony,  
Not sickness should detain me. [*Flourish. Excunt.*

*Mament ENOBARBUS, AGRIPPA, and MÆCENAS.*

*Mec.* Welcome from Egypt, sir.

*Eno.* Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mæcnas !—  
My honourable friend, Agrippa !—

*Agr.* Good Enobarbus !

*Mec.* We have cause to be glad, that matters are so  
well digested. You stay'd well by it in Egypt.

*Eno.* Ay, sir ; we did sleep day out of countenance,  
and made the night light with drinking.

*Mec.* Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast,  
and but twelve persons there ;—Is this true ?

*Eno.* This was but as a fly by an eagle ; we had much  
more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserv-  
ed noting.

*Mec.* She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square  
to her.

*Eno.* When she first met Mark Antony, she purs'd  
up his heart upon the river of Cydnus.

*Agr.* There she appear'd indeed ; or my reporter  
Devis'd well for her.

*Eno.* I will tell you :  
The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,  
Burnt on the water : the poop was beaten gold ;  
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that  
The winds were love-sick with 'em : the oars were silver ;  
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made  
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,  
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,  
It beggar'd all description : she did lie  
In her pavilion (cloth of gold, of tissue)

O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see  
The fancy out-work nature :<sup>6</sup> on each side her,  
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,  
With diverse colour'd fans, whose wind did seem  
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,  
And what they undid, did.

*Agr.* O, rare for Antony !

*Eno.* Her gentlewomen, like the Nereids,  
So many mermaids, tended her i'the eyes,<sup>7</sup>  
And made their bends adornings :<sup>8</sup> at the helm  
A seeming mermaid steers ; the silken tackles  
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,  
That yarely frame the office. From the barge  
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense  
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast  
Her people out upon her : and Antony,  
Enthron'd i'the market-place, did sit alone,  
Whistling to the air ; which, but for vacancy,  
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,  
And made a gap in nature.<sup>9</sup>

*Agr.* Rare Egyptian !

*Eno.* Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,  
Invited her to supper : she reply'd,

(6) Meaning the Venus of Protogenes mentioned by Pliny, l. 35. c. 10.

(7) Perhaps. . . . 'tended her by th' eyes,' discovered her will by her eyes.  
WARB.

(8) Cleopatra, in this famous scene, personated Venus just rising from the waves : at which time the Mythologists tell us, the sea-deities surrounded the Goddess to adore and pay her homage. Agreeably to this fable Cleopatra had dressed her maids, the poet tells us, like Nereids. WARB.

The whole passage is taken from the following in Sir Thos. North's translation of Plutarch. "She disdained to set forward otherwise, but to take her barge in the river of Cydnus, the poop whereof was of gold, the sails of purple, and the oars of silver, which kept stroke in rowing after the founde of the musike of flutes, howboyes, citherns, violls, and such other instruments as they played vpon in the barge. And now for the person of her selfe : she was laid vnder a pavilion of cloth of gold of tissue, apparelled and attired like the Goddesse Venus, commonly drawn in picture : and hard by her, on either hand of her, pretie faire boyes, apparelled as painters do set forth God Cupide, with little fannes in their hands, with the which they fanned wind vpon her. Her ladies and gentlewomen also, the fairest of them was apparelled like the nymphes Nereides (which are the mermaids of the waters) and like the Graces, some bearing the helme, others tending the tackle and ropes of the barge, out of the which there came a wonderful passing sweete sauer of perfumes, that perfumed the wharfes side, peckered with innumerable multitudes of people. Some of them followed the barge all alongst the river's side : others also ranne out of the citie to see her comming in. So that in thend, there ranne such multitudes of people, one after an other to see her, that Antonius was left post alone in the market place, in his imperiall seate to give audience :". &c. STEEV.

(9) Alluding to an axiom in the Peripatetic philosophy then in vogue, that Nature abhors a vacuum. WARB.

It should be better, he became her guest ;  
Which she entreated : Our courteous Antony,  
Whom ne'er the word of *No* woman heard speak,  
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast ;  
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,  
For what his eyes eat only.

*Agr.* Royal wench !

She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed ;  
He plough'd her, and she cropt.

*Eno.* I saw her once

Hop forty paces through the public street :  
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,  
That she did make defect, perfection,  
And breathless power breathe forth.

*Mec.* Now Antony must leave her utterly.

*Eno.* Never ; he will not :

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety : Other women cloy  
The appetites they feed ; but she makes hungry,  
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things  
Become themselves in her ; that the holy priests  
Bless her, when she is riggish.

*Mec.* If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle  
The heart of Antony, Octavia is  
A blessed lottery to him.

*Agr.* Let us go.—

Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,  
Whilst you abide here.

*Eno.* Humbly, sir, I thank you.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*Enter* ANTONY, CÆSAR, OCTAVIA *between them ; Attendants*  
*and a Soothsayer.*

*Ant.* The world, and my great office, will sometimes  
Divide me from your bosom.

*Octa.* All which time,  
Before the Gods my knee shall bow in prayers  
To them for you.

*Ant.* Good night, sir.—My Octavia,  
Read not my blemishes in the world's report :  
I have not kept my square ; but that to come  
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.

*Octa.* Good night, sir.

*Cæs.* Good night. [*Exeunt CÆS. and OCTA.*]

*Ant.* Now, sirrah! you do wish yourself in Egypt?

*Sooth.* Would I had never come from thence, nor you Thither!

*Ant.* If you can, your reason?

*Sooth.* I see it in

My motion,<sup>1</sup> have it not in my tongue: But yet  
Hie you again to Egypt.

*Ant.* Say to me,  
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's, or mine?

*Sooth.* Cæsar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:  
Thy Dæmon, that thy spirit which keeps thee, is  
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,  
Where Cæsar's is not; but, near him, thy angel  
Becomes a Fear,<sup>2</sup> as being o'erpow'r'd; therefore  
Make space enough between you.

*Ant.* Speak this no more.

*Sooth.* To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.  
If thou dost play with him at any game,  
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,  
He beats thee 'gainst the odds; thy lustre thickens,  
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit  
Is all afraid to govern thee near him:  
But, he away, 'tis noble.

*Ant.* Get thee gone:

Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him:—[*Exit Sooth.*]  
He shall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,  
He hath spoken true: The very dice obey him;  
And, in our sports, my better cunning faints  
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds:  
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,  
When it is all to nought; and his quails ever  
Beat mine, inhoop'd at odds.<sup>3</sup> I will to Egypt:  
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

*Enter VENTIDIUS.*

P'the east my pleasure lies.—O, come, Ventidius,  
You must to Parthia; your commission's ready:  
Follow me, and receive it. [*Exeunt.*]

(1) Motion—i. e. the divinitory agitation. WARB.

(2) Fear—i. e. a fearful thing. The abstract for the concrete. WARB.

(3) The ancients used to match quails as we match cocks. JOHNS.

Lucian says that quail-fighting was exhibited among the public shows at Athens. STEEV. Inhoop'd—is inclosed, that they may fight. JOHNS.

## SCENE IV.

*Enter* LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

*Lep.* Trouble yourselves no farther: pray you hasten  
Your generals after.

*Agr.* Sir, Mark Antony  
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

*Lep.* Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,  
Which will become you both, farewell.

*Mec.* We shall,  
As I conceive the journey, be at the mount  
Before you, Lepidus.

*Lep.* Your way is shorter,  
My purposes do draw me much about;  
You'll win two days upon me.

*Both.* Sir, good success.

*Lep.* Farewel.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE V.

*The Palace in Alexandria. Enter* CLEOPATRA,  
CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

*Cleo.* Give me some music; music, moody food<sup>4</sup>  
Of us that trade in love.

*Omnes.* The music, ho!

*Enter* MARDIAN.

*Cleo.* Let it alone; let us to billiards: come, Charmian.

*Char.* My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.

*Cleo.* As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,  
As with a woman.—Come, you'll play with me, sir?

*Mar.* As well as I can, madam.

*Cleo.* And when good-will is shew'd, though it come  
too short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll pone now:—  
Give me mine angle—We'll to the river; there,  
My music playing far off, I will betray  
Tawny-finn'd fish: my bended hook shall pierce  
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,  
I'll think them every one an Antony,  
And say, *Ah, ha! you're caught.*

(4) The mood—is the mind, or mental disposition. Van Haaren's *parti-gyric* on the English begins, *Groot-moedig Volk*, (great-minded nation.) Perhaps here is a poor jest intended between mood the mind, and moods of music.

*Char.* 'Twas merry, when  
You wager'd on your angling ; when your diver  
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he  
With fervency drew up.

*Cleo.* That time !——oh times !——  
I laugh'd him out of patience ; and that night  
I laugh'd him into patience : and next morn,  
Ere the ninth hour, I drank him to his bed ;  
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst  
I wore his sword Philippan. Oh ! from Italy ;—

*Enter a Messenger.*

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,  
That long time have been barren.

*Mes.* Madam, madam !—

*Cleo.* Antony's dead ?—  
If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress ;  
But well and free,  
If so thou yield him, there is gold, and here  
My bluest veins to kiss ; a hand, that kings  
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

*Mes.* First, madam, he is well.

*Cleo.* Why, there's more gold. But, sirrah, mark ; we use  
To say, the dead are well : bring it to that,  
The gold, I give thee, will I melt, and pour  
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

*Mes.* Good madam, hear me.

*Cleo.* Well, go to, I will ;  
But there's no goodness in thy face : If Antony  
Be free, and healthful——so tart a favour  
To trumpet such good tidings ? If not well,  
Thou shouldst come like a fury crown'd with snakes,  
Not like a formal man.<sup>6</sup>

*Mes.* Will't please you hear me ?

*Cleo.* I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou speak'st :  
Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, 'tis well,  
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,  
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail  
Rich pearls upon thee.<sup>7</sup>

(6) By a formal man, Shakespeare means, a man in his senses. Informal women, in *Measure for Measure*, is used for women beside themselves. STEEV.

(7) That is, I will give thee a kingdom : it being the eastern ceremony, at the coronation of their kings, to powder them with gold dust and seed-pearl. So Milton,

...the gorgeous east with liberal hand  
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.

WARB.

*Mes.* Madam, he's well.

*Cleo.* Well said.

*Mes.* And friends with Cæsar.

*Cleo.* Thou art an honest man.

*Mes.* Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

*Cleo.* Make thee a fortune from me.

*Mes.* But yet, madam——

*Cleo.* I do not like *but yet* ; it does allay

The good precedence : fye upon *but yet* :

*But yet* is as a jailor to bring forth

Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,

Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,

The good and bad together : He's friends with Cæsar ;

In state of health, thou say'st ; and, thou say'st, free.

*Mes.* Free, madam ! no ; I made no such report :

He's bound unto Octavia.

*Cleo.* For what good turn ?

*Mes.* For the best i'the bed.

*Cleo.* I am pale, Charmian.

*Mes.* Madam, he's married to Octavia.

*Cleo.* The most infectious pestilence upon thee !

[*Strikes him down*]

*Mes.* Good madam, patience.

*Cleo.* What say you ?

[*Strikes him again.*]

Hence, horrible villain ! or I'll spurn thine eyes

Like balls from me ; I'll unhair thy head ;

[*She hales him up and down.*]

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,

Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

*Mes.* Gracious madam,

I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

*Cleo.* Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,

And make thy fortunes proud : the blow, thou hadst,

Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage ;

And I will boot thee, with what gift beside

Thy modesty can beg.

*Mes.* He's married, madam.

*Cleo.* Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long. [*Draws a dagger.*]

*Mes.* Nay, then I'll run :—

What mean you, madam ? I have made no fault. [*Exit.*]

*Char.* Good madam, keep yourself within yourself ;

The man is innocent.

*Cleo.* Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.—

Melt Egypt into Nile ; and kindly creatures

Turn all to serpents !—Call the slave again ;  
Though I am mad, I will not bite him :—Call.

*Char.* He is afraid to come.

*Cleo.* I will not hurt him :

These hands do lack nobility,<sup>7</sup> that they strike  
A meaner than myself ; since I myself  
Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir.

*Re-enter the Messenger.*

Though it be honest, it is never good  
To bring bad news : Give to a gracious message  
An host of tongues ; but let ill tidings tell  
Themselves, when they be felt.

*Mes.* I have done my duty.

*Cleo.* Is he married ?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do,  
If thou again say, *Yes*.

*Mes.* He is married, madam.

*Cleo.* The Gods confound thee ! dost thou hold there  
still ?

*Mes.* Should I lie, madam ?

*Cleo.* Oh, I would, thou didst ;

So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made  
A cistern for scal'd snakes ! Go, get thee hence ;  
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me  
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married ?—

*Mes.* I crave your highness' pardon.

*Cleo.* He is married ?

*Mes.* Take no offence, that I would not offend you :  
To punish me for what you make me do,  
Seems much unequal : He is married to Octavia.

*Cleo.* Oh, that his fault should make a knave of thee,  
That art not what thou'rt sure of !—Get thee hence :  
The merchandise, which thou hast brought from Rome,  
Are all too dear for me ; lie they upon thy hand,  
And be undone by 'em !

[*Exit Messenger.*]

*Char.* Good your highness, patience.

*Cleo.* In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cæsar.

*Char.* Many times, madam.

*Cleo.* I am paid for it now. Lead me from hence,  
I faint ; O Iras !—Charmian !—'tis no matter :—  
Go to the fellow, good Alexas ; bid him

(7) This thought seems to be borrowed from the laws of chivalry, which forbade a knight to engage with his inferior. STEEV.

Report the feature of Octavia, her years,  
 Her inclination, let him not leave out  
 The colour of her hair :—bring me word quickly—  
 Let him for ever go :<sup>8</sup>—Let him not,—Charmian ;—  
 Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,  
 The other way he is a Mars :—Bid you Alexas  
 Bring word, how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,  
 But speak not to me.—Lead me to my chamber.  
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VI.

*Near Misenum. Enter POMPEY and MENAS, at one door, with drum and trumpet : at another, CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, ANTONY, ENOBARBUS, MECÆNAS, with Soldiers marching.*

*Pomp.* Your hostages I have, so have you mine ;  
 And we shall talk before we fight.

*Cæs.* Most meet,  
 That first we come to words ; and therefore have we  
 Our written purposes before us sent :  
 Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know  
 If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword ;  
 And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,  
 That else must perish here.

*Pomp.* To you all three,  
 The senators alone of this great world,  
 Chief factors for the Gods—I do not know,  
 Wherefore my father should revengers want,  
 Having a son, and friends ; since Julius Cæsar,  
 Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,  
 There saw you labouring for him. What was it,  
 That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire ? And what  
 Made thee, all-honour'd, honest Roman Brutus,  
 With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,  
 To drench the Capitol ; but that they would  
 Have one man, but a man ? And that is it,  
 Hath made me rig my navy ; at whose burden  
 The anger'd ocean foams ; with which I meant  
 To scourge the ingratitude that despightful Rome  
 Cast on my noble father.

*Cæs.* Take your time.

---

[8] She is now talking in broken sentences, not of the messenger, but Antony. JOHNSTON.

*Ant.* Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails,<sup>6</sup>  
We'll speak with thee at sea : at land, thou know'st  
How much we do o'er-count thee.

*Pomp.* At land, indeed,  
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house :  
But, since the cuckow builds not for himself,  
Remain in't, as thou may'st.<sup>1</sup>

*Lep.* Be pleas'd to tell us,  
(For this is from the present) how you take  
The offers we have sent you.

*Cæs.* There's the point.

*Ant.* Which do not be intreated to, but weigh  
What it is worth, embrac'd.

*Cæs.* And what may follow,  
To try a larger fortune.

*Pomp.* You have made me offer  
Of Sicily, Sardinia ; and I must  
Rid all the sea of pirates : then to send  
Measures of wheat to Rome : This 'greed upon ;  
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back  
Our targe undinted.

*Omnes.* That's our offer.

*Pomp.* Know then,  
I came before you here, a man prepar'd  
To take this offer : but Mark Antony  
Put me to some impatience :—Though I lose  
The praise of it by telling, you must know,  
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,  
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find  
Her welcome friendly.

*Ant.* I have heard it, Pompey ;  
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,  
Which I do owe you.

*Pomp.* Let me have your hand :  
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

*Ant.* The beds i'the east are soft : and thanks to you  
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither ;  
For I have gain'd by it.

*Cæs.* Since I saw you last,  
There is a change upon you.

*Pomp.* Well, I know not,

[6] Thou canst not affright us with thy numerous navy. JOHNS.

[1] Since, like the cuckow, that seizes the nests of other birds, you have invaded a house which you could not build, keep it while you can. JOHNS.

What counts hard fortune casts upon my face ;<sup>2</sup>  
 But in my bosom shall she never come,  
 To make my heart her vassal.

*Lep.* Well met here.

*Pomp.* I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed :  
 I crave, our composition may be written  
 And seal'd between us.

*Cæs.* That's the next to do.

*Pomp.* We'll feast each other, ere we part ; and let us  
 Draw lots who shall begin.

*Ant.* That I will, Pompey.

*Pomp.* No, Antony, take the lot :  
 But, first or last, your fine Egyptian cookery  
 Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius Cæsar  
 Grew fat with feasting there.

*Ant.* You have heard much.

*Pomp.* I have fair meanings, sir.

*Ant.* And fair words to them.

*Pomp.* Then so much have I heard :—  
 And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

*Eno.* No more of that :—he did so.

*Pomp.* What, I pray you ?

*Eno.* A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

*Pomp.* I know thee now ; how far'st thou, soldier ?

*Eno.* Well ;

And well am like to do ; for, I perceive,  
 Your feasts are toward.

*Pomp.* Let me shake thy hand ;  
 I never hated thee : I have seen thee fight,  
 When I have envied thy behaviour.

*Eno.* Sir,

I never lov'd you much ; but I have prais'd you,  
 When you have well deserv'd ten times as much  
 As I have said you did.

*Pomp.* Enjoy thy plainness,  
 It nothing ill becomes thee.  
 —Aboard my galley I invite you all :  
 Will you lead, lords ?

*All.* Shew us the way, sir.

*Pomp.* Come. [*Exeunt. Manent ENO. and MEN.*]

*Men.* [*Aside.*] Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have  
 made this treaty.—

(a) Metaphor from making marks or lines in calling accounts in arithmetic.  
 WARB.

—You and I have known, sir.

*Eno.* At sea, I think,

*Men.* We have, sir.

*Eno.* You have done well by water.

*Men.* And you by land.

*Eno.* I will praise any man that will praise me :<sup>3</sup> though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

*Men.* Nor what I have done by water.

*Eno.* Yes, something you can deny for your own safety : you have been a great thief by sea.

*Men.* And you by land.

*Eno.* There I deny my land-service. But give me your hand, Menas : If your eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

*Men.* All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

*Eno.* But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

*Men.* No slander ; they steal hearts.

*Eno.* We came hither to fight with you.

*Men.* For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

*Eno.* If he do, sure he cannot weep it back again.

*Men.* You have said, sir. We look'd not for Mark Antony here ; pray you, is he married to Cleopatra ?

*Eno.* Cæsar's sister is call'd Octavia.

*Men.* True, sir ; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

*Eno.* But now she is the wife of Marcus Antonius.

*Men.* Pray you, sir ?

*Eno.* 'Tis true.

*Men.* Then is Cæsar, and he, for ever knit together.

*Eno.* If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

*Men.* I think, the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

*Eno.* I think so too. But you shall find, the band, that seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very strangler of their amity ; Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

*Men.* Who would not have his wife so ?

---

(3) The poet's art in delivering this humorous sentiment (which gives us so very true and natural a picture of the commerce of the world) can never be sufficiently admired. The confession could come from none but a frank and rough character like the speaker's : and the moral lesson insinuated under it, that flattery can make its way through the most stubborn manners, deserves our serious reflexion. WARB.

*Eno.* Not he, that himself is not so ; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again : then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar ; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is ; he married but his occasion here.

*Men.* And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard ? I have a health for you.

*Eno.* I shall take it, sir : we have us'd our throats in Egypt.

*Men.* Come ; let's away. [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE VII.

*On board POMPEY's galley. Music plays. Enter two or three Servants with a banquet.*

1 *Serv.* Here they'll be, man : Some o'their plants are ill-rooted already, the least wind i'the world will blow them down.<sup>4</sup>

2 *Serv.* Lepidus is high-colour'd.

1 *Serv.* They have made him drink alms-drink.<sup>5</sup>

2 *Serv.* As they pinch one another by the disposition,<sup>6</sup> he cries out, *no more* ; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1 *Serv.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 *Serv.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship : I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partizan I could not heave.<sup>7</sup>

1 *Serv.* To be call'd into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.<sup>8</sup>

(4) Plants, besides its common meaning, is here used for the foot, from the Latin. JOHNS.

(5) Alms-drink—a phrase amongst good fellows, to signify that liquor of another's share which his companion drinks to ease him. But it satirically alludes to Cæsar and Antony's admitting him into the triumvirate, in order to take off from themselves the load of envy. WARB.

(6) A phrase equivalent to that now in use, of "Touching one in a fore place." WARB.

(7) A partizan—a pike. JOHNS.

(8) This speech seems to be mutilated ; to supply the deficiencies is impossible, but perhaps the sense was originally approaching to this. "To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in it, is a very ignominious state ; great offices are the holes where eyes should be, which, if eyes be wanting, pitifully disaster the cheeks." JOHNS.

*Trumpets. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MÆCENAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other Captains.*

*Ant.* Thus they do, sir: They take the flow o'the Nile  
By certain scales i'the pyramid; they know,  
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth,  
Or foizon, follow: The higher Nilus swells,  
The more it promises. As it ebbs, the seedsman  
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,  
And shortly comes to harvest.

*Lep.* You have strange serpents there.

*Ant.* Ay, Lepidus.

*Lep.* Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud  
by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

*Ant.* They are so.

*Pomp.* Sit, and some wine.—A health to Lepidus.

*Lep.* I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

*Eno.* Not till you have slept; I fear me you'll be in,  
till then.

*Lep.* Nay, certainly, I have heard, the Ptolemies'  
Pyramisies are very goodly things; without contradic-  
tion, I have heard that.

*Men.* Pompey, a word.

[*Aside.*

*Pomp.* Say in mine ear, what is't?

*Men.* Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,

[*Aside.*

And hear me speak a word.

*Pomp.* Forbear me, till anon.—This wine for Lepidus.

*Lep.* What manner o'thing is your crocodile?

*Ant.* It is shap'd, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as  
it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with  
its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it;  
and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

*Lep.* What colour is it of?

*Ant.* Of its own colour too.

*Lep.* 'Tis a strange serpent.

*Ant.* 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

*Cæs.* Will this description satisfy him?

*Ant.* With the health that Pompey gives him, else  
he is a very epicure.

*Pomp.* [*To MENAS aside.*] Go, hang, sir, hang! Tell  
me of that? away!

Do as I bid you.—Where's the cup I call'd for?

*Men.* If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,  
Rise from thy stool.

*Pomp.* [*Rises, and walks aside.*] I think, thou'rt mad.  
The matter?

*Men.* I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

*Pomp.* [*To MENAS.*] Thou hast serv'd me with much  
faith: What's else to say?—

Be jolly, lords.

*Ant.* These quick-sands, Lepidus,  
Keep off them, 'fore you sink.

*Men.* Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

*Pomp.* What say'st thou?

*Men.* Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? that's

*Pomp.* How shall that be? [twice.

*Men.* But entertain it,

And though you think me poor, I am the man  
Will give thee all the world.

*Pomp.* Hast thou drunk well?

*Men.* No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.  
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove;  
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,  
Is thine, if thou wilt have it.

*Pomp.* Shew me which way.

*Men.* These three world-sharers, these competitors,  
Are in the vessel, Let me cut the cable;  
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:  
All then is thine.

*Pomp.* Ah, this thou should'st have done,  
And not have spoke of it! In me, 'tis villany;  
In thee, it had been good service. Thou must know,  
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;  
Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue  
Hath so betray'd thine act: Being done unknown,  
I should have found it afterwards well done;  
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

*Men.* For this,  
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.<sup>9</sup>  
Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,  
Shall never find it more.

*Pomp.* This health to Lepidus.

*Ant.* Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

*Eno.* Here's to thee, Menas.

[9] Palled—is vapid, past its time of excellence; palled wine, is wine that has lost its original brightness.      JOHNS.

*Men.* Enobarbus, welcome.

*Pomp.* Fill, till the cup be hid.

*Eno.* There's a strong fellow, Menas—

[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off* LEPIDUS.

*Men.* Why?

*Eno.* He bears the third part of the world, man ;  
See'st not ?

*Men.* The third part then is drunk : Would, it were all,  
That it might go on wheels !

*Eno.* Drink thou ; increase the reels.

*Men.* Come.

*Pomp.* This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

*Ant.* It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels, ho !  
Here is to Cæsar.

*Cæs.* I could well forbear it.

It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,  
And it grows fouler.

*Ant.* Be a child o'the time.

*Cæs.* Possess it,

I will make answer : but I had rather fast  
From all, four days, than drink so much in one.

*Eno.* Ha, my brave emperor ! [To ANT.

Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,  
And celebrate our drink ?

*Pomp.* Let's ha't, good soldier.

*Ant.* Come, let's all take hands ;

Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense  
In soft and delicate Lethe.

*Eno.* All take hands.—

Make battery to our ears with the loud music :—  
The while, I'll place you : Then the boy shall sing.  
The holding every man shall bear, as loud  
As his strong sides can volley.

[*Music plays.* ENO. *places them hand in hand.*

### THE SONG.

*Come, thou monarch of the vine,  
Plumfy Bacchus, with pink eyne :  
In thy vats our cares be drown'd ;  
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd !  
Cup us, till the world go round ;  
Cup us, till the world go round !*

---

[1] Strike the vessels—means chink the vessels one against the other, as a mark of our unanimity in drinking, as we now say, 'chink glasses.' STEE.

*Cæs.* What would you more?—Pompey, good night.

—Good brother,

Let me request you off: our graver business  
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lord, let's part;  
You see, we have burnt our cheeks: Strong Enobarbus  
Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue  
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost  
Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good night.

—Good Antony, your hand.

*Pomp.* I'll try you on the shore.

*Ant.* And shall, sir: Give's your hand.

*Pomp.* Oh, Antony, you have my father's house.  
But, what! we're friends; come down into the boat.

*Eno.* Take heed you fall not, Menas:  
I'll not on shore.

*Men.* No, to my cabin.—These  
Drums! These trumpets, flutes! what!  
Let Neptune hear, we bid a loud farewell  
To these great fellows. Sound, and be hang'd, sound out.

[*Sound a flourish, with drums.*]

*Eno.* Hoo, says 'a! There's my cap.

*Men.* Ho!—noble captain! come! [*Exeunt.*]

### ACT III. SCENE I.

*A plain in Syria. Enter VENTIDIUS, as after conquest; with SILIUS and other Romans, and the dead body of PACORUS borne before him.*

*Ventidius.*

NOW, darting Parthia, art thou struck:<sup>2</sup> and now  
Pleas'd Fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death  
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body  
Before our army:—Thy Pacorus, Orodes!  
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

*Sil.* Noble Ventidius,  
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,

[1] The historian Paterculus says, 'Cum Pompeia quoque circa Misenum pax inita: Qui haud absurde cum in navi Cæsaremque et Antonium cæna exciperet dixit, In Carinis suis se cœnam dare: referens hoc dictum ad loci nomen, in quo paterna domus ab Antonio possidebatur.' Our author, though he lost the joke, yet seems willing to commemorate the story. WARB.

[2] Struck—alludes to darting. Thou whose darts have so often struck others, art struck now thyself. JOHNS.

The fugitive Parthians follow : Spur through Media,  
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither  
The routed fly :—So thy grand captain Antony  
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and  
Put garlands on thy head.

*Ven.* Oh, Silius, Silius !

I have done enough : A lower place, note well,  
May make too great an act : For learn this, Silius ;  
Better to leave undone, than by our deed  
Acquire too high a fame, when he, we serve, 's away.  
Cæsar, and Antony, have ever won  
More in their officer, than person. Sossius,  
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,  
For quick accumulation of renown,  
Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.  
Who does i'the wars more than his captain can,  
Becomes his captain's captain : and ambition,  
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,  
Than gain, which darkens him.  
I could do more to do Antonius good,  
But 'twould offend him ; and in his offence  
Should my performance perish.

*Sil.* Thou hast, Ventidius, that,  
Without the which a soldier, and his sword,  
Grants scarce distinction.<sup>3</sup> Thou wilt write to Antony ?

*Ven.* I'll humbly signify what in his name,  
'That magical word of war, we have effected ;  
How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,  
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia  
We have jaded out o'the field.

*Sil.* Where is he now ?

*Ven.* He purposeth to Athens : whither with what haste  
The weight we must convey with us will permit.  
We shall appear before him.—On there ;—pass along.

[*Exeunt.*]

(3) Grant—for afford. It is badly and obscurely expressed ; but the sense is this, "Thou hast that, Ventidius, which if thou didst want, there would be no distinction between thee and thy sword. You would be both equally cutting and senseless." This was wisdom or knowledge of the world. Ventidius had told him the reasons why he did not pursue his advantages : and his friend, by this compliment, acknowledges them to be of weight. WARB.

## SCENE II.

*Rome. Enter AGRIPPA at one door, ENOBARDUS at another.*

*Agr.* What, are the brothers parted?

*Eno.* They have dispatch'd with Pompey, he is gone ;  
The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps  
To part from Rome : Cæsar is sad ; and Lepidus,  
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled  
With the green sickness.

*Agr.* 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

*Eno.* A very fine one : oh, how he loves Cæsar !

*Agr.* Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony !

*Eno.* Cæsar ? why, he's the Jupiter of men.

*Agr.* What's Antony ? the God of Jupiter.

*Eno.* Speak you of Cæsar ? how ? the nonpareil !

*Agr.* Oh Antony ! oh thou Arabian bird !<sup>4</sup>

*Eno.* Would you praise Cæsar, say,—Cæsar ; go no further.

*Agr.* Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.

*Eno.* But he loves Cæsar best ;—yet he loves Antony :  
No ! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot  
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ha ! his love ;  
To Antony. But as for Cæsar, kneel,  
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.—

*Agr.* Both he loves.

*Eno.* They are his shards, and he their beetle. So—  
This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa. [*Trumpets.*]

*Agr.* Good fortune, worthy soldier ; and farewell.

*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIUS.*

*Ant.* No further, sir.

*Cæs.* You take from me a great part of myself :  
Use me well in it.—Sister, prove such a wife  
As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest bond  
Shall pass on thy approof.<sup>5</sup>—Most noble Antony,  
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set  
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,  
To keep it builded, be the ram, to batter  
The fortress of it : for better might we

(4) Arabian bird—the phoenix. JOHNS.

(5) As I will venture the greatest pledge of security, on the trial of thy conduct. JOHNS.

Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts  
This be not cherish'd.

*Ant.* Make me not offended  
In your distrust.

*Cæs.* I have said.

*Ant.* You shall not find,  
Though you be therein curious, the least cause  
For what you seem to fear: So, the Gods keep you,  
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!  
We will here part.

*Cæs.* Farewel, my dearest sister, fare thee well;  
The elements be kind to thee, and make  
Thy spirits all of comfort; fare thee well.

*Octa.* My noble brother!—

*Ant.* The April's in her eyes; it is love's spring,  
And these the showers to bring it on:—Be cheerful.

*Octa.* Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—

*Cæs.* What, Octavia?

*Octa.* I'll tell you in your ear.

*Ant.* Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can  
Her heart inform her tongue: the swan's down feather,  
That stands upon the swell at full of tide,  
And neither way inclines.

*Eno.* Will Cæsar weep?

*Agr.* He has a cloud in his face.

*Eno.* He were the worse for that, were he a horse:<sup>7</sup>  
So is he, being a man.

*Agr.* Why, Enobarbus?

When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,  
He cried almost to roaring: and he wept,  
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

*Eno.* That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum:  
What willingly he did confound, he wail'd:  
Believe it, till I weep too.

*Cæs.* No, sweet Octavia,  
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not  
Out-go my thinking on you.

*Ant.* Come, sir, come;  
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:  
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,  
And give you to the Gods.

---

(7) A horse whose eyes appear dull and cloudy, is always suspected as likely to go blind. STEEV.

*Ces.* Adieu ; be happy.

*Lep.* Let all the number of the stars give light  
To thy fair way !

*Ces.* Farewel, farewell !

*Ant.* Farewel ! [ *Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.

*The palace in Alexandria. Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN,  
IRAS, and ALEXAS.*

*Cleo.* Where is the fellow ?

*Alex.* Half afraid to come.

*Cleo.* Go to, go to. Come hither, sir.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Alex.* Good majesty,  
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,  
But when you are well pleas'd.

*Cleo.* That Herod's head  
I'll have : but how ? when Antony is gone,  
Through whom I might command it.—Come thou near.

*Mes.* Most gracious majesty,—

*Cleo.* Didst thou behold  
Octavia ?

*Mes.* Ay, dread queen

*Cleo.* Where ?

*Mes.* Madam, in Rome  
I look'd her in the face ; and saw her led  
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

*Cleo.* Is she as tall as me ?<sup>s</sup>

*Mes.* She is not, madam.

*Cleo.* Didst hear her speak ? Is she shrill-tongu'd, or low ?

*Mes.* Madam, I heard her speak : she is low-voic'd.

*Cleo.* That's not so good :—he cannot like her long.

*Char.* Like her ? oh Isis ! 'tis impossible.

*Cleo.* I think so, Charmian. Dull of tongue, and  
dwarfish !—

What majesty is in her gait ? Remember,  
If e'er thou look'st on majesty.

---

(S) This scene, says Dr. Gray, is a manifest allusion to the questions put by queen Elizabeth to sir James Melville, concerning his mistress, the queen of Scots. STEEV.

*Mes.* She creeps ;  
Her motion and her station are as one :  
She shews a body rather than a life ;  
A statue, than a breather.

*Cleo.* Is this certain ?

*Mes.* Or I have no observance.

*Char.* Three in Egypt  
Cannot make better note.

*Cleo.* He's very knowing,  
I do perceive't :—There's nothing in her yet :—  
The fellow has good judgment.

*Char.* Excellent.

*Cleo.* Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.

*Mes.* Madam, she was a widow.

*Cleo.* Widow ?—Charmian, hark.

*Mes.* And I do think, she's thirty.

*Cleo.* Bear'st thou her face in mind ? Is it long, or round ?

*Mes.* Round even to faultiness.

*Cleo.* For the most part too,  
They are foolish that are so.—Her hair, what colour ?

*Mes.* Brown, madam : And her forehead  
As low as she would wish it.

*Cleo.* There's gold for thee.  
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill :—  
I will employ thee back again ; I find thee  
Most fit for business : Go, make thee ready ;  
Our letters are prepar'd.

*Char.* A proper man.

*Cleo.* Indeed, he is so : I repent me much,  
That I so harry'd him.<sup>9</sup> Why, methinks, by him  
This creature's no such thing.

*Char.* Nothing, madam.

*Cleo.* The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.

*Char.* Hath he seen majesty ? Isis else defend,  
And serving you so long !

*Cleo.* I have one thing more to ask him yet, good  
Charmian :—

But 'tis no matter ; thou shalt bring him to me  
Where I will write : All may be well enough.

*Char.* I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*]

---

(9) To harry—is to use roughly. STEEV.

## SCENE IV.

ANTONY's house at Athens. Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.

*Ant.* Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—  
That were excusable, that and thousands more  
Of semblable import,—but he hath wag'd  
New wars 'gainst Pompey ; made his will, and read it  
To public ear ;  
Spoke scantily of me : when perforce he could not  
But pay me terms of honour ; cold and sickly  
He vented them ; most narrow measure lent me :  
When the best hint was given him, he not took it,  
Or did it from his teeth.

*Octa.* Oh, my good lord,  
Believe not all ; or, if you must believe,  
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,  
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,  
Praying for both parts : The good Gods will mock me—  
When I shall pray, *Oh, bless my husband !* presently  
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,  
*Oh, bless my brother !* Husband win, win brother,  
Prays, and destroys the prayer ; no midway  
'Twixt these extremes at all.

*Ant.* Gentle Octavia,  
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks  
Best to preserve it : If I lose mine honour,  
I lose myself : better I were not yours,  
Than your's so branchiess. But, as you requested,  
Yourself shall go between us : the mean time, lady,  
I'll raise the preparation of a war  
Shall stain your brother : Make your sooner haste ;  
So, your desires are yours.

*Octa.* Thanks to my lord.  
The Jove of power make me, most weak, most weak,  
Your reconciler ! Wars 'twixt you twain would be  
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men  
Should solder up the rift.<sup>1</sup>

---

(1) The sense is, that war between Cæsar and Antony would engage the world between them, and that the slaughter would be great in so extensive a commotion.      JOHNS.

*Ant.* When it appears to you where this begins,  
 Turn your displeasure that way ; for our faults,  
 Can never be so equal, that your love  
 Can equally move with them. Provide your going,  
 Choose your own company, and command what cost  
 Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE V.

*Enter ENOBARBUS, and EROS.*

*Eno.* How now, friend Eros ?

*Eros.* There's strange news come, sir.

*Eno.* What, man ?

*Eros.* Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

*Eno.* This is old : What is the success ?

*Eros.* Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry ;<sup>2</sup> would not let him partake in the glory of the action : and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey. Upon his own appeal, seizes him :<sup>3</sup> So the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

*Eno.* Then 'would thou hadst a pair of chaps no more ; And throw between them all the food thou hast, They'll grind the other. Where is Antony ?

*Eros.* He's walking in the garden—thus ; and spurns The rush that lies before him : cries, *Fool Lepidus !* And threatens the throat of that his officer, That murder'd Pompey.

*Eno.* Our great navy's rigg'd.

*Eros.* For Italy, and Cæsar. More, Domitius ;<sup>4</sup> My lord desires you presently : my news I might have told hereafter.

*Eno.* 'Twill be naught : But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

*Eros.* Come, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

[2] Rivalry—equal rank.      JOHNS.

[3] To appeal, in Shakespeare, is To accuse ; Cæsar seized Lepidus without any other proof than Cæsar's accusation.      JOHNS.

[4] I have something more to tell you which I might have told at first, and delayed my news. Antony requires your presence.      JOHNS.

## SCENE VI.

*Rome. Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MÆCENAS.*

*Cæs.* Contemning Rome, he has done all this : And more,  
In Alexandria—here's the manner of it :—  
I'the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,  
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold  
Were publicly enthron'd : at the feet, sat  
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son ;  
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust  
Since then hath made between them. Unto her  
He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt ; made her  
Of Lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,<sup>4</sup>  
Absolute queen.

*Mec.* This in the public eye ?

*Cæs.* I'the common-shew-place, where they exercise.  
His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings :  
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,  
He gave to Alexander ; to Ptolemy he assign'd  
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia :—She  
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis  
That day appear'd ; and oft before gave audience,  
As 'tis reported, so.

*Mec.* Let Rome be thus  
Inform'd.

*Agr.* Who, queasy with his insolence  
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

*Cæs.* The people know it ; and have now receiv'd  
His accusations.

*Agr.* Whom does he accuse ?

*Cæs.* Cæsar : and that, having in Sicily  
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him

[4] For Lydia, Mr. Upton, from Plutarch, has reckoned Lybia. JOHNS.

In the translation from the French of Amyot, by Thomas North, in folio, 1597,\* you will at once see the origin of this mistake.—“ First of all he did establish Cleopatra queen of Egypt, of Cyprus, of Lydia, and the lower Syria.”

\* I find the character of this work pretty early delineated ;

“ ’Twas Greek at first, that Greek was Latin made,  
That Latin French, that French to English straid :  
Thus ’twixt one Plutarch there’s more difference,  
Than i’ th’ same Englishman return’d from France.”

FARMER.

His part o'the isle: then does he say, he lent me  
Some shipping unrestor'd: lastly, he frets,  
That Lepidus of the triumvirate  
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain  
All his revenue.

*Ag.* Sir, this should be answer'd.

*Cæs.* 'Tis done already, and his messenger gone.  
I told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;  
That he his high authority abus'd,  
And did deserve his change: for what I have conquer'd,  
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,  
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I  
Demand the like.

*Mec.* He'll never yield to that.

*Cæs.* Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

*Enter OCTAVIA.*

*Octa.* Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar.

*Cæs.* That ever I should call thee, cast-away!

*Octa.* You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

*Cæs.* Why have you stol'n upon us thus? you come not  
Like Cæsar's sister: The wife of Antony  
Should have an army for an usher, and  
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,  
Long ere she did appear. The trees by the way,  
Should have borne men; and expectation faint'd,  
Longing for what it had not: Nay, the dust  
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,  
Rais'd by your populous troops: but you are come  
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented  
The ostentation of our love, which, left unshewn,  
Is often left unlov'd: we should have met you  
By sea and land; supplying every stage  
With an augmented greeting.

*Octa.* Good my lord,  
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it  
On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,  
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted  
My grieving ear withal; whereon, I begg'd  
His pardon for return.

*Cæs.* Which soon he granted,  
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

---

[5] i. e. His wife being an obstruction, a bar to the prosecution of his wanton  
pleasures with Cleopatra. WARB.

*Octa.* Do not say so, my lord.

*Cæs.* I have eyes upon him,  
And his affairs come to me on the wind.  
Where is he now?

*Octa.* My lord, in Athens.

*Cæs.* No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra  
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire  
Up to a whore; who now are levying  
The kings o'the earth for war? He hath assembled  
Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus,  
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphus king  
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king Adallas;  
King Malchus of Arabia; king of Pont;  
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates king  
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas,  
The king of Mede, and Lycaonia,  
With a more larger list of scepters.

*Octa.* Ay me, most wretched,  
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,  
That do afflict each other!

*Cæs.* Welcome hither;  
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth,  
Till we perceived, both how you were wronged,  
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:  
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives  
O'er your content these strong necessities;  
But let determin'd things to destiny  
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome:  
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd  
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high Gods,  
To do you justice, make their ministers  
Of us, and those that love you. Be of comfort;  
And ever welcome to us.

*Agg.* Welcome, lady.

*Mec.* Welcome, dear Madam.  
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:  
Only the adulterous Antony, most large  
In his abominations, turns you off;  
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,\*

[6] Regiment—is government, authority; he puts his power and his empire into the hands of a false woman.

It may be observed, that 'trull' was not, in our author's time, a term of mere infamy, but a word of slight contempt, as 'wench' is now. JOHNS.

That noises it against us.

*Octa.* Is it so, sir?

*Cæs.* It is most certain. Sister, welcome: Pray you,  
Be ever known to patience: My dearest sister? [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VII.

ANTONY's camp near the Promontory of Actium. *Enter* CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.

*Cleo.* I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

*Eno.* But why, why, why?

*Cleo.* Thou hast forespoke by being in these wars;<sup>7</sup>  
And say'st, it is not fit.

*Eno.* Well; is it, is it?

*Cleo.* Is't not denounced against us? Why should not  
Be there in person? [*we*]

*Eno.* [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply:  
If we should serve with horse and mares together,  
The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear  
A soldier, and his horse.

*Cleo.* What is't you say?

*Eno.* Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;  
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his time,  
What should not then be spared. He is already  
Traduc'd for levity: and 'tis said in Rome,  
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,  
Manage this war.

*Cleo.* Sink, Rome; and their tongues rot,  
That speak against us! A charge we bear i'the war,  
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;  
I will not stay behind.

*Enter* ANTONY and CANIDIUS.

*Eno.* Nay, I have done. Here comes the emperor.

*Ant.* Is it not strange, Canidius,  
That from Tarentum, and Brundisium,  
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,  
And take in Toryne?—You have heard on't, sweet?

---

(?) To forespeak—is to contradict, to speak against, as forbid is to order negatively. JOHN8.

*Cleo.* Celerity is never more admir'd,  
Than by the negligent.

*Ant.* A good rebuke,  
Which might have well become the best of men,  
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we  
Will fight with him by sea.

*Cleo.* By sea! what else?

*Can.* Why will my lord do so?

*Ant.* For that he dares us to't.

*Eno.* So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

*Can.* Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,  
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: But these offers,  
Which serve not for his 'vantage, he shakes off;  
And so should you.

*Eno.* Your ships are not well mann'd:  
Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, people  
Ingrost by swift impress: In Cæsar's fleet  
Are those, that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:  
Their ships are yare; yours heavy:<sup>a</sup> no disgrace  
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,  
Being prepar'd for land.

*Ant.* By sea, by sea.

*Eno.* Most worthy sir, you therein throw away  
The absolute soldiership you have by land;  
Distract your army, which doth most consist  
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted  
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego  
The way which promises assurance; and  
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,  
From firm security.

*Ant.* I'll fight at sea.

*Cleo.* I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

*Ant.* Our overplus of shipping will we burn;  
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of Actium  
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,  
We then can do't at land.—Thy business?

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* The news is true, my lord; he is descried;  
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

*Ant.* Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible.  
Strange, that his power should be.—Canidius,

---

(B) Yare—generally signifies dextrous, manageable.

Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,  
And our twelve thousand horse.—We'll to our ship;  
Away, my Thetis!—

*Enter a Soldier.*

How now, worthy soldier?

*Sol.* O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;  
Trust not to rotten planks: Do you misdoubt  
This sword, and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians,  
And the Phœnicians, go a ducking; we  
Have us'd to conquer, standing on the earth,  
And fighting foot to foot.

*Ant.* Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt ANT. CLEO. and ENO.*]

*Sold.* By Hercules, I think I am i'the right.

*Can.* Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows  
Not in the pow'r on't: So our leader's led,  
And we are women's men.

*Sold.* You keep by land  
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

*Can.* Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,  
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea:  
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's  
Carries beyond belief.

*Sold.* While he was yet in Rome,  
His power went out in such distraction,<sup>1</sup> as  
Beguil'd all spies.

*Can.* Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

*Sold.* They say, one Taurus.

*Can.* Well I know the man.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* The emperor calls Canidius.

*Can.* With news the time's in labour, and throes forth  
Each minute some.

[*Exeunt.*]

(9) That is, his whole conduct becomes, ungoverned by the right, or by reason. JOHNS.

(1) Divisions—detachments, separate bodies. JOHNS.

## SCENE VIII.

*A plain. Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, &c.*

*Cæs. Taurus —*

*Taur. My lord.*

*Cæs. Strike not by land. Keep whole, provoke not battle,*

*Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed  
The prescript of this scroll: our fortune lies  
Upon this jump.*

*[Exeunt.]*

*Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.*

*Ant. Set we our squadrons on yon side o'the hill,  
In the eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place  
We may the number of the ships behold,  
And so proceed accordingly.*

*[Exeunt.]*

*Enter CANIDIUS, marching with his land-army one way over the stage; and TAURUS, the lieutenant of CÆSAR, the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight. Alarm. Enter ENOBARBUS.*

*Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer:*

*The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,<sup>2</sup>  
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder;—  
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.*

*Enter SCARUS.*

*Scar. Gods, and goddesses,  
All the whole synod of them!*

*Eno. What's thy passion?*

*Scar. The greater cantle of the world<sup>3</sup> is lost  
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away  
Kingdoms and provinces.*

*Eno. How appears the fight?*

*Scar. On our side, like the token'd pestilence,<sup>4</sup>*

[2] The Antoniad—which Plutarch says, was the name of Cleopatra's ship. POPE.

[3] Cantle—a piece or lump. POPE.

Cantle is rather a corner. Cæsar in this play mentions the 'three-nook'd world.' Of this triangular world every triumvir had a corner. JOHNS.

[4] Token'd—spotted. JOHNS.

Where death is sure. Yon' ribauld nag of Egypt,<sup>5</sup>  
 Whom leprosy o'ertake!<sup>6</sup> i'the midst of the fight,—  
 When 'vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,  
 Both as the same, or rather our's the elder,—  
 The brieze upon her,<sup>7</sup> like a cow in June,  
 Hoists sails, and flies.

*Eno.* That I beheld:  
 Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not  
 Endure a further view.

*Scar.* She once being looft,<sup>8</sup>  
 The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,  
 Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doating mallard,  
 Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:  
 I never saw an action of such shame;  
 Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before  
 Did violate so itself.

*Eno.* Alack, alack!

*Enter CANIDIUS.*

*Can.* Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,  
 And sinks most lamentably. Had our general  
 Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:  
 Oh, he has given example for our flight,  
 Most grossly by his own.

*Eno.* Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then, good night  
 Indeed.

*Can.* Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

*Scar.* 'Tis easy to't.  
 And there I will attend what further comes.

*Can.* To Cæsar will I render  
 My legions, and my horse; six kings already  
 Shew me the way of yielding.

*Eno.* I'll yet follow  
 The wounded chance of Antony,<sup>9</sup> though my reason  
 Sits in the wind against me. *[Exeunt severally.]*

(5) Ribauld—a luxurious squanderer. POPE.

(6) Leprosy—an epidemical distemper of the Egyptians; to which Horace probably alludes in the controverted line.

Centaminato cum grege turpium  
 Merbo virorum. —

JOHNS.

(7) The brieze, or cestrum, the fly that stings cattle. JOHNS.

(8) To loof—is to bring a ship close to the wind. STEEV.

(9) I know not whether the author, who loves to draw his images from the sports of the field, might not have written,

The wounded chafe of Antony, —

The allusion is to a deer wounded and chafed, whom all other deer avoid. "I will, says Enobarbus, follow Antony, tho' chafed and wounded." JOHNS.

## SCENE IX.

*The palace in Alexandria. Enter ANTONY, with EROS and other Attendants.*

*Ant.* Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't ;  
It is asham'd to bear me!—Friends, come hither ;  
I am so lated in the world,<sup>1</sup> that I  
Have lost my way for ever :—I have a ship  
Laden with gold ; take that, divide it : fly,  
And make your peace with Cæsar.

*Omnes.* Fly ! not we.

*Ant.* I have fled myself ; and have instructed cowards  
To run, and show their shoulders.—Friends, be gone :  
I have myself resolv'd upon a course,  
Which has no need of you. Be gone :  
My treasure's in the harbour :—Take it.—Oh,  
I follow'd that I blush to look upon :  
My very hairs do mutiny ; for the white  
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them  
For fear and doating.—Friends, be gone ; you shall  
Have letters from me to some friends, that will  
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,  
Nor make replies of lothness : take the hint  
Which my despair proclaims. Let that be left,  
Which leaves itself.—To the sea-side. Straightway  
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.  
Leave me, I pray, a little : pray you now :—  
Nay, do so ; for, indeed, I have lost command,<sup>2</sup>  
Therefore, I pray you :—I'll see you by and by.

*Enter CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMIAN and IRAS.*

*Eros.* Nay, gentle Madam, to him :—Comfort him.

*Iras.* Do, most dear queen.

*Char.* Do ! why, what else ?

*Cleo.* Let me sit down. Oh, Juno !

*Ant.* No, no, no, no, no !

*Eros.* See you here, sir !

*Ant.* Oh fy, fy, fy !

*Char.* Madam,——

*Iras.* Madam, oh good empress !

[1] Alluding to a benighted traveller.      JOHNS.

[2] I am not master of my own emotions.      JOHNS.

*Eros.* Sir, sir——

*Ant.* Yes, my lord, yes ;—He, at Philippi, kept  
His sword e'en like a dancer,<sup>3</sup> while I struck  
The lean and wrinkled Cassius ; and 'twas I,  
That the mad Brutus ended :<sup>4</sup> he alone  
Dealt on lieutenantry,<sup>5</sup> and no practice had  
In the brave squares of war : yet now—no matter—

*Cleo.* Ah, stand by.

*Eros.* The queen, my lord, the queen—

*Iras.* Go to him, madam, speak to him ;  
He is unqualitied with very shame.

*Cleo.* Well then,—sustain me :—Oh !

*Eros.* Most noble sir, arise ; the queen approaches ;  
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her ; but  
Your comfort makes the rescue.<sup>6</sup>

*Ant.* I have offended reputation ;  
A most unnoble swerving,—

*Eros.* Sir, the queen.

*Ant.* O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt ? See,  
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes,<sup>7</sup>  
By looking back on what I have left behind  
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

*Cleo.* O my lord, my lord !  
Forgive my fearful sails ! I little thought,  
You would have follow'd.

*Ant.* Egypt, thou knew'st too well,  
My heart was to thy rudder ty'd by the strings,<sup>8</sup>  
And thou shouldst tow me after : O'er my spirit  
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st ; and that  
Thy beck might from the bidding of the Gods  
Command me.

*Cleo.* Oh, my pardon.

[3] In the Morisco, and perhaps anciently in the Pyrrhick dance, the dancers held swords in their hands with the points upward. JOHNS.

[4] Nothing can be more in character, than for an infamous debauched tyrant to call the heroic love of one's country and public liberty, 'madness.' WARB.

[5] I know not whether the meaning is, that Cæsar only acted as lieutenant at Philippi, or that he made his attempts only on lieutenants, and left the generals to Antony. JOHNS.

Dealt on lieutenantry,—I believe, means, 'fought by proxy,' made war by his lieutenants. STEEV.

[6] 'But' has here, as once before in this play, the force of except, or unless. JOHNS.

[7] How, by looking another way, I withdraw my ignominy from your fight. JOHNS.

[8] That is, by the heart string. JOHNS.

*Ant.* Now I must  
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge  
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who,  
With half the bulk o' the world, play'd as I pleas'd,  
Making, and marring fortunes. You did know,  
How much you were my conqueror; and that  
My sword, made weak by my affection, would  
Obey it on all cause.

*Cleo.* Pardon, pardon.

*Ant.* Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates  
All that is won and lost: Give me a kiss;  
Even this repays me.—  
We sent our school-master; is he come back?—  
Love, I am full of lead:—Some wine,  
Within there, and our viands:—Fortune knows,  
We scorn her most, when most she offers blows.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE X.

*CÆSAR's camp, in Egypt. Enter CÆSAR, DolABELLA, THYREUS, with others.*

*Cæs.* Let him appear that's come from Antony.—  
Know you him?

*Dol.* Cæsar, it is his school-master:  
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither  
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,  
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,  
Not many moons gone by.

*Enter Ambassador from ANTONY.*

*Cæs.* Approach, and speak.

*Amb.* Such as I am, I come from Antony:  
I was of late as petty to his ends,  
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf  
To his grand sea.

*Cæs.* Be it so: Declare thine office.

*Amb.* Lord of his fortunes, he salutes thee, and  
Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,  
He lessens his requests; and to thee sues  
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,  
A private man in Athens: This for him.  
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;  
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves

The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,<sup>9</sup>  
Now hazarded to thy grace.

*Cæs.* For Antony,  
I have no ears to his request. The queen  
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail; so she  
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,  
Or take his life there.—This if she perform,  
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

*Amb.* Fortune pursue thee!

*Cæs.* Bring him through the bands. [*Exit Amb.*  
—To try thy eloquence now 'tis time: Dispatch,  
From Antony win Cleopatra: promise, [*To THYREUS.*  
And in our name, what she requires; add more,  
From thine invention, offers. Women are not,  
In their best fortunes strong; but want will perjure  
The ne'er-touch'd vestal. Try thy cunning, Thyreus;  
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we  
Will answer as a law.

*Thyr.* Cæsar, I go.

*Cæs.* Observe how Antony becomes his flaw;<sup>1</sup>  
And what thou think'st his very action speaks  
In every power that moves.

*Thyr.* Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE XI.

*The palace in Alexandria. Enter CLEOPATRA,  
ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.*

*Cleo.* What shall we do, Enobarbus?

*Eno.* Think, and die.

*Cleo.* Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?

*Eno.* Antony only, that would make his will  
Lord of his reason. What though you fled

[9] The circle—the diadem; the ensign of royalty. *JOHNS.*

[1] That is, how Antony conforms himself to this breach of his fortune. *ib.*

[2] Read,—“Drink and die.” This reply of Enobarbus seems grounded upon a peculiarity in the conduct of Antony and Cleopatra, which is related by Plutarch: that, after their defeat at Actium, they instituted a society of friends, who entered into engagement to die with them, not abating, in the mean time, any part of their luxury, excess, and riot, in which they had lived before. *HANMER.*

This reading is received by Dr. Warburton and Mr. Upton, but I have not advanced it into the page, not being convinced that it is necessary. “Think, and die;” that is, “Reflect on your folly, and leave the world,” is a natural answer. *JOHNS.*

From that great face of war, whose several ranges  
 Frighted each other? why should he follow?  
 The itch of his affection should not then  
 Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,  
 When half to half the world oppos'd, he being  
 The meered question:<sup>3</sup> 'Twas a shame no less  
 Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,  
 And leave his navy gazing.

*Cleo.* Pr'ythee, peace.

*Enter ANTONY, with the Ambassador.*

*Ant.* Is that his answer?

*Amb.* Ay, my lord.

*Ant.* The queen shall then have courtesy,  
 So she will yield us up.

*Amb.* He says so.

*Ant.* Let her know it.—

To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,  
 And he will fill thy wishes to the brim  
 With principalities.

*Cleo.* That head, my lord?

*Ant.* To him again; tell him, he wears the rose  
 Of youth upon him; from which, the world should note  
 Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,  
 May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail  
 Under the service of a child, as soon  
 As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore  
 To lay his gay comparisons apart,  
 And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,<sup>4</sup>  
 Ourselves alone: I'll write it; follow me.

*[Exeunt ANTONY and Ambassador.]*

*Eno.* Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will  
 Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the shew  
 Against a sword.—I see, men's judgments are  
 A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward  
 Do draw the inward quality after them,  
 To suffer all alike. That he should dream,  
 Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will

[3] Mere—is a boundary, and the 'meered question,' if it can mean any thing, may, with some violence of language, mean, the disputed boundary.

JOHNS.

[4] I require of Cæsar not to depend on that superiority which the comparison of our different fortunes may exhibit to him, but to answer me man to man, in this decline of my age or power. JOHNS.

Answer his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd  
His judgment too.

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Attend.* A messenger from Cæsar.

*Cleo.* What, no more ceremony?—See, my women!  
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,  
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.

*Eno.* Mine honesty, and I, begin to square. [*Aside.*  
The loyalty, well held to fools, does make  
Our faith mere folly :<sup>5</sup>—Yet he, that can endure  
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,  
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,  
And earns a place i'the story.

*Enter THYREUS.*

*Cleo.* Cæsar's will?

*Thy.* Hear it apart.

*Cleo.* None but friends: Say boldly.

*Thyr.* So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

*Eno.* He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has;  
Or, needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master  
Will leap to be his friend: For us, you know,  
Whose he is, we are; and that is Cæsar's.

*Thyr.* So.—

Thus then, thou most renown'd; Cæsar entreats,  
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st  
Further than he is Cæsar.<sup>6</sup>

*Cleo.* Go on:—Right royal.

*Thyr.* He knows, that you embrace not Antony  
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

*Cleo.* Oh!

[*Aside.*

*Thyr.* The scars upon your honour, therefore, he  
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,  
Not as deserv'd.

*Cleo.* He is a God, and knows  
What is most right: Mine honour was not yielded,  
But conquer'd merely.

*Eno.* To be sure of that, [*Aside.*  
I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou art so leaky,

(5) Enobarbus is deliberating upon desertion, and finding it is more prudent to forsake a fool, and more reputable to be faithful to him, makes no positive conclusion. JOHNS.

(6) I.e. "Cæsar intreats, that at the same time you consider your desperate fortunes, you would consider he is Cæsar:" That is, generous and forgiving, able and willing to restore them. WARB.

That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for  
Thy dearest quit thee.

[Exit ENO.]

*Thyr.* Shall I say to Cæsar

What you require of him? For he partly begs.  
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,  
That of his fortunes you would make a staff  
To lean upon.

But it would warm his spirits, to hear from me  
You had left Antony, and put yourself  
Under his shroud, the universal landlord.

*Cleo.* What's your name?

*Thyr.* My name is Thyreus.

*Cleo.* Most kind messenger,

Say to great Cæsar this; In deputation  
I kiss his conquering hand:<sup>7</sup> tell him, I am prompt  
To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel:  
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear  
The doom of Egypt.<sup>8</sup>

*Thyr.* 'Tis your noblest course.

Wisdom and fortune combating together,  
If that the former dare but what it can,  
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay  
My duty on your hand.<sup>9</sup>

*Cleo.* Your Cæsar's father oft,  
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,  
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,  
As it rain'd kisses.

*Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.*

*Ant.* Favours! by Jove that thunders!—

[Seeing THYREUS kiss her hand.]

What art thou, fellow?

*Thyr.* One, that but performs  
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest  
To have command obey'd.

*Eno.* You will be whipp'd.

*Ant.* Approach there!—Ah, you kite!—Now, Gods  
and Devils!

Authority melts from me. Of late, when I cry'd, ho!

(7) I.e. By proxy; I depute you to pay him that duty in my name. WARB.

(8) Doom is declared rather by an all-commanding, than an all-obeying  
breath. I suppose we ought to read,  
——all-obeyed breath.

JOHNS.

(9) Grant me the favour. JOHNS.

Like boys unto a mass, kings would start forth,  
And cry, *Your will?* Have you no ears? I am  
Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

*Enter Attendants.*

*Eno.* 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,  
Than with an old one dying.

*Ant.* Moon and stars!—

Whip him:—Wer't twenty of the greatest tributaries  
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them  
So saucy with the hand of she here, (what's her name,  
Since she was Cleopatra?)—Whip him, fellows,  
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,  
And whine aloud for mercy: Take him hence.

*Thyr.* Mark Antony,—

*Ant.* Tug him away: being whipp'd,  
Bring him again:—This Jack of Cæsar's shall  
Bear us an errand to him.— [*Exeunt with THYREUS.*]  
You were half blasted ere I knew you:—Ha!  
Have I my pillow left unprest in Rome,  
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,  
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd  
By one that looks on feeders?²

*Cleo.* Good my lord—

*Ant.* You have been a boggler ever:—  
But when we in our viciousness grow hard  
(O misery on't!) the wise Gods seal our eyes  
In our own filth; drop our clear judgments; make us  
Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut  
To our confusion.

*Cleo.* Oh, is it come to this?

*Ant.* I found you as a morsel, cold upon  
Dead Cæsar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment  
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,  
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have  
Luxuriously pick'd out:—For, I am sure,  
Though you can guess what temperance should be,  
You know not what it is.

*Cleo.* Wherefore is this?

*Ant.* To let a fellow that will take rewards,  
And say, *God quit you!* be familiar with

(1) A muss—i.e. a scramble. POPE.

(2) One that waits at the table while others are eating. JOHNS.

My play-fellow, your hand ; this kingly seal,  
 And plighter of high hearts !—O, that I were  
 Upon the hill of Basan, to out-roar  
 The horned herd,<sup>3</sup> for I have savage cause ;  
 And to proclaim it civilly, were like  
 A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank  
 For being yare about him.—Is he whipp'd ?

*Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS.*

*Attend.* Soundly, my lord.

*Ant.* Cry'd he ? and begg'd he pardon ?

*Attend.* He did ask favour.

*Ant.* If that thy father live, let him repent  
 Thou wast not made his daughter : and be thou sorry  
 To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since  
 Thou hast been whipp'd for following him : henceforth,  
 The white hand of a lady fever thee,  
 Shake thou to look on't.—Get thee back to Cæsar,  
 Tell him thy entertainment : Look, thou say,  
 He makes me angry with him : for he seems  
 Proud and disdainful ; harping on what I am,  
 Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry ;  
 And at this time most easy 'tis to do't ;  
 When my good stars, that were my former guides,  
 Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires  
 Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike  
 My speech, and what is done ; tell him, he has  
 Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom  
 He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,  
 As he shall like, to quit me :<sup>4</sup> Urge it thou :  
 Hence with thy stripes, begone. [*Exit THYREUS.*]

*Cleo.* Have you done yet ?

*Ant.* Alack, our terrene moon  
 Is now eclips'd ; and it portends alone  
 The fall of Antony !

*Cleo.* I must stay his time.—

*Ant.* To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes  
 With one that ties his points ?

*Cleo.* Not know me yet ?

(3) It is not without pity and indignation that the reader of this great poet meets so often with this low jest, which is too much a favourite to be left out of either mirth or fury. JOHNS.

(4) To repay me in this insult ; to requite me. JOHNS.

*Ant.* Cold-hearted toward me!

*Cleo.* Ah, dear, if I be so,  
From my cold heart, let heaven ingender hail,  
And poison it in the source; and the first stone  
Drop in my neck; as it determines, so  
Dissolve my life! the next Cæsarion smite!<sup>4</sup>  
Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,  
Together with my brave Egyptians all,  
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,  
Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile  
Have bury'd them for prey!

*Ant.* I am satisfy'd:  
Cæsar sits down in Alexandria, where  
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land  
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too  
Have knit again, and float, threat'ning most sea-like.  
Where hast thou been, my heart? Dost thou hear, lady?  
If from the field I should return once more  
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;  
I and my sword will earn my chronicle;  
There's hope in't yet.

*Cleo.* That's my brave lord!

*Ant.* I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,  
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours  
Were nice and lucky,<sup>5</sup> men did ransom lives  
Of me for jests; but now, I'll set my teeth,  
And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,  
Let's have one other gaudy night: call to me  
All my sad captains, fill our bowls; once more  
Let's mock the midnight bell.

*Cleo.* It is my birth-day:  
I had thought to have held it poor; but since my lord  
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

*Ant.* We will yet do well.

*Cleo.* Call all his noble captains to my lord.

*Ant.* Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll force  
The wine ~~poop~~ through their ~~scaps~~—Come on, my queen;  
There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,  
I'll make death love me; for I will contend  
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt.*]

(4) Cæsarion was Cleopatra's son by Julius Cæsar. STEEV.

(5) Nice—seems to be, 'just fit for my purpose, agreeable to my wish.' So we vulgarly say of any thing that is done better than was expected, 'it is nice.' JOHNS.

*Eno.* Now he'll out-stare the lightning. To be furious,  
Is to be frighted out of fear : and, in that mood,  
The dove will peck the estridge ; and, I see still,  
A diminution in our captain's brain  
Restores his heart. When valour preys on reason,  
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek  
Some way to leave him. [Exit.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*CÆSAR's camp. Enter CÆSAR, reading a letter ; AGRIPPA, MECENAS, &c.*

*Cæsar.*

HE calls me boy ; and chides, as he had power  
To beat me out of Egypt : my messenger  
He hath whipp'd with rods ; dares me to personal combat,  
Cæsar to Antony.—Let the old ruffian know,  
I have many other ways to die ; mean time,  
Laugh at his challenge.<sup>6</sup>

*Mec.* Cæsar must think,  
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted  
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now  
Make boot of his distraction :<sup>7</sup> Never anger  
Made good guard for itself.

*Cæs.* Let our best heads  
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles  
We mean to fight :—Within our files there are  
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,  
Enough to fetch him in. See it done ;  
And feast the army : we have store to do't,  
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony !

[Exeunt.

(6) What a reply is this to Antony's challenge ? 'tis acknowledging that he should die under the unequal combat ; but if we read,

He hath many other ways to die : mean time,  
I laugh at his challenge.

In this reading we have poignancy, and the very repartee of Cæsar. Let's hear Plutarch. "After this, Antony sent a challenge to Cæsar, to fight him hand to hand, and received for answer, that he might find several other ways to end his life." UPTON.

Most indisputably this is the sense of Plutarch, and given so in the modern translations ; but Shakespeare was misled by the ambiguity of the old translation. FARMER.

(7) Take advantage of his distraction. JOHNS.

## SCENE II.

*Alexandria. Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, ENOBARRUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, with others.*

*Ant.* He will not fight with me, Domitius.

*Eno.* No.

*Ant.* Why should he not?

*Eno.* He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune, He is twenty men to one.

*Ant.* To-morrow, soldier,  
By sea and land I'll fight : or I will live,  
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood  
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?

*Eno.* I'll strike ; and cry, *Take all.*<sup>s</sup>

*Ant.* Well said ; come on.—

Call forth my household servants ; let's to-night

*Enter Servants.*

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,  
Thou hast been rightly honest ;—so hast thou ;  
And thou ;—and thou ;—and thou : you have serv'd  
me well,

And kings have been your fellows.

*Cleo.* What means this?

*Eno.* [*Aside.*] 'Tis one of those odd tricks, which  
sorrow shoots

Out of the mind.

*Ant.* And thou art honest too.

I wish, I could be made so many men ;  
And all of you clapt up together in  
An Antony ; that I might do you service,  
So good as you have done.

*Omnes.* The Gods forbid !

*Ant.* Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night :  
Scant not my cups ; and make as much of me,  
As when my empire was your fellow too,  
And suffer'd my command.

*Cleo.* What does he mean ?

*Eno.* To make his followers weep.

*Ant.* Tend me to-night ;  
May be, it is the period of your duty ;  
Haply, you shall not see me more ; or if,

---

(s) Let the survivor take all. No composition, victory or death. JOHNS.

A mangled shadow :<sup>2</sup> Perchance, to-morrow  
 You'll serve another master. I look on you,  
 As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,  
 I turn you not away ; but, like a master  
 Married to your good service, stay till death :  
 Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,  
 And the Gods yield you for't !

*Eno.* What mean you, sir,  
 To give them this discomfort ? Look, they weep ;  
 And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd :<sup>3</sup> for shame,  
 Transform us not to women.

*Ant.* Ho, ho, ho !  
 Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus !  
 Grace grow, where those drops fall ! My hearty friends,  
 You take me in too dolorous a sense :  
 I spake to you for your comfort ; did desire you  
 To burn this night with torches. Know, my hearts,  
 I hope well of to-morrow ; and will lead you,  
 Where rather I'll expect victorious life,  
 Than death and honour.<sup>4</sup> Let's to supper ; come,  
 And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*Before the palace. Enter a Company of Soldiers.*

1 *Sold.* Brother, good-night : to-morrow is the day.

2 *Sold.* It will determine one way : fare you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets ?

1 *Sold.* Nothing : What news ?

2 *Sold.* Belike, 'tis but a rumour : Good night to you.

1 *Sold.* Well, sir, good night.

[*They meet with other Soldiers.*]

2 *Sold.* Soldiers, have careful watch.

1 *Sold.* And you : Good night, good night.

[*They place themselves on every corner of the stage.*]

2 *Sold.* Here, we : and if to-morrow  
 Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope

(8) Or if you see me more, you will see me a mangled shadow, only the external form of what I was. JOHNS.

(9) I have my eyes as full of tears as if they had been fretted by onions. JOHNS.

(1) That is, an honourable death. HUTTON.

Our landmen will stand up.

1 *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army, and full of purpose.

[*Music of hautboys under the stage.*]

2 *Sold.* Peace, what noise?

1 *Sold.* List, list!

2 *Sold.* Hark!

1 *Sold.* Music i'the air.—

3 *Sold.* Under the earth.—

4 *Sold.* It signs well, does it not?

3 *Sold.* No.

1 *Sold.* Peace, I say. What should this mean?

2 *Sold.* 'Tis the God Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,  
Now leaves him.

1 *Sold.* Walk; let's see if other watchmen

Do hear what we do.

2 *Sold.* How now, masters?

[*Speak together.*]

*Omnes.* How now? how now? do you hear this?

1 *Sold.* Ay; is't not strange?

3 *Sold.* Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

1 *Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;  
Let's see how 'twill give off.

*Omnes.* Content:—'Tis strange.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.

CLEOPATRA's palace. Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA,  
with CHARMIAN, and others.

*Ant.* Eros! mine armour, Eros!

*Cleo.* Sleep a little.

*Ant.* No, my chuck.—Eros, come! Mine armour, Eros!

*Enter EROS.*

Come, good fellow, put thine iron on:—

If fortune be not ours to-day, it is

Because we brave her.—Come.

*Cleo.* Nay, I'll help too.

*Ant.* What's this for? Ah, let be, let be! thou art  
The armourer of my heart:—False, false; this, this—

*Cleo.* Sooth-la, I'll help; thus it must be.

[*CLEOPATRA puts the armour on ANTONY.*]

*Ant.* Well, well; we shall thrive now.—

Seest thou, my good fellow? Go, put on thy defences.

Ff 2

*Eros.* Briefly, sir.<sup>3</sup>

*Cleo.* Is not this buckled well?

*Ant.* Rarely, rarely.

He that unbuckles this, till we do please  
To doff it for our repose, shall hear a storm.—  
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a 'squire  
More tight at this than thou. *Dispatch.*—O love!  
That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st  
The royal occupation! thou shouldst see

*Enter an Officer, armed.*

A workman in it.

—Good-morrow to thee; welcome:

Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:  
To business that we love, we rise betime,  
And go to it with delight.

*Off.* A thousand, sir,  
Early though it be, have on their rivetted trim,  
And at the port expect you. [*Shout. Trumpets flourish.*]

*Enter other Officers and Soldiers.*

*Cap.* The morn is fair.—Good-morrow, general!

*All.* Good-morrow, general!

*Ant.* 'Tis well blown, lads.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth  
That means to be of note, begins betimes.—  
So, so.—Come, give me that—this way—well said.  
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:  
This is a soldier's kiss: rebukeable, [*Kisses her.*]  
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand  
On more mechanic compliment; I'll leave thee  
Now, like a man of steel.—You, that will fight,  
Follow me close; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu!

[*Exeunt.*]

*Char.* Please you, to retire you to your chamber?

*Cleo.* Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might  
Determine this great war in single fight!

Then, Antony.—But now,—Well!—On. [*Exeunt.*]

(3) That is, quickly, &c. JOHN.

## SCENE V.

*A camp. Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY and EROS ;  
a Soldier meeting them.*

*Sold.* The Gods make this a happy day to Antony !

*Ant.* 'Would, thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd

To make me fight at land !

*Eros.* Hadst thou done so,

The kings that have revolted, and the soldier  
That has this morning left thee, would have still  
Follow'd thy heels.

*Ant.* Who's gone this morning ?

*Eros.* Who ?

One ever near thee : Call for Enobarbus,  
He shall not hear thee ; or from Cæsar's camp  
Say, *I am none of thine.*

*Ant.* What say'st thou ?

*Sold.* Sir,

He is with Cæsar.

*Eros.* Sir, his chests and treasure

He has not with him.

*Ant.* Is he gone ?

*Sold.* Most certain.

*Ant.* Go, Eros, send his treasure after ; do it ;  
Detain no jot, I charge thee : Write to him  
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings :  
Say, that I wish he never find more cause,  
To change a master.—Oh, my fortunes have  
Corrupted honest men !—Dispatch.—Enobarbus !

[*Exit*]

## SCENE VI.

*CÆSAR's camp. Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, with ENOBARBUS  
and DOLABELLA.*

*Cæs.* Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight :  
Our will is, Antony be took alive ;  
Make it so known.

*Agg.* Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exit.*]

*Cæs.* The time of universal peace is near :

Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world  
Shall bear the olive freely.<sup>4</sup>

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Antony

Is come into the field.

*Cæs.* Go, charge Agrippa

Plant those that have revolted in the van,  
That Antony may seem to spend his fury  
Upon himself.

[*Exeunt.*

*Eno.* Alexas did revolt ; and went to Jewry, on  
Affairs of Antony ; there did persuade  
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,  
And leave his master Antony : for this pains,  
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest  
That fell away, have entertainment, but  
No honourable trust. I have done ill ;  
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,  
That I will joy no more.

*Enter a Soldier of CÆSAR.*

*Sold.* Enobarbus, Antony

Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with  
His bounty over-plus : The messenger  
Came on my guard ; and at thy tent is now  
Unloading of his mules.

*Eno.* I give it you.

*Sold.* Mock not, Enobarbus.

I tell you true : Best you safed the bringer  
Out of the host ; I must attend mine office,  
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor  
Continues still a Jove.

[*Exit.*

*Eno.* I am alone the villain of the earth,  
And feel I am so most. O Antony,  
Thou mine of bounty, how would'st thou have paid  
My better service, when my turpitude  
Thou dost so crown with gold ! This blows my heart :  
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean

[4] i. e. Shall spring up every where spontaneously, and without culture.

[5] This generosity, (says Enobarbus) swells my heart, so that it will quickly  
break, if thought break it not, a swifter mean. WARB.  
JOHNS.

Shall out-strike thought ; but thought will do't, I feel.  
I fight against thee !—No : I will go seek  
Some ditch, where I may die ; the foul'st best fits  
My latter part of life. [Exit.]

### SCENE VII.

*Before the walls of Alexandria. Alarm. Drums and trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA.*

*Agr.* Retire ; we have engag'd ourselves too far :  
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppressions<sup>6</sup>  
Exceeds what we expected. [Exit.]

*Alarm. Enter ANTONY, and SCARUS wounded.*

*Scar.* O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed !  
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home  
With clouts about their heads.

*Ant.* Thou bleed'st apace.

*Scar.* I had a wound here that was like a T,  
But now 'tis made an H.

*Ant.* They do retire.

*Scar.* We'll beat 'em into bench-holes : I have yet  
Room for six scotches more.

*Enter EROS.*

*Eros.* They are beaten, sir, and our advantage serves  
For a fair victory.

*Scar.* Let us score their backs,  
And snatch 'em up as we take hares, behind ;  
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

*Ant.* I will reward thee  
Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold  
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

*Scar.* I'll halt after. [Exeunt.]

### SCENE VIII.

*Alarm. Enter ANTONY again in a march. SCARUS,  
with others.*

*Ant.* We have beat him to his camp : Run one before,  
And let the queen know of our guests.—To-morrow,  
Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood

---

[6] Oppression—for opposition. WARB.

That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all ;  
 For doughty-handed are you, and have fought  
 Not as you serv'd the cause, but as it had been  
 Each man's like mine ; you have shewn all Hectors.  
 Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,  
 Tell them your feats ; whilst they with joyful tears,  
 Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss  
 The honour'd gashes whole.—Give me thy hand ;  
[To SCARUS.]

*Enter CLEOPATRA.*

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,<sup>6</sup>  
 Make her thanks bless thee.—O thou day o'the world,  
 Chain mine arm'd neck ; leap thou, attire and all,  
 Through proof of harness to my heart, and there  
 Ride on the pants triumphing.

*Cleo.* Lord of lords !

O infinite virtue ! com'st thou smiling from  
 The world's great snare uncaught ?

*Ant.* My nightingale,

We have beat them to their beds. What, girl ? though  
 grey  
 Do something mingle with our younger brown ; yet  
 have we

A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can  
 Get goal for goal of youth.<sup>7</sup> Behold this man ;  
 Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand ;—  
 Kiss it, my warrior :—He hath fought to-day,  
 As if a God, in hate of mankind, had  
 Destroy'd in such a shape.

*Cleo.* I'll give thee, friend,

An armour all of gold ; it was a king's.

*Ant.* He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled  
 Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand ;—  
 Through Alexandria make a jolly march ;  
 Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them :<sup>8</sup>  
 Had our great palace the capacity

[6] Mr. Upton has well observed, that 'fairy,' which Dr. Warburton and fir T. Hanmer explain by 'inchantress,' comprises the idea of power and beauty.

[7] At all plays of barriers, the boundary is called a goal ; 'to win a goal' is to be superior in a contest of activity. JOHNS.

[8] Bear our hack'd targets with spirit and exaltation, such as becomes the brave warriors that own them ! JOHNS.

To camp this host, we would all sup together;  
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,  
Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,  
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;  
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;  
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,  
Applauding our approach. [Exeunt.

## SCENE IX.

CÆSAR's camp. Enter a Sentry, and his Company. Enter  
ENOBARBUS.

Sent. If we be not reliev'd within this hour,  
We must return to the court of guard: The night  
Is shiny; and, they say, we shall embattle  
By the second hour i'the morn.

1 Watch. This last day was a shrewd one to us.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night!—

2 Watch. What man is this?

1 Watch. Stand close, and list him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon!  
When men revolted shall upon record  
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did  
Before thy face repent!

Sent. Enobarbus!

3 Watch. Peace; hark further.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,  
The poisonous damp of night dispunge upon me;  
That life, a very rebel to my will,  
May hang no longer on me: Throw my heart  
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;  
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,  
And finish all foul thoughts. Oh Antony!  
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,  
Forgive me in thine own particular;  
But let the world rank me in register  
A master-leaver, and a fugitive:  
Oh Antony! Oh Antony!

[Diss.

1 Watch. Let's speak to him.

Sent. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks  
May concern Cæsar.

2 Watch. Let's do so. But he sleeps.

*Sent.* Swoons rather ; for so had a prayer as his  
Was never yet for sleep.

1 *Watch.* Go we to him.

2 *Watch.* 'Awake sir, awake ; speak to us.

1 *Watch.* Hear you, sir ?

*Sent.* The hand of death has wrought him.—

[*Drums afar off.*]

Mark how the drums demurely wake the sleepers :<sup>9</sup>

Let's bear him to the court of guard ; he is

Of note ; our hour is fully out.

2 *Watch.* Come on then ;

He may recover yet.

[*Exeunt with the body.*]

### SCENE X.

*Between the two camps. Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with  
their Army.*

*Ant.* Their preparation is to-day by sea ;  
We please them not by land.

*Scar.* For both, my lord.

*Ant.* I would, they'd fight i'the fire, or in the air ;  
We'd fight there too. But this it is ; our foot  
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,  
Shall stay with us : order for sea is given ;  
They have put forth the haven,  
Where their appointment we may best discover,  
And look on their endeavour.<sup>1</sup>

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter CÆSAR, and his Army.*

*Cæs.* But being charg'd, we will be still by land,  
Which, as I take't, we shall ;<sup>2</sup> for his best force  
Is forth to man his gallies. To the vales,  
And hold our best advantage.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Alarm afar off, as at a sea-fight.*]

*Re-enter ANTONY and SCARUS.*

*Ant.* Yet they're not join'd :  
Where yonder pine does stand, I shall discover all :

[9] Demurely—for solemnly. WARB.

[1] i. e. Where we may best discover their numbers, and see their motions. WARB.

[2] i. e. Unless we be charged, we will remain quiet at land, which quiet I suppose we shall keep. 'But being charged' was a phrase equivalent to 'unless we be.' WARB.

I'll bring thee word straight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*

*Scar.* Swallows have built

In Cleopatra's sails their nests : the augurs  
Say, they know not,—they cannot tell,—look grimly,  
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony  
Is valiant, and dejected ; and, by starts,  
His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear,  
Of what he has, and has not. [*Exit.*

*Re-enter* ANTONY.

*Ant.* All is lost ;  
This foul Egyptian hath betray'd me :  
My fleet hath yielded to the foe ; and yonder  
They cast their caps up, and carouse together  
Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore ! 'tis thou  
Hast sold me to this novice ; and my heart  
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly ;  
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,  
I have done all :—Bid them fly.—Begone,  
Oh, sun, thy uprise shall I see no more :  
Fortune and Antony part here ; even here  
Do we shake hands.—All come to this ?—The hearts  
That pannell'd me at heels, to whom I gave  
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets  
On blossoming Cæsar ; and this pine is bark'd,  
That over-topt them all. Betray'd I am :  
Oh this false soul of Egypt ! this grave charm<sup>3</sup>—  
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home :  
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end—  
Like a right gypsey, hath, at fast and loose,  
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.<sup>4</sup>—  
What, Eros, Eros !

*Enter* CLEOPATRA.

Ah ! thou spell ! Avaunt.—

*Cleo.* Why is my lord enrag'd against his love ?

*Ant.* Vanish ; or I shall give thee thy deserving,  
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,  
And hoist thee up to the shouting Plebeians :  
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot  
Of all thy sex ; most, monster-like, be shewn

[3] By 'this grave charm,' is meant, 'this sublime, this majestic beauty.'

[4] To the utmost loss possible.      JOHNS.

JOHNS.

For poor'st diminutives, for doits;<sup>5</sup> and let  
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up  
With her prepared nails.<sup>6</sup> 'Tis well thou'rt gone—

[*Exit* CLEOPATRA.]

If it be well to live: But better 'twere,  
Thou fell'st into my fury; for one death  
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!—  
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: Teach me,  
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage;  
Let me lodge, Lichas, on the horns o'the moon;<sup>7</sup>  
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,  
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die;  
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall  
Under his plot: she dies for't.—Eros, ho! [*Exit.*]

## SCENE XI.

CLEOPATRA'S palace. *Enter* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN,  
IRAS, and MARDIAN.

*Cleo.* Help me, my women! Oh, he is more mad  
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly  
Was never so emboss'd.<sup>8</sup>

*Char.* To the monument;  
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.  
The soul and body rive not more at parting,  
Than greatness going off.

*Cleo.* To the monument;—  
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;  
Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,  
And word it, prythee, piteously: Hence, Mardian;  
And bring me how he takes my death.—To the monu-  
ment. [*Exeunt.*]

[5] Doits—i.e. farthings. WARB.

[6] i.e. With nails which she suffered to grow for this purpose. WARB.

[7] This image our poet seems to have taken from Seneca's Hercules, who says Lichas being launched into the air, sprinkled the clouds with his blood. Sophocles, on the same occasion, talks at a much soberer rate. WARB.

[8] Emboss'd—a hunting term: when a deer is hard run and foams at the mouth, he is said to be imboss. A dog also, when he is strained with hard running, will have his knees swelled, and then he is said to be imboss, from the French word 'bœuf,' which signifies a tumour. HAMMER.

## SCENE XII.

*Enter* ANTONY *and* EROS.*Ant.* Eros, thou yet behold'st me?*Eros.* Ay, noble lord.

*Ant.* Sometimes, we see a cloud that's dragonish;  
 A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,  
 A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,  
 A forked mountain, or blue promontory  
 With trees upon't that nod unto the world,  
 And mock our eyes with air: 'Thou hast seen these signs?  
 They are black Vesper's pageants.

*Eros.* Ay, my lord.

*Ant.* That, which is now a horse, even with a thought  
 The rack dislimns;<sup>9</sup> and makes it indistinct,  
 As water is in water.

*Eros.* It does, my lord.

*Ant.* My good knave Eros, now thy captain is  
 Even such a body: here I am Antony:  
 Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.  
 I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen—  
 Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine;  
 Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't  
 A million more, now lost—she, Eros, has  
 Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false play'd my glory  
 Unto an enemy's triumph.—  
 Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us  
 Ourselves to end ourselves.—

*Enter* MARDIAN.

Oh, thy vile lady!  
 She has robb'd me of my sword.

*Mar.* No, Antony;  
 My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled  
 With thine intirely.

*Ant.* Hence, saucy eunuch; peace;  
 She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

*Mar.* Death of one person can be paid but once;  
 And that she hath discharg'd: What thou wouldst do,  
 Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake  
 Was, Antony! most noble Antony!

---

(9) i.e. The fleeting away of the clouds destroys the picture. STEEV.

Then in the midst a tearing groan did break  
The name of Antony ; it was divided  
Between her heart and lips : she rendred life,  
Thy name so buried in her.

*Ant.* Dead then ?

*Mar.* Dead.

*Ant.* Unarm, Eros ; the long day's task is done,  
And we must sleep :—That thou depart'st hence safe,  
Does pay thy labour richly ; Go. [*Exit MARDIAN.*  
Off, pluck off ;—

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep  
The battery from my heart.<sup>1</sup> Oh, cleave my sides !  
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent ;  
Crack thy frail case !—Apace, Eros, apace.—  
No more a soldier ;—Bruised pieces, go ;  
You have been nobly borne.—From me a while.—  
[*Exit EROS.*

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and  
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now  
All length is torture :—Since the torch is out,  
Lie down, and stray no further : Now all labour  
Mars what it does ; yea, very force entangles  
Itself with strength : Seal then, and all is done.<sup>2</sup>—  
Eros !—I come, my queen :—Eros !—Stay for me :  
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,  
And with our sprightly port, make the ghosts gaze :  
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,  
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros !

*Re-enter EROS.*

*Eros.* What would my lord ?

*Ant.* Since Cleopatra dy'd,  
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the Gods  
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword  
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back

(1) I would read, —This battery from my heart. — JOHNS.

(2) Metaphor taken from civil contracts, where, when all is agreed on, the sealing completes the contract ; so he had determined to die, and nothing remain'd but to give the stroke. WARB.

I believe the reading is. —seal then, and all is done. — To seal hawks, is to close their eyes. The meaning will be,

—since the torch is out.

Lie down, and stray no further. Now all labour  
Mars what is done. —Seal then, and all is done.

Close thine eyes for ever, and be quiet. JOHNS.

With ships, made cities, condemn myself, to lack  
 The courage of a woman ; less noble minded  
 Than she, which, by our death, our Cæsar tells  
 "*I am conqueror of myself.*" Thou art sworn, Eros,  
 That, when the exigent is come, (which now  
 Is come, indeed) when I should see behind me  
 The inevitable prosecution of  
 Disgrace and horror, that on my command,  
 Thou then wouldst kill me : Do't, the time is come :  
 Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.  
 Put colour in thy cheek.

*Eros.* The Gods withhold me !

Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,  
 Though enemy, lost aim, and could not ?

*Ant.* Eros,

Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome, and see  
 Thy master thus with pleach'd arms,<sup>3</sup> bending down  
 His corrigit neck, his face subdu'd  
 To penetrative shame ; whilst the wheel'd seat  
 Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded  
 His baseness that ensued ?<sup>4</sup>

*Eros.* I would not see't.

*Ant.* Come, then ; for with a wound I must be cur'd.  
 Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn  
 Most useful for thy country.

*Eros.* Oh, sir, pardon me.

*Ant.* When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then  
 To do this when I bade thee ? Do it at once ;  
 Or thy precedent services are all  
 But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

*Eros.* Turn from me then that noble countenance,  
 Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.<sup>5</sup>

*Ant.* Lo thee.—

[Turning from him.]

*Eros.* My sword is drawn.

*Ant.* Then let it do at once  
 The thing why thou hast drawn it.

*Eros.* My dear master,  
 My captain, and my emperor ! Let me say,  
 Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

*Ant.* 'Tis said, man ;—and farewell.

*Eros.* Farewel, great chief. Shall I strike now ?

(3) Pleacht arms—arms folded in each other. JOHNS.

(4) The poor conquered wretch that followed. JOHNS.

(5) The worship—is the dignity, the authority. JOHNS.

*Ant.* Now, Eros.

*Eros.* Why, there then—

[*Eros kills himself.*

Thus do I escape the sorrow  
Of Antony's death.

[*Dies.*

*Ant.* Thrice nobler than myself!

'Thou teachest me, oh valiant Eros! what  
I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and Eros  
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me  
A nobleness in record: But I will be  
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't  
As to a lover's bed. Come, then; and, Eros,  
Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus

[*Falling on his sword.*

I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?—

The guard?—ho!—oh, dispatch me.

*Enter DERCETAS and Guard.*

1 *Guard.* What's the noise?

*Ant.* I have done my work ill, friends: O, make an end  
Of what I have begun.

2 *Guard.* The star is fallen.

1 *Guard.* And time is at his period.

*All.* Alas, and woe!

*Ant.* Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

1 *Guard.* Not I.

2 *Guard.* Nor I.

3 *Guard.* Nor any one.

[*Exeunt.*

*Der.* Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.  
This sword but shewn to Cæsar, with this tidings,  
Shall enter me with him.

*Enter DIOMEDES.*

*Dio.* Where's Antony?

*Der.* There, Diomed, there.

*Dio.* Lives he? Wilt thou not answer, man?

[*Exit DERCETAS.*

*Ant.* Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and  
give me  
Sufficing strokes for death.

*Dio.* Most absolute lord,  
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

*Ant.* When did she send thee?

*Dio.* Now, my lord.

*Ant.* Where is she?

*Dio.* Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear  
Of what hath come to pass : for when she saw,  
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect  
She had dispos'd with Cæsar, and that your rage  
Would not be purg'd, she sent word she was dead ;  
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent  
Me to proclaim the truth ; and I am come,  
I dread, too late.

*Ant.* Too late, good Diomed : Call my guard, I pr'ythee.

*Dio.* What, ho ! the emperor's guard ! The guard,  
what, ho !  
Come, your lord calls.

*Enter a Guard.*

*Ant.* Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra 'bides ;  
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

*1 Guard.* Woe, woe, are we, sir ! you may not live to wear  
All your true followers out.

*All.* Most heavy day !

*Ant.* Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate  
To grace it with your sorrows : bid that welcome  
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it,  
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up :  
I have led you oft ; carry me now, good friends,  
And have my thanks for all. [*Excunt, bearing ANT.*]

### SCENE XIII.

*A monument. Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and  
IRAS, above.*

*Cleo.* O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

*Char.* Be comforted, dear madam.

*Cleo.* No, I will not :

All strange and terrible events are welcome,  
But comforts we despise ; our size of sorrow,  
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great  
As that which makes it.

*Enter DIOMEDES.*

—How now ? is he dead ?

*Dio.* His death's upon him, but not dead.  
Look out o'the other side your monument,  
His guard have brought him thither.

*Enter ANTONY, borne by the Guard.*

*Cleo.* O sun,  
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—darkling stand  
The varying shore o'the world!—O Antony!  
Antony! Antony!  
Help, Charmian, help; Iras, help; help, friends,  
Below; let's draw him hither.

*Ant.* Peace:  
Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,  
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

*Cleo.* So it should be, that none but Antony  
Should conquer Antony; but woe, 'tis so!

*Ant.* I am dying, Ægypt, dying; only  
I here importune death a while,<sup>5</sup> until  
Of many thousand kisses the poor last  
I lay upon thy lips.—

*Cleo.* I dare not,  
Dear, dear, my lord, pardon; I dare not,  
Lest I be taken: not the imperious shew  
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall  
Be brooch'd with me;<sup>6</sup> if knife, drugs, serpents, have  
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe.  
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,  
And still conclusion,<sup>7</sup> shall acquire no honour  
Demuring upon me.—But come, come, Antony.—  
Help me, my women;—We must draw thee up;  
Assist, good friends.

*Ant.* Oh, quick, or I am gone.

*Cleo.* Here's sport indeed!<sup>8</sup>—How heavy weighs my  
lord!  
Our strength is all gone into heaviness,  
That makes the weight: Had I great Juno's power,  
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,

(5) I solicit death to delay; or, I trouble death by keeping him waiting.  
I here importune death a while, until  
Of many thousand kisses the poor last  
I lay upon thy lips.—Come down.

*Cleo.* I dare not,

Dear, dear, my lord, your pardon; that I dare not,  
Lest I be taken.—

THEOBALD.

It seems not necessary that a dialogue so distressful should be nicely regular.  
I have therefore preserved the original reading in the text, and the emenda-  
tion below. JOHNS.

[6] Be brooch'd—i.e. adorn'd. A brooch was an ornament formerly worn  
in the hair. STEEV.

[7] Still conclusion—sedate determination; silent coolness of resolution.

JOHNS.

[8] I suppose the meaning of these strange words is, 'here's trifling, you do  
not work in earnest.' JOHNS.

And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—  
Wishers were ever fools :—Oh come, come, come !—

[*They draw ANTONY up to CLEOPATRA.*

And welcome, welcome ! die, where thou hast liv'd :  
Quickened with kissing ;<sup>9</sup>—had my lips that power,  
Thus would I wear them out.

*All.* A heavy sight.

*Ant.* I am dying, Ægypt, dying :  
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

*Cleo.* No, let me speak ; and let me rail so high,  
That the false huswife Fortune break her wheel,  
Provok'd by my offence.

*Ant.* One word, sweet queen :  
Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety.—Oh !—

*Cleo.* They do not go together.

*Ant.* Gentle, hear me :—  
None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.

*Cleo.* My resolution, and my hands I'll trust ;  
None about Cæsar.

*Ant.* The miserable change now at my end,  
Lament nor sorrow at : but please your thoughts  
In feeding them with these my fortunes  
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o'the world,  
The noblest : and do now not basely die,  
Nor cowardly ; put off my helmet to  
My countryman, a Roman, by a Roman  
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going ;  
I can no more. [ANTONY dies.

*Cleo.* Noblest of men, woo't die ?  
Hast thou no care of me ? shall I abide  
In this dull world, which in thy absence is  
No better than a sty ?—O, see, my women,  
The crown o'the earth doth melt :—My lord !—  
Oh, wither'd is the garland of the war,  
The soldier's pole is fallen ;<sup>2</sup> young boys, and girls,  
Are level now with men : the odds is gone ;  
And there is nothing left remarkable  
Beneath the visiting moon. [She faints.

*Char.* Oh, quietness, lady !

*Iras.* She is dead too, our sovereign.

*Char.* Lady !

[9] That is, Revive by my kiss. JOHNS.

[1] He at whom the soldiers pointed, as at a pageant held high for observation. JOHNS.

*Iras.* Madam!—

*Char.* O madam, madam, madam,—

*Iras.* Royal Ægypt! empress!

*Char.* Peace, peace, *Iras.*

*Cleo.* No more—but e'en a woman;<sup>2</sup> and commanded  
By such poor passions as the maid that milks,  
And does the meanest chares.—It were for me  
To throw my sceptre at the injurious Gods;  
To tell them that this world did equal theirs,  
Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught;  
Patience is sottish; and impatience does  
Become a dog that's mad: Then is it sin,  
To rush into the secret house of death,  
Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, women?  
What, what? good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian?  
My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,  
Our lamp is spent, it's out:—Good sirs, take heart:—  
We'll bury him: and then, what's brave, what's noble,  
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,  
And make death proud to take us. Come, away:  
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.  
Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend  
But resolution, and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt, bearing off ANTONY's body.*]

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*CÆSAR's camp. Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA,  
MECÆNAS, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and Train.*

*Cæsar.*

GO to him, Dolabella; bid him yield;  
Being so frustrate, tell him, he mocks  
The pauses that he makes.

*Dol.* Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exit DOLABELLA.*]

*Enter DERCETAS, with the sword of ANTONY.*

*Cæs.* Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that dar'st  
Appear thus to us?

(2) I have no more of my wonted greatness, but am even a woman on the level with other women; were I what I once was,

—It were for me

To throw my sceptre, &c:

JOHNS.

*Der.* I am call'd Dercetas ;  
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy,  
Best to be serv'd : whilst he stood up, and spoke,  
He was my master ; and I wore my life,  
To spend upon his haters : If thou please  
To take me to thee, as I was to him  
I'll be to Cæsar ; if thou pleasest not,  
I yield thee up my life.

*Cæs.* What is't thou say'st ?

*Der.* I say, oh Cæsar, Antony is dead.

*Cæs.* The breaking of so great a thing should make  
A greater crack. The round world  
Should have shook lions into civil streets,  
And citizens to their dens :<sup>3</sup>—The death of Antony  
Is not a single doom ; in that name lay  
A moiety of the world.

*Der.* He is dead, Cæsar ;  
Not by a public minister of justice,  
Nor by a hired knife ; but that self hand,  
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,  
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,  
Splitted the heart.—This is his sword ;  
I robb'd his wound of it ; behold it stain'd  
With his most noble blood.

*Cæs.* Look you sad, friends ?  
May the Gods rebuke me, but it is tidings  
To wash the eyes of kings !<sup>4</sup>

*Agr.* And strange it is,  
That nature must compel us to lament  
Our most persisted deeds.

*Mec.* His taints and honours  
Waged equal with him.

*Agr.* A rarer spirit never  
Did steer humanity : but you, Gods ! will give us  
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

*Mec.* When such a spacious mirror's set before him,  
He needs must see himself.

*Cæs.* O Antony !  
I have follow'd thee to this ; but we do lance

[3] I think here is a line lost, after which it is in vain to go in quest. The sense seems to have been this : "The round world should have shook, and this great alteration of the system of things should send lions into streets, and citizens into dens." There is sense still, but it is harsh and violent. JOHNS.

[4] That is, May the Gods rebuke me, if this be not tidings to make kings weep. JOHNS.

Diseases in our bodies. I must perforce  
 Have shewn to thee such a declining day,  
 Or look on thine ; we could not stall together  
 In the whole world : But yet let me lament  
 With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts  
 That thou, my brother, my competitor  
 In top of all design, my mate in empire ;  
 Friend and companion in the front of war,  
 The arm of mine own body, and the heart  
 Where mine his thoughts did kindle—that our stars,  
 Unreconcilable, should divide  
 Our equalness to this.<sup>5</sup>—Hear me, good friends,—  
 But I will tell you at some meeter season ;

*Enter an Egyptian.*

The business of this man looks out of him ;  
 We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you ?

*Egypt.* A poor Egyptian yet ;<sup>6</sup> the queen, my mistress,  
 Confin'd in all she has, her monument,  
 Of thy intents desires instruction ;  
 That she preparedly may frame herself  
 To the way she's forc'd to.

*Cæs.* Bid her have good heart ;  
 She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,  
 How honourably and how kindly we  
 Determine for her : for Cæsar cannot live  
 To be ungentle.

*Egypt.* So the Gods preserve thee ! *[Exit.]*

*Cæs.* Come hither, Proculeius : Go, and say,  
 We purpose her no shame ; give her what comforts  
 The quality of her passion shall require ;  
 Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke,  
 She do defeat us : for her life in Rome  
 Would be eternal in our triumph : Go,  
 And, with your speediest, bring us what she says,  
 And how you find of her.

*Pro.* Cæsar, I shall. *[Exit PROCULEIUS.]*

*Cæs.* Gallus, go you along.—Where's Dolabella,  
 To second Proculeius ? *[Exit GALLUS.]*

*Agr. & Mec.* Dolabella !

[5] That is, should have made us, in our equality of fortune, disagree to a pitch like this, that one of us must die. JOHNS.

[6] If this punctuation be right, the man means to say, that 'he is yet an Egyptian,' that is, yet a servant to the queen of Egypt, though soon to become a subject of Rome. JOHNS.

*Cæs.* Let him alone, for I remember now  
 How he's employ'd ; he shall in time be ready.  
 Go with me to my tent ; where you shall see  
 How hardly I was drawn into this war ;  
 How calm and gentle I proceeded still  
 In all my writings : Go with me, and see  
 What I can shew in this.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*The Monument. Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.*

*Cleo.* My desolation does begin to make  
 A better life : 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar ;  
 Not being fortune ; he's but fortune's knave,<sup>7</sup>  
 A minister of her will ; and it is great  
 To do that thing that ends all other deeds ;  
 Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change ;  
 Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,  
 The beggar's nurse, and Cæsar's.<sup>8</sup>

*Enter PROCULEIUS, GALLUS, &c.*

*Pro.* Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of Egypt ;  
 And bids thee study on what fair demands  
 Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

*Cleo.* What's thy name ?

*Pro.* My name is Proculeius.

*Cleo.* Antony

Did tell me of you, bade me trust you : but  
 I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,  
 That have no use for trusting. If your master  
 Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,  
 That majesty, to keep decorum, must  
 No less beg than a kingdom : if he please  
 To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,  
 He gives me so much of mine own, as I

(7) The servant of fortune. JOHNS.

(8) The difficulty of the passage, if any difficulty there be, arises only from this, that the act of suicide, and the state which is the effect of suicide, are confounded. Voluntary death, says she, is an act 'which bolts up change ;' it produces a state,

Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,  
 The beggar's nurse, and Cæsar's.

Which has no longer need of the gross and terrene sustenance, in the use of which Cæsar and the beggar are on a level.—The speech is abrupt, but perturbation in such a state is surely natural. JOHNS.

Will kneel to him with thanks.

*Pro.* Be of good cheer ;  
You are fallen into a princely hand. Fear nothing :  
Make your full reference freely to my lord,  
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over  
On all that need. Let me report to him  
Your sweet dependency ; and you shall find  
A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kindness,<sup>9</sup>  
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

*Cleo.* Pray you, tell him,  
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him  
The greatness he has got.<sup>1</sup> I hourly learn  
A doctrine of obedience ; and would gladly  
Look him i'the face.

*Pro.* This I'll report, dear lady.  
Have comfort ; for, I know, your plight is pity'd  
Of him that caus'd it.

[*Aside.*] You see how easily she may be surpris'd ;  
[*Here GALLUS and Guard ascend the monument, and enter behind.*]

Guard her, till Cæsar come.

*Iras.* Royal queen !

*Char.* Oh, Cleopatra ! thou art taken, queen !—

*Cleo.* Quick, quick, good hands. [*Drawing a dagger.*]

*PROCULEIUS rushes in, and disarms the Queen.*

*Pro.* Hold, worthy lady, hold :  
Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this  
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

*Cleo.* What, of death too, that rids our dogs of languish ?<sup>2</sup>

*Pro.* Cleopatra,  
Do not abuse our master's bounty, by  
The undoing of yourself : let the world see  
His nobleness well acted, which your death  
Will never let come forth.

*Cleo.* Where art thou, death ?  
Come hither, come ! come, come, and take a queen

(9) Praying in aid—is a law term, used for a petition made in a court of justice for the calling in of help from another that hath an interest in the cause in question. HANMER.

(1) I allow him to be my conqueror ; I own his superiority with complete submission. JOHNS.

(2) For languish, I think we may read, anguish. JOHNS.

Worth many babes and beggars !<sup>3</sup>

*Pro.* Oh, temperance, lady !

*Cleo.* Sir, I will eat no meat ; I'll not drink, sir :  
If idle talk will once be necessary,  
I'll not sleep neither : This mortal house I'll ruin,  
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I  
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court ;  
Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye  
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,  
And shew me to the shouting varletry  
Of censuring Rome ? Rather a ditch in Ægypt  
Be gentle grave unto me ! rather on Nilus' mud  
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies  
Blow me into abhorring ! rather make  
My country's high pyramids my gibbet,  
And hang me up in chains !

*Pro.* You do extend  
These thoughts of horror further than you shall  
Find cause in Cæsar.

*Enter DOLABELLA.*

*Dol.* Proculeius,  
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,  
And he hath sent for thee : as for the queen,  
I'll take her to my guard.

*Pro.* So, Dolabella,  
It shall content me best : be gentle to her.—  
To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,

[*To CLEOPATRA.*

If you'll employ me to him.

*Cleo.* Say, I would die. [*Exit PROCULEIUS.*

*Dol.* Most noble empress, you have heard of me ?

*Cleo.* I cannot tell.

*Dol.* Assuredly, you know me.

*Cleo.* No matter, sir, what I have heard, or known.  
You laugh, when boys or women tell their dreams ;  
Is't not your trick ?

*Dol.* I understand not, madam.

*Cleo.* I dreamt, there was an emperor Antony ;  
Oh such another sleep, that I might see  
But such another man !

*Dol.* If it might please ye,—

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[3] Why, death, wilt thou not rather seize a queen, than employ thy force upon babes and beggars.      JOHNS.

*Cleo.* His face was as the heavens ; and therein stuck  
A sun and moon, which kept their course, and lighted  
The little O, the earth.<sup>4</sup>

*Dol.* Most sovereign creature !—

*Cleo.* His legs bestrid the ocean ; his rear'd arm  
Crested the world : his voice was propertyed  
As all the tuned spheres, when that to friends ;  
But when he meant to quail, and shake the orb,  
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,  
There was no winter in't : an autumn 'twas,  
That grew the more by reaping :<sup>5</sup> His delights  
Were dolphin-like ; they shew'd his back above  
The element they liv'd in : In his livery  
Walk'd crowns, and crownets ; realms and islands were  
As plates dropt from his pocket.<sup>6</sup>

*Dol.* Cleopatra,——

*Cleo.* Think you, there was, or might be, such a man  
As this I dreamt of ?

*Dol.* Gentle madam, no.

*Cleo.* You lie, up to the hearing of the Gods.  
But, if there be, or ever were, one such,  
It's past the size of dreaming : Nature wants stuff  
To vie strange forms with fancy ; yet, to imagine  
An Antony, were Nature's piece 'gainst Fancy,  
Condemning shadows quite.

*Dol.* Hear me, good madam :  
Your loss is as yourself, great ; and you bear it  
As answering to the weight : 'Would I might never  
O'er take pursu'd success, but I do feel,  
By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots  
My very heart at root.

*Cleo.* I thank you, sir.  
Know you, what Cæsar means to do with me ?

*Dol.* I am loth to tell you what I would you knew.

*Cleo.* Nay, pray you, sir.

*Dol.* Though he be honourable,——

(4) I.e. The little orb or circle. THEO.

(5) I cannot resist the temptation to quote the following beautiful passage from B. Jonson's "New Inn," on the subject of liberality.

"He gave me my first breeding, I acknowledge ;  
Then shew'd his bounties on me, like the hours  
That open-handed sit upon the clouds,  
And press the liberality of heaven  
Down to the laps of thankful men."

STEEV.

(6) Plates—mean, I believe, silver money. STEEV.

*Cleo.* He'll lead me then in triumph?

*Dol.* Madam, he will: I know it.

*All.* Make way there,——Cæsar.

*Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, MECÆNAS, PROCULEIUS,  
and Attendants.*

*Cas.* Which is the queen of Egypt?

*Dol.* It is the emperor, madam. [*CLEO. kneels.*]

*Cas.* Arise, you shall not kneel:

I pray you, rise: Rise, Ægypt.

*Cleo.* Sir, the Gods

Will have it thus; my master and my lord  
I must obey.

*Cas.* Take to you no hard thoughts:  
The record of what injuries you did us,  
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember  
As things but done by chance.

*Cleo.* Sole sir o'the world,  
I cannot project mine own cause so well  
To make it clear;† but do confess, I have  
Been laden with like frailties, which before  
Have often sham'd our sex.

*Cas.* Cleopatra, know,  
We will extenuate, rather than enforce:  
If you apply yourself to our intents,  
(Which towards you are most gentle) you shall find  
A benefit in this change: but if you seek  
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking  
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself  
Of my good purposes, and put your children  
To that destruction, which I'll guard them from,  
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave——

*Cleo.* And may, through all the world: 'tis yours;  
and we  
Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall  
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

*Cas.* You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

*Cleo.* This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,  
I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued;  
Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus?

*Scl.* Here, madam.

*Cleo.* This is my treasurer; let him speak, my lord,

[†] To project a cause—is to represent a cause; to project it well, is to plan or contrive a scheme of defence.      JOHNS.

Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd  
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

*Sel.* Madam,  
I had rather seel my lips,<sup>8</sup> than, to my peril,  
Speak that which is not.

*Cleo.* What have I kept back ?

*Sel.* Enough to purchase what you have made known.

*Cæs.* Nay, blush not, Cleopatra ; I approve  
Your wisdom in the dead.

*Cleo.* See, Cæsar ! Oh, behold,  
How pomp is follow'd ! mine will now be yours ;  
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.  
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does  
Even make me wild :—Oh, slave of no more trust  
Than love that's hir'd !—What, goest thou back ? thou  
shalt

Go back, I warrant thee ; but I'll catch thine eyes,  
Though they had wings. Slave, soul-less villain, dog !  
O rarely base !<sup>9</sup> [*Striking him.*]

*Cæs.* Good queen, let us intreat you.

*Cleo.* O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this ;  
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,  
Doing the honour of thy lordliness  
To one so meek, that mine own servant should  
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by  
Addition of his envy ! Say, good Cæsar,  
That I some lady-trifles have reserv'd,  
Immoment toys ; things of such dignity  
As we greet modern friends withal ; and say,  
Some nobler token I have kept apart  
For Livia, and Octavia, to induce  
Their mediation ; must I be unfolded  
With one that I have bred ? The Gods ! It smites me  
Beneath the fall I have.—Pr'ythee, go hence ; [*To SEL.*  
Or I shall shew the cinders of my spirits  
Through the ashes of my chance :<sup>10</sup>—Wert thou a man,  
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

*Cæs.* Forbear, Seleucus. [*Exit SELEUCUS.*]

*Cleo.* Be it known, that we, the greatest, are misthought  
For things that others do ; and, when we fall,

(8) Sew up my mouth. JOHNS.

(9) I.e. Safe in an uncommon degree. STEEV.

(10) Chance—or fortune. The meaning is, Begone, or I shall exert that royal spirit which I had in my prosperity, in spite of the imbecility of my present condition. WARB.

We answer others' merits in our names ;  
Are therefore to be pitied.<sup>2</sup>

*Cæs.* Cleopatra,  
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,  
Put we i'the roll of conquest : still be it your's,  
Bestow it at your pleasure ; and believe,  
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you  
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore, be cheer'd ;  
Make not your thoughts your prison :<sup>3</sup> no, dear queen ;  
For we intend so to dispose you, as  
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep :  
Our care and pity are so much upon you,  
That we remain your friend ; and so, adieu.

*Cleo.* My master, and my lord !

*Cæs.* Not so :—Adieu. [*Exe. CÆSAR and his Train.*]

*Cleo.* He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not  
Be noble to myself : But hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whispers* CHARMIAN.

*Iras.* Finish, good lady : the bright day is done,  
And we are for the dark.

*Cleo.* Hie thee again :  
I have spoke already, and it is provided ;  
Go put it to the haste.

*Char.* Madam, I will.

*Re-enter* DOLABELLA.

*Dol.* Where is the queen ?

*Char.* Behold, sir.

[*Exit* CHARMIAN.

*Cleo.* Dolabella ?

*Dol.* Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,  
Which my love makes religion to obey,  
I tell you this : Cæsar through Syria  
Intends his journey ; and, within three days,  
You with your children will he send before :  
Make your best use of this : I have perform'd  
Your pleasure, and my promise.

*Cleo.* Dolabella,  
I shall remain your debtor.

(2) "We suffer at our highest state of elevation in the thoughts of mankind for that which others do, and when we fall, those that contented themselves only to think ill before, call us to answer in our own names for the merits of others. We are therefore to be pitied." Merits—is in this place taken in an ill sense, for actions meriting censure. JOHNS.

(3) I once wished to read,—"Make not your thoughts your poison :—Do not destroy yourself by musing on your misfortune. Yet I would change nothing, as the old reading presents a very proper sense. "Be not a prisoner in imagination, when in reality you are free." JOHNS.

*Dol.* I your servant.

Adieu, good queen ; I must attend on Cæsar. [*Exit.*

*Cleo.* Farewel, and thanks.—Now, Iras, what think'st thou?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shewn  
In Rome, as well as I : mechanic slaves  
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall  
Uplift us to the view ; in their thick breaths,  
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,  
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

*Iras.* The Gods forbid !

*Cleo.* Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras : Saucy lictors  
Will catch at us, like strumpets ; and scald rhimers  
Ballad us out o'tune :<sup>4</sup> The quick comedians  
Extemporally will stage us,<sup>5</sup> and present  
Our Alexandrian revels : Antony  
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see  
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness<sup>6</sup>  
I'the posture of a whore.

*Iras.* O the good Gods !

*Cleo.* Nay, that's certain.

*Iras.* I'll never see it ; for, I am sure, my nails  
Are stronger than mine eyes.

*Cleo.* Why, that's the way  
To fool their preparation, and to conquer  
Their most absurd intents.—Now, Charmian?—

*Enter CHARMIAN.*

Shew me, my women, like a queen ;—Go fetch  
My best attires ;—I am again for Cydnus,  
To meet Mark Antony :—Sirrah, Iras, go.—  
Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed :—  
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave  
To play till doomsday.—Bring our crown and all.  
Wherefore's this noise ? [*A noise within.*

*Enter one of the Guard.*

*Guard.* Here is a rural fellow,  
That will not be denied your highness' presence ;  
He brings you figs.

*Cleo.* Let him come in.—How poor an instrument

May do a noble deed !—He brings me liberty. [*Exit Guard.*

(4) Scald—was a word of contempt, implying poverty, disease, and filth. JOH.

(5) The gay inventive players. JOHNS.

(6) The parts of women were acted on the stage by boys. HANMER.

My resolution's plac'd; and I have nothing  
Of woman in me : Now from head to foot  
I am marble-constant : now the fleeting moon  
No planet is of mine.<sup>7</sup>

*Re-enter Guard, with the Clown bringing a basket.*

*Guard.* This is the man.

*Cleo.* Avoid, and leave him.

[*Exit Guard.*

Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,<sup>8</sup>  
That kills and pains not ?

*Clown.* Truly I have him : but I would not be the  
party should desire you to touch him, for his biting is  
immortal ; those, that do die of it, do seldom or never  
recover.

*Cleo.* Remember'st thou any that have dy'd on't ?

*Clown.* Very many, men and women too. I heard of  
one of them no longer than yesterday ; a very honest wo-  
man, but something given to lie ; as a woman should not  
do, but in the way of honesty : How she dy'd of the  
biting of it, what pain she felt ! truly, she makes a very  
good report o'the worm ; but he, that will believe all  
that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do.  
But this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

*Cleo.* Get thee hence ; farewell.

*Clown.* I wish you all joy of the worm.

*Cleo.* Farewel.

*Clown.* You must think this, look you, that the worm  
will do his kind.<sup>9</sup>

*Cleo.* Ay, ay ; farewell.

*Clown.* Look you, the worm is not to be trusted, but  
in the keeping of wise people ; for, indeed, there is no  
goodness in the worm.

*Cleo.* Take thou no care ; it shall be heeded.

*Clown.* Very good : give it nothing, I pray you, for  
it is not worth the feeding.

*Cleo.* Will it eat me ?

*Clown.* You must not think I am so simple, but I  
know the devil himself will not eat a woman : I know  
that a woman is a dish for the Gods, if the devil dress

(7) Alluding to the Egyptian devotion paid to the moon under the name of Isis. WARB.

(8) Worm—is the Teutonick word for Serpent : we have the Blind-worm and Slow-worm still in our language, and the Norwegians call an enormous monster, seen sometimes in the northern ocean, the Sea-worm. JOHNS.

(9) The serpent will act according to his nature. JOHNS.

her not. But, truly, these same whore-son devils do the Gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

*Cleo.* Well, get thee gone; farewell.

*Clown.* Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy o'the worm.

[*Exit.*

*Cleo.* Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have  
Immortal longings in me. Now no more  
The juice of Ægypt's grape shall moist this lip:—  
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick—Methinks, I hear  
Antony call; I see him rouse himself  
To praise my noble act. I hear him mock  
The luck of Cæsar, which the Gods give men  
To excuse their after-wrath. Husband, I come:  
Now to that name my courage prove my title!  
I am fire, and air; my other elements  
I give to baser life. So—have you done?  
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.  
Farewel, kind Charmian;—Iras, long farewell.

[*Applying the asp.*

Have I the aspick in my lips? Dost fall? [To IRAS.  
If thou and nature can so gently part,  
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,  
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?  
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world  
It is not worth leave-taking. [IRAS dies.

*Char.* Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may say,  
The Gods themselves do weep!

*Cleo.* This proves me base:  
If she first meet the curled Antony,  
He'll make demand of her;<sup>2</sup> and spend that kiss,  
Which is my heaven to have.—Come, thou mortal wretch,  
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate

[*To the Serpent.*

Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,  
Be angry, and dispatch. Oh, couldst thou speak,  
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, ass  
Unpolicied!

*Char.* Oh eastern star!

*Cleo.* Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,  
That sucks the nurse asleep?

[2] He will enquire of her concerning me, and kiss her for giving him intelligence. JOHNS.

*Char.* O break ! O break !

*Cleo.* As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—  
O Antony !—Nay, I will take thee too :—

*[Applying another asp to her arm.]*

What should I stay—

*[Dies.]*

*Char.* In this wide world ?—So, fare thee well.  
Now boast thee, death ! in thy possession lies  
A lass unparallel'd—Downy windows, close ;  
And golden Phœbus never be beheld  
Of eyes again so royal ! Your crown's awry !  
I'll mend it, and then play,—

*Enter the Guard, rushing in.*

1 *Guard.* Where is the queen :

*Char.* Speak softly, wake her not.

1 *Guard.* Cæsar hath sent—

*Char.* Too slow a messenger.—

*[CHARMIAN applies the asp.]*

Oh, come. Apace, dispatch :—I partly feel thee.

1 *Guard.* Approach, ho ! All's not well ; Cæsar's beguil'd.

2 *Guard.* There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar ;—call him.

1 *Guard.* What work is here ?—Charmian, is this  
well done ?

*Char.* It is well done, and fitting for a princess  
Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier !

*[CHARMIAN dies.]*

*Enter DOLABELLA.*

*Dol.* How goes it there ?

2 *Guard.* All dead.

*Dol.* Cæsar, thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this : Thyself art coming  
To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou  
So sought'st to hinder.

*Enter CÆSAR and Attendants.*

*All.* A way there, make way for Cæsar !

*Dol.* O, sir, you are too sure an augurer !

That, you did fear, is done.

*Cæs.* Bravest at the last :

She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,  
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths ?—  
I do not see them bleed.

*Dol.* Who was last with them ?

1 *Guard.* A simple countryman, that brought her figs ;  
This was the basket.

*Cæs.* Poison'd then!

*1 Guard.* Oh Cæsar,  
'This Charmian liv'd but now; she stood, and spake:  
I found her trimming up the diadem  
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,  
And on the sudden dropt.

*Cæs.* Oh noble weakness!—  
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear  
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep;  
As she would catch another Antony  
In her strong toil of grace.

*Dol.* Here on her breast  
There is a vent of blood, and something blown:  
The like is on her arm.

*1 Guard.* This is an aspick's trail; and these fig-leaves  
Have slime upon them, such as the aspick leaves  
Upon the caves of Nile.

*Cæs.* Most probable,  
That so she dy'd; for her physician tells me,  
She has pursu'd conclusions infinite  
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed;  
And bear her women from the monument:—  
She shall be buried by her Antony:  
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it  
A pair so famous. High events as these  
Strike those that make them: and their story is  
No less in pity, than his glory, which  
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,  
In solemn shew, attend this funeral;  
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see  
High order in this great solemnity. [*Excunt omnes.*]

END OF VOL. VI.









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